THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

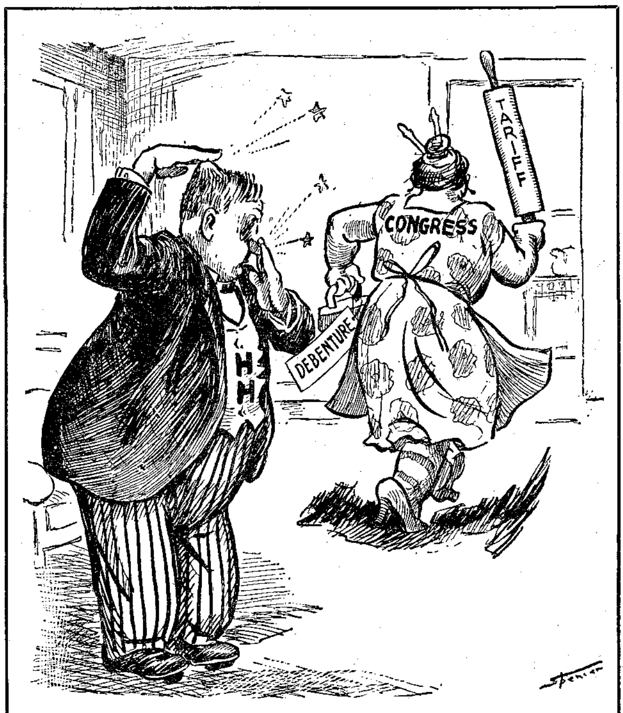
Vol. CI, No. 8 New York, May 25, 1929 Whole Number 2040

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

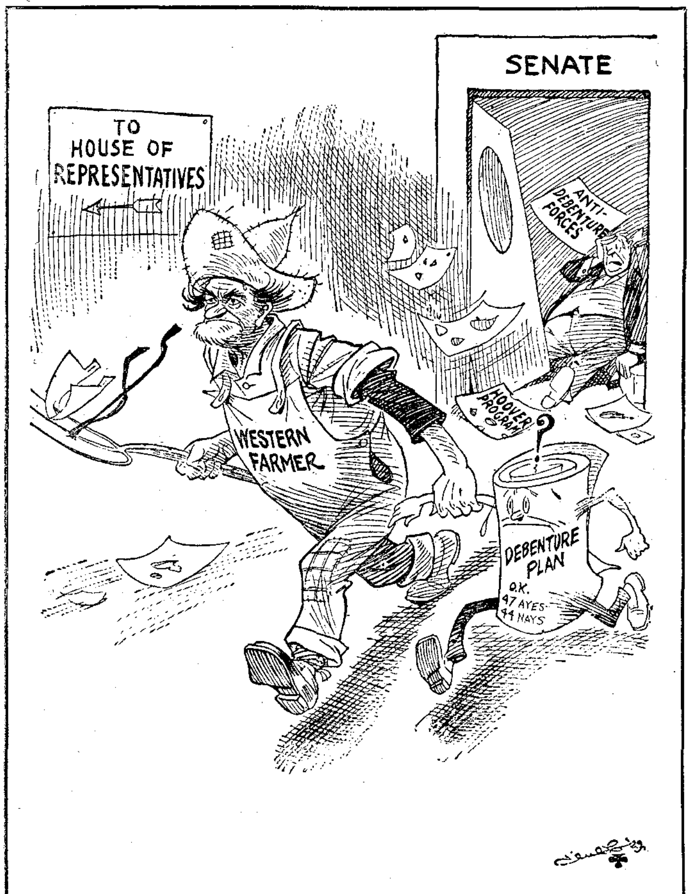
HOW THE HOOVER "HONEYMOON" WAS WRECKED

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE never did run smooth; and political honeymoons, like others, sooner or later come to an end in shattering illusions and return to the harsh realities of life. So reflects unsentimental Washington correspondents, thinking of the "honeymoon" period every President enjoys while public interest is centered in a new personality in the White House and sympathetically observing the clean sweeping of the new broom. But the Hoover honeymoon seems to have been remarkably brief. The New York *World*, indeed, finds it the "shortest honeymoon" on record; "a new President usually has at least a year in which everybody is pleasant and helpful; the opposition are humble in defeat, and factions in the President's party are hopeful of patronage to come. Mr. Hoover's honeymoon lasted six weeks." Certainly, says a New York *Times* correspondent, the "honeymoon is over; not only is the President being opposed by the Democrats, but in both Houses there is disaffection among those of his own party." The crash came, of course, when the Senate insisted on putting the debenture plan in the farm bill in spite of the President's emphatic condemnation of it, and when there were found in the anti-Administration line-up such notable Hoover campaign supporters as Senators Brookhart and Borah. The debenture plan, it may be recalled, involves paying exporters of certain farm crops government credit slips for sums equal to half the tariff duties on the corresponding imports (an arbitrary sum in the case of cotton), these debentures to be transferable, but to be accepted by the Government only in payment of export duties. Since the Senate adopted the plan the newspapers have been full of dispatches and editorials explaining the unexpected development of debenture sentiment; emphasizing the reappearance of the old insurgent Democratic bloc, so potent during the Harding and Coolidge administrations; demonstrating the existence of an economic as well as a political factor in the case—the low price of wheat. To some watchers, the Hoover rebuff at such an early date seems mighty serious, with the Progressives having discovered their strength, the President's own leadership obviously weakened, and the "cockiness" of the Senate being, in the words of the Newark *News* (Ind.), "cumulative." The New York *Evening World* (Dem.) finds the most significant feature of the President's defeat in the South to be "the demonstration that the present Executive will not be able to dominate the insurgent group any more than was his predecessor." But out in the wheat belt, the Fargo *Forum* (Ind.) deplores a situation which "makes for trouble, delay, and bitterness," and "jeopardizes the whole farm program promulgated by the Administration." Others there are who consider these first defeats for the Administration only minor skirmishes, and who think that President Hoover will win in the end with the backing of public sentiment. It seems to *The New Republic's* Washington correspondent, who signs himself, "T. R. B.," that "this idea of the humiliation of Hoover is considerably premature, not to say half-baked," and the Columbus *Dispatch* (Rep.) is convinced that before the end of the session "it will be found that President Hoover holds the whip-hand."



YES, THE HONEYMOON IS OVER
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

Since "the end of honeymoon lane" was reached so soon by the new Administration, the dates are interesting. Mr. Hoover became President on the fourth of March. On the 15th of April Congress met in special session. On the 21st the President sent out his elaborate statement intended to demolish completely the case for the farm-export debenture plan as a part of the farm-relief bill. On the 25th the House of Representatives passed the debentureless Administration farm-relief measure, by an overwhelming vote. But on May 8 the Senate, by a vote of 47 to 44, the majority including 34 Democrats and 13 Republicans, put into its bill provision for optional use of debentures; and on the 14th the bill with the debenture amendment went through by a 54 to 33 vote. This brought the debenture plan before the conference committee representing both Houses. The House anti-debenture majority is considered safe; there is also a feeling in the House that the Senate usurped a House prerogative by initiating such a financial arrangement, so Washington correspondents generally predict that, after some weeks of talk, debenture will fade out from the farm-relief bill. But, cautions one of them, this does not mean that the Administrations' troubles with this plan will end: "Back of the plan to accept elimination of debenture lies a more fixt determination to make it part of the tariff." In the brief period since Congress



THE BATTLE'S NOT YET WON
—Clubb in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press.*

assembled, this Republican body, sarcastically notes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), has made three conspicuous contributions to "the Hoover harmony":

> "It rejects peremptorily the President's plea for action repealing or suspending the 'national origins' act.
>
> "It reports, in the House, a tariff bill far wider in scope than accords with the President's urgent recommendation that revision be 'limited' in range.
>
> "It indorses, in the Senate, the debenture principle in farm relief, which the President but recently denounced as unworkable and a delusion."

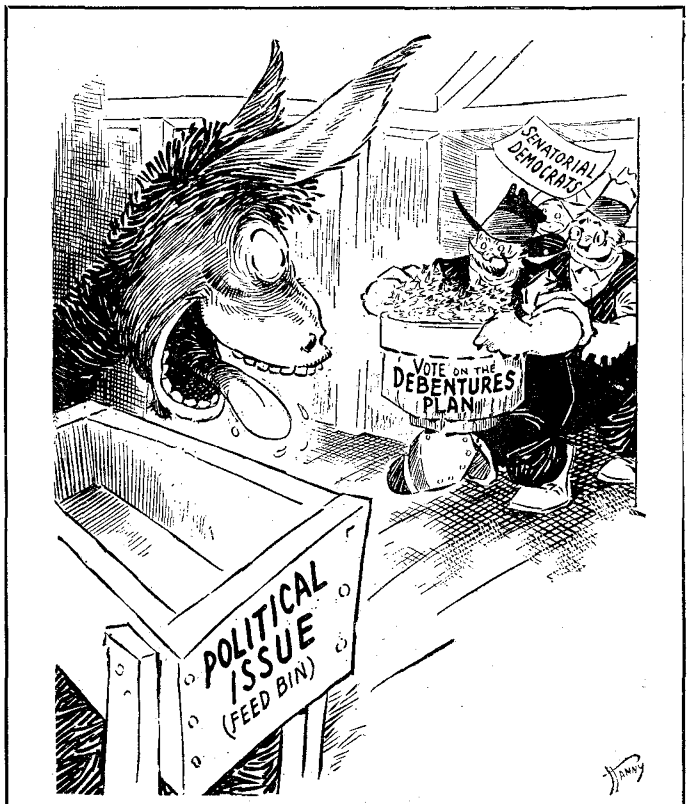
Here is a situation "to challenge every bit of statesmanship which the President possesses," says *The Nation:* "At the outset of his Administration he must deal with a rebellion which may become as serious and as dangerous to his own reputation as the revolt of 1909 against William H. Taft in connection with the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which resulted in the failure of that Administration to win popular approval." "Wounded in the house of his friends," here remarks the New York *Times* (Dem.), is President Hoover, "only a little more than two months after inauguration, after having been elected by an immense majority, with a formidable party revolt flaring up in the Senate." And *The Times* is only one of many journals to exclaim upon the presence of one redoubtable figure among the revolters. Senator Borah's case, we read on, excites special wonder:

> "So sudden and complete a break with Mr. Hoover is amazing. For Senator Borah was the chief campaigner for Mr. Hoover last year. He certified the candidate to the country in every way. Besides all that, it was he who induced Mr. Hoover to promise to call Congress in extraordinary session to enact the bill for farm relief. Congress has met, the President has indicated the kind of bill he wants, and Senator Borah is against it! If that wonderful friendship and political backing were so soon to be done for, people will be asking whatever they were begun for."

And along with Borah "marches an impressive Republican procession, including Senator Johnson from Mr. Hoover's own State of California, and Senator Brookhart from his native State of Iowa," notes the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), which adds that "with them are alined all the Republican Senators from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and the Dakotas."

"Pseudo-Republicans," Administration Senator Fess of Ohio called these debenturites, in the course of a letter to a friend which was given to the press, and in which the debenture vote was characterized as meaning "ultimately a complete coalition between the Democrats and insurgents, and a consequent arresting of the Administration's policies."

To the implied criticism in this letter Senator Borah countered with a statement declaring that he voted for the debenture on conviction, and remarking that in the support he "sincerely gave Mr. Hoover" there was no idea that he would afterward be deprived "of voting upon public measures" in accordance with his own views—"only a base class of intellectual slaves would entertain or promulgate such an idea."



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SWEET CLOVER OR POISON IVY?
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

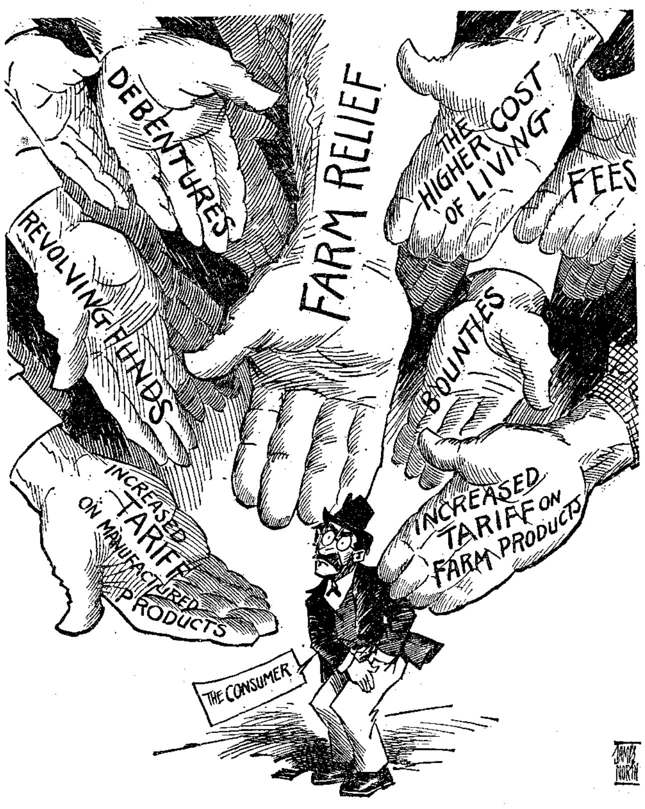
But after all the talk, there remains in the mind of Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York *Times*, "no doubt that the Senate Democrats and their allies, the insurgent Republicans, are well satisfied with the course of events." "A combination of the West and South, and not the Republican party, is in control of the United States Senate, election returns of last November to the contrary notwithstanding," writes David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington. "Mr. Hoover has on his hands the same fight that his predecessor had," and unless he "is able to break down Democratic solidarity, he will have lost control of the legislative situation; as it is, Congress will by a series of compromises write both the tariff and the farm legislation, and Mr. Hoover may be as powerless as was President Coolidge to steer Congress to his side."

"It is now as plain as a pikestaff" to Frederic William Wile, writing in the Washington *Star*, "that the Hoover Administration is on no safer ground in the Senate than its two predecessors were. The insurgent bloc can rule the roost in combination with the Democrats whenever both camps think the game is worth the candle." One of the things that the debenture vote makes thoroughly evident to the mind of Morris D. Ervin, of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, is "that Presidents have not yet discovered a way of dealing with insurgency" in the Senate:

> "It has been the bane of every President since Roosevelt, and has been largely responsible for their failure to carry out some of their major programs. Hoover has not yet discovered a solution. Washington is wondering if he will."

The question why this insurgent Republican element was regular in last fall's campaign, and is off the reservation again as soon as the new Congress meets, is taken up by the Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.):

> "Western Republicans in agricultural States occupied a difficult position last year. Hostility to the Republican party and its candidate was wide-spread in the farm belt at the beginning of the campaign. Borah, Brookhart, Nye, and a good many Mid-Western Congressmen recognized that in order to accomplish what seemed to them to be the thing of first importance—the election of Hoover over Smith—they would have to back the Republican candidate to the limit on all points. This included his position on farm relief, altho his views offered nothing at all to indicate that Hoover will tolerate any of the plans for solving the farm problem along the lines which the farmer believed—and apparently still believes—essential. It was obvious that as soon as the election of Mr. Hoover had been accomplished a change of front would be in order on the part of these Mid-Western Republicans, if they were to obtain what their constituents apparently desired. This meant that the rift in the Republican ranks in Congress, which has now materialized, was inevitable. The divergent elements of the party which were forced into superficial and temporary unity by the pressure of the Presidential election only waited the emergence of the farm bill to spring apart again."


DEBENTURES
FARM RELIEF
THE HIGHER COST OF LIVING
FEES
REVOLVING FUNDS
BOUNTIES
INCREASED TARIFF ON MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS
INCREASED TARIFF ON FARM PRODUCTS
THE CONSUMER

THE CONSUMER, HE PAYS ALL
—North in the Washington *Post*.

But "the politics centering about the tariff bill and farm relief all goes back to the price of wheat," contends Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Early this month the price was "lower than any corresponding period during the last fifteen years." The causes are chiefly the large crop last year and the prospective large crop this year. This was the condition, we read, that "gave the first momentum to the demand for the debenture plan of farm relief, through which the Government would pay twenty-one cents bounty on each bushel of wheat sold abroad." But for the adventitious combination of conditions affecting wheat, the regular plan for farm relief would have gone through normally and the debenture plan hardly would have been adopted in the Senate. W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, takes a similar view:

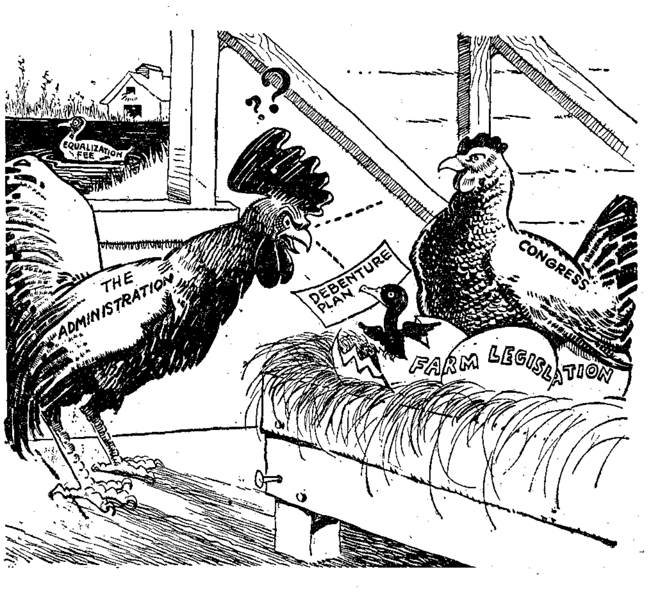
> "Sentiment on the farms is pessimistic because of the price outlook. Not only is there a heavy hangover of the 1928 wheat crop, but the 1929 crop promises to be one of the largest of recent years. The farmer foresees low prices for his toil, and is grabbing at the debenture for relief."

The debentures plan "seems plausible and desirable to a great section of the electorate in the West and South," reports the Hartford *Times* (Dem.). Democrats have been supporting it, suggests the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.), because they feel that there is no real relief in the Administration bill, and so whatever may be said of the debenture plan, "the Senate vote is a challenge to the Hoover Administration to abandon the House ineffective bread pill and substitute a real remedy." As another Democratic journal, the Philadelphia *Record*, puts it: "The rebellion against Hooverism is not a political, partizan outbreak; but a rejection of sham legislation."

A defense of the debenture plan appears in *Wallaces' Farmer* (Des Moines). It is being urged now, we are told, "because the Hoover plan makes no provision for aid in handling the exportable surplus; and, of course, it is the exportable surplus that does the damage to crops like wheat and cotton and to meat products like pork." Of course, there are objections to the plan, but as outlined by the Senate, the Iowa farm weekly feels that it would not cause overproduction and would be of decided help in the corn belt. In short, "the debenture plan has a number of merits: it does tackle the problem of exportable surplus."

But after this has been said, the fact remains that the great mass of newspapers from one end of the country to the other have been reiterating their opposition to the debenture.

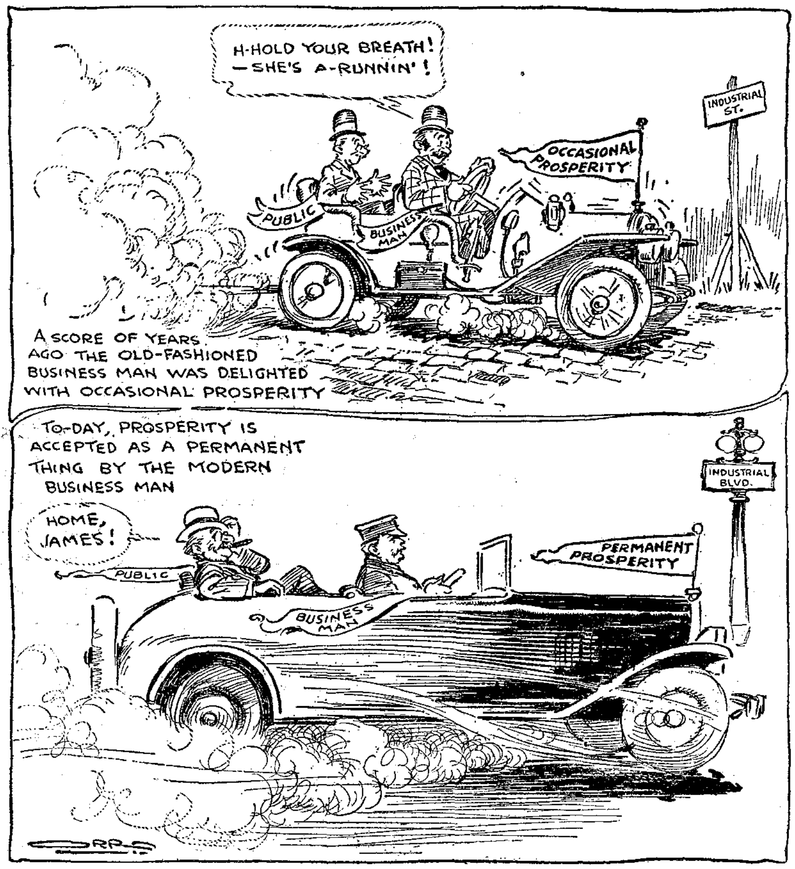
Incidentally, the Democrats are being charged with simply playing politics in order to put a Republican President in a hole, this assertion being made in one form or another by Republican papers like the Manchester *Union*, Hartford *Courant*, New York *Herald Tribune*, and Cincinnati *Times-Star;* and by the Democratic Boston *Post*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Nashville *Tennessean*, and New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.



"EXPLAIN YOURSELF, MADAM!"
—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record*.

OUR "INSATIABLE" PROSPERITY

"THE GENERAL IDEA of all Americans being free and equal seems to be that they should be free with their money and equal to making more." For this quip of the paragrapher, Tom Sims, we find something very like official indorsement in the glowing picture of self-perpetuating prosperity painted for us by President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes. The investigations of this group of seventeen industrial, financial, and economic experts, whose report was published last week, convince them that "economically we have a boundless field before us; that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied." According to this view, our prosperity derives, in part at least, from our growing love of luxuries; our national wealth is born of extravagance; we are growing rich by spending money. The picture of the future which Mr. Hoover's committee holds up before our eyes is thus redrawn for us in the editorial columns of the New York *World:*


H-HOLD YOUR BREATH! —SHE'S A-RUNNIN'!
INDUSTRIAL ST.
OCCASIONAL PROSPERITY
PUBLIC
BUSINESS MAN
A SCORE OF YEARS AGO THE OLD-FASHIONED BUSINESS MAN WAS DELIGHTED WITH OCCASIONAL PROSPERITY
TO-DAY, PROSPERITY IS ACCEPTED AS A PERMANENT THING BY THE MODERN BUSINESS MAN
INDUSTRIAL BLVD.
HOME, JAMES!
PERMANENT PROSPERITY
PUBLIC
BUSINESS MAN
ORR

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ANOTHER MODERN IMPROVEMENT

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

> "As fast as one want is satisfied, another want is to be created, naturally or artificially, in order to keep the great machine of modern business functioning at top speed. Around we are to go, like happy squirrels in a cage, clamoring to-day for what we shall enjoy to-morrow; forgetting to-morrow what we have in our quest for something still more novel. 'There are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied.' It is the essence of American prosperity, as this report conceives it, to stimulate these wants so successfully and so incessantly that the great mass of consumers will never for a moment know what it means to be content. On to new goals, new goods, new fads, new tastes, new knickknacks in the morning!"

Commenting in what is perhaps a more sympathetic tone, the New York *Evening Post* remarks:

> "Modern industry in this country is solidly established on a foundation of sound ideas and principles. And the most important of them—indeed, the summary of them all—is the now generally accepted truth that there is no natural limit to national prosperity so long as there is no limit to production, and so long as workers are paid sufficiently high wages to make them active consumers. In short, the cornerstone of our modern industrial structure is a frank application of the Golden Rule in the sense that industry now seeks its own prosperity in the prosperity of the individual American."

The Committee on Recent Economic Changes, which is headed by President Hoover, includes two prominent Democrats—Owen D. Young, now negotiating a reparations settlement in Europe; and John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. The other members are: Walter F. Brown, now Postmaster-General; Renick W. Dunlap, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; William Green, President American Federation of Labor; Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; John S. Lawrence, Max Mason, George McFadden, Adolph C. Miller, Federal Reserve Board; Lewis Pierson, U. S. Chamber of Commerce; Arch W. Shaw, business magazine publisher; Louis J. Taber, Master National Grange; Daniel Willard, President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Clarence M. Wooley, President American Radiator Company, and Edward Eyre Hunt, Commerce Department. Their report deals with the last seven years. This period they describe as one of unprecedented economic "acceleration," during which the standard of living "reached the highest level in our national history," savings grew "in spite of increased spending," wages went up while the cost of living remained stationary, per capita production increased "notwithstanding the reductions in hours of labor," and this increase in productivity was accompanied by "a corresponding increase in the consuming power of the American people." And they continue:

> "Economists have long declared that consumption, the satisfaction of wants, would expand with little evidence of satiation if we could so adjust our economic processes as to make dormant demands effective. Such an expansion has been going on since the beginning of the industrial revolution. It is not a phenomenon of the post-war period, except in degree. But it is this degree of economic activity; this almost insatiable appetite for goods and services; this abounding production of all things which almost any man can want, which is so striking a characteristic of the period covered by the survey.
>
> "Closely related to the increased products is the consumption of leisure.
>
> "It was during the period covered by the survey that the conception of leisure as 'consumable' began to be realized upon in business in a practical way and on a broad scale. It began to be recognized, not only that leisure is 'consumable,' but that people can not 'consume' leisure without consuming goods and services, and that leisure which results from an increasing man-hour productivity helps to create new needs and new and broader markets.
>
> "The increasing interest in the fine arts and in science; the increased sales of books and magazines; the increase in foreign travel; the growing interest and participation in sports of all kinds; the domestic pilgrimages of some 40,000,000 motor tourists who use more than 2,000 tourist camps; the greatly increased enrolment in our high schools and colleges; the motion-picture theaters and the radio—all these reflect the uses of increasing leisure.
>
> "During the period covered by the survey the trend toward increased leisure received a considerable impetus. The work week was shortened in the factory by better planning and modern machinery, and the workday was shortened in the home by the increased use of time and labor-saving appliances and services.
>
> "Few of the current economic developments have made such

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Who coined the phrase "busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives"? (p. 49).
2. How many Germans live in alien lands in Central Europe? (p. 16).
3. Why do Jews object to the Passion Play, performed in New York? (p. 22).
4. Is the advance of science really making people any better? (p. 27).
5. What was the real cause of the *Vestris* disaster? (p. 10).
6. What are the rules for a South Carolina duel between a man and a wildcat? (p. 60).
7. Why do hobbies have an educational value? (p. 24).
8. Are "heathen" ever admitted into membership in the Y. M. C. A.? (p. 28).
9. What was behind the Berlin communist riots on May Day? (p. 15).
10. To what diseases are apes and monkeys most susceptible? (p. 19).
11. What new form of concrete can be worked like wood? (p. 20).
12. What part of Canada will suffer most through the proposed new American tariff? (p. 13).
13. Who has undertaken to reorganize and reunite the Democratic party? (p. 11).
14. What was "Tad's" real name? (p. 49).
15. What are said to be the worst enemies of religion in the theater? (p. 23).
16. How does the creaming power of Jersey and Holstein milk compare? (p. 21).
17. What major denomination is accused of lobbying in Washington? (p. 26).
18. What wealthy American was recently put to sleep between a Syrian gambler and an embezzler? (p. 34).
19. What is the danger to the brain in too rapid reading? (p. 25).
20. How does the Mediterranean fruit fly do its deadly work? (p. 18).
21. What city is said to resemble an ant-heap? (p. 28).
22. When and where was Trotzky "put out" by his landlady? (p. 65).
23. How do scientists extract gas from old iron? (p. 20).
24. Where did Harry F. Sinclair first learn to roll pills? (p. 42).
25. What Asiatic country fears civil and tribal war? (p. 17).

wide-spread changes in our national life or promise so much for the future as the utilization of our increasing leisure.

"The survey has proved conclusively what has long been held theoretically to be true, that wants are almost insatiable; that one want satisfied makes way for another. The conclusion is that economically we have a boundless field before us; that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied."

But the dizzier the heights to which we climb, the more alarming a possible tumble seems. It is not surprizing, therefore, that the committee, after cheering our hearts with the rosy prospect they see spread out before us, add a sobering word of warning. "The outstanding fact illuminated by this survey," they tell us, "is that we can not maintain our economic advantage, or hope fully to realize on our economic future, unless we consciously accept the principle of equilibrium and apply it skilfully in every economic relation." To drive this warning home, they continue:

"The forces that bear upon our economic relationships have always been sensitive. All parts of our economic structure, from the prime processes of making and of marketing to the facilitating functions of finance, are and have been interdependent and easily affected.

"If natural resources, especially the land, are wastefully used; if money in quantity is taken out of production and employed for speculation; if any group develops a method of artificial price advancement which puts one commodity out of balance with other commodities; if either management or labor disregards the common interest—to this extent equilibrium will be destroyed, and destroyed for all.

"Our situation is fortunate, our momentum is remarkable. Yet the organic balance of our economic structure can be maintained only by hard, persistent, intelligent effort; by consideration and sympathy; by mutual confidence, and by a disposition in the several human parts to work in harmony together."

"An inspiring story of national growth and prosperity unsurpassed in the world's annals," is the Syracuse *Herald's* characterization of the committee's report. "The conclusions set down are wholly encouraging, if there be taken with them the serious words of warning," remarks the Boston *Transcript*, which adds:

"Management now consciously propounds the principle of high wages and low costs, and its successful application has attracted the attention of economists all over the world. But the investigators impress as one of the most practical conclusions they have reached, that fact-finding and more of it must be the continual aim of our employers, labor organizations, legislatures, and economists."

FLYING FOR LESS THAN A CENT A MILE

AN ACHIEVEMENT for which aeronautical engineers and commercial aviation concerns have been waiting—and working—for years, was recorded in the daily press the other day when Capt. L. M. Woolson and his assistant flew a Stinson airplane equipped with a heavy-oil Diesel engine some seven hundred miles at a fuel cost of $4.68. Aviation gasoline, it is estimated, would have cost $26.65 for the same journey—from Detroit to Langley Field, Virginia. But, it is explained, the ability of this engine (designed by Captain Woolson on the Diesel principle and manufactured by the Packard Motor Company) to burn fuel oil is only one of its claims to superiority. As the New York *World* explains:

"The Dieselized airplane, if it proves successful, will be safer from the fire hazard, while the elimination of the electric-ignition system will make it easy to equip it with radio.

"The Diesel engine takes petroleum oil, sprays it into a combustion chamber filled with highly comprest air, and automatically ignites the explosive mixture."

C. B. Allen, *The World's* aeronautical authority, was at Langley Field when the Woolson machine arrived, and he says:

"The Packard-Diesel aircraft motor is a nine-cylinder, air-cooled radial engine resembling the Wright Whirlwind in general appearance, save that it has but a single valve which functions both for exhaust and for taking in air to mix with its fuel oil.

"Those who have seen the engine say there is no reason, if it proves successful, why it may not be adapted for use in automobiles, thus revolutionizing the costs of motoring as well as those of flying."

In a Detroit dispatch to the New York *Times*, we learn that—

"The economy in fuel load, amounting to a 40 per cent. saving, means an equal increase in pay load, an item of importance to commercial operators of aircraft.

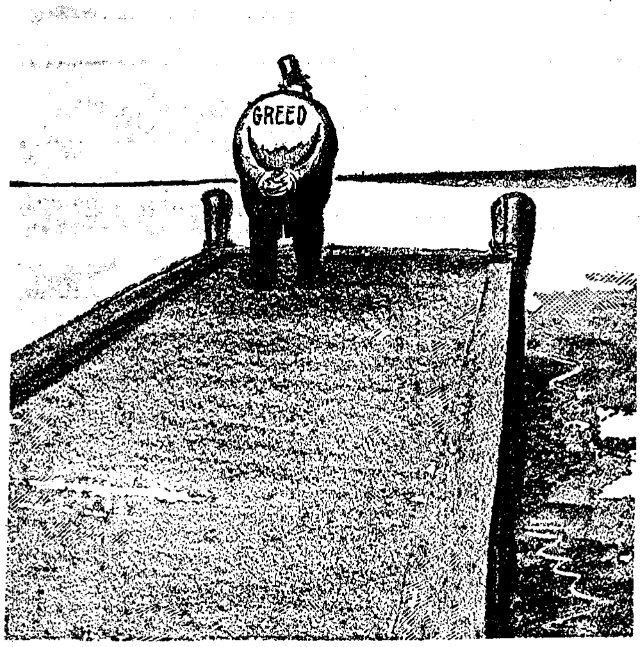
"Altho the Diesel weighs more than gasoline engines of equal power, estimated at three pounds per horse-power as compared to two pounds per horse-power, the difference, it is said, is more than compensated by the disparity in weight of fuel loads."

Of course, remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

"It must not be assumed that the Diesel engine will immediately supersede its gasoline rival. But to-day's news does indicate that the problem is on the way to solution. And that in turn is an evidence that the airplane industry is approaching the point where it will be able to compete with existing transportation mediums on something like equal terms."

TRUTH OF THE *VESTRIS* TRAGEDY AT LAST

SIX MONTHS AFTER THE EVENT and three thousand miles from the scene of the disaster—after an American investigation virtually had failed to get at the cause—the long arm and the keen memory of the British Board of Trade is at work, already with some measure of success, on a probe that is expected to lay bare the fundamental causes of the *Vestris* disaster. Last November this Lamport and Holt steamship sank off the Virginia capes, with the loss of 112 lives. But it was not until the first week in May, when the Board of Trade investigators summoned Frank W. Johnson, chief officer of the *Vestris* on her last voyage, that London dispatches revealed one of the causes that led to the sinking. It now appears from the testimony of Mr. Johnson and others, notes the New York *Evening World*, that "the boat was overloaded and the officers of the *Vestris* knew it; that she sailed below the safety-mark; that the captain gave the chief officer to understand that he was to manipulate the entries in the vessel's log for purposes of deception." Moreover, adds this paper, "the chief officer lied under oath" in the testimony he gave in the New York investigation.



THE OVERLOADER OF THE *VESTRIS*

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

According to the Newark *News*, testimony given in the Board of Trade inquiry shows that, "altho the *Vestris* was 'down to her marks' early on the morning of the day she sailed, the loading of additional freight continued well into the afternoon of that day." The evidence further indicates to the Boston *Herald* that "the ship sailed with a 200-ton overload," and that enough water was not pumped out of the vessel to lighten her that much; "that word was passed around that the overload was not to show in the log."

In Liverpool, we are told, the *Vestris*, a British vessel, would not have been allowed to sail while overloaded. But in the United States, points out the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "there is no provision for inspecting the loads of vessels." Legislation establishing or authorizing a load water-line passed Congress recently, recalls the New York *World*, "but its provisions do not take effect until September, 1930." This paper feels that our navigation laws need immediate revision. As the New York *Journal of Commerce* explains:

"The hasty investigations which were held here, settled nothing. There was, however, among the findings one which merited attention, namely, that Congress should change the present law, whereby a foreign steamship may sail from an American port without being subject to the full responsibility for complying with American regulations, while at the same time it undergoes no inspection at the hands of its own government."

Of the London investigation, the New York *Telegram* observes:

"Chief officer Johnson's astonishing confession that he gave perjured testimony in the New York investigations of the *Vestris* disaster establishes the true major cause of the ship's sinking and the death of 112 men, women, and children. More, it gives evidence of a conspiracy on the part of the ship's owners to conceal the truth from the American investigators of the tragedy.

"Chief Officer Johnson was the most embarrassed, the most nervous, and the most evasive of all the procession of witnesses who took the stand in the investigations here. He evaded with red-faced mutterings all inquiries about the vessel's loading. Yesterday in London he confessed that he had evaded and lied because of 'loyalty' to the company, and other things. He said:

"'We did not want the American people to get hold of this overloading business, and we were trying to conceal it. That was our intention from the beginning. We wanted to get home. We did not want to be in those courts all the time in America.'

"The British law created the 'Plimsoll' mark, and forbids British ships to load so heavily that the vessel will sink into the water below that line. America has no such law, and was powerless in the case of the *Vestris* to enforce even the British requirement. And the owners and crew apparently were determined to prevent the British Government from enforcing its own rule in this case by falsifying the log.

"Second Officer Leslie Watson, following Johnson to the stand in London, corroborated the evidence of a conspiracy of silence and misrepresentation on the part of the owners. He testified:

"'Captain Heasley (assistant superintendent of the Lamport & Holt Co., owners of the *Vestris*, in New York) asked me about the *Vestris's* draft, and I gave him the figures. Mr. Heasley said, "No, no, that is not it; this is the draft we are using," and gave me different figures.'

"The dam of secrecy and deceit broken, more of the concealed truth about the death and untold suffering which engulfed the passengers who sailed so happily from this port on the *Vestris* six months ago may be forthcoming.

"And, in the name of the hundreds of thousands who will sail on all the ships of the future, this and other governments, should take prompt action, not only to protect the passengers, but to see to it that the truth about ships and the sea is no longer concealed."

As the Brooklyn *Eagle* points out:

"Our interest in Mr. Johnson's disclosures has no relation either to the punishment or the discipline of an officer in the British merchant-marine. The American people and the American Government have, however, a very large concern in the stability of foreign ships carrying American citizens as passengers. If, as now seems certain, the *Vestris* was loaded beyond the safety mark, our inspection service should have discovered it before the ship sailed. That is what an inspection service is for. What the British Board of Trade has discovered is important now, not because actions for damages or penalties may flow from it, but because it gives emphasis to Senator Wagner's demand that Congress shall take action in the *Vestris* case and examine all the available evidence, with a view to amending navigation laws, if that be necessary, and, in any event, to determine whether our inspection service is now adequate to the responsibilities imposed upon it."

Recalling the investigation conducted in New York last year by the U. S. District Attorney, the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us that—

"There was a disposition on part of some of the eminent seamen present to discount a landlubber's natural assumption that the disaster must have been the result of some lamentable human failure, if not of criminal conduct, on the part of somebody connected with the ship. Marine experts assumed a lofty and up-stage manner toward those who arrived at this simple conclusion, and advised all concerned to wait for the judgment of those who understand ships.

"Under such conditions as that under which the *Vestris* sailed from New York last November, there is no need of marine experts to probe marine disasters. Anybody familiar with the nature of the high-pressure go-getter can investigate disasters which happen when Greed goes down to the sea in ships."

THE DEMOCRACY'S NEW MOSES

THAT JOHN J. RASKOB is soon to pass out of the Democratic political picture is the conclusion reached independently by a number of Southern newspaper editors, following the National Committee Chairman's recent announcement that Jouett Shouse will be chairman of the executive committee at the new all-the-year-round Democratic headquarters in Washington. "Mr. Raskob denies any intention of resigning, because any hint to that effect would cripple him in raising funds to wipe out the party deficit," observes the Richmond *News-Leader*, "but when that is done, he will certainly step aside." "His religion—and his connection with the anti-Prohibition movement—more than offset the gain to the party from his skill in filling the war-chest." Similar sentiments are found in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* and Winston-Salem *Journal.*

Meanwhile, what of Mr. Shouse—newspaper reporter, farm-magazine editor, farmer, race-horse breeder, banker, Congressman, lawyer, and former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury? It will be his job, we are told, to rehabilitate the party; to place it once more on such solid ground as will enable it to take its proper place in the affairs of the nation. It is generally agreed that in a representative government such as ours, there should be two strong and evenly balanced major political parties. "Monopoly in politics is as bad as monopoly in industry," points out the Newark *News;* "it invites stagnation, and opens the door to governmental evils of every sort."

In the opinion of the Boston *Herald*, "Jouett Shouse, of Kansas City, is probably the best man that the Democrats could have chosen for the arduous task of trying to keep all the elements of their party united. Brought up in Kentucky, he has since obtained a sympathetic understanding of the financial and industrial problems of the East." Said Chairman Raskob in introducing his new aid to the Washington correspondents:

> "After many conferences with members of the executive and advisory committees, I have reached the conclusion that the party's interests can be advanced best by the opening of permanent and adequate headquarters.
>
> "I have appointed to-day Mr. Jouett Shouse, of Kansas City, to be chairman of the executive committee.
>
> "Mr. Shouse will be in active contact with members of the National Committee and Members of Congress, and in complete charge of relations between State organizations, their chairmen, and members."

This announcement—and the further statement that Mr. Raskob has reduced the Democratic party's deficit from $1,550,000 to about $800,000—is said to have breathed the breath of life and hope into the Democrats, who realize that a Presidential campaign can not be effectively conducted by trying to crowd four years' work into three or four months just before election. According to W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, the new party organization will be ready to function in next year's Congressional campaign, and the New York *Herald Tribune* quotes Mr. Shouse as saying:

> "As I view it, my immediate work is concerned primarily with the question of organization extending to every county of every State in the Union.
>
> "It will not be in any sense my duty or my province to attempt to originate party policy."

"It is a flattering assignment, but it will be difficult," notes the New York *Times*, "for the Democrats are not united on anything approaching a national issue." But Mr. Shouse "is a natural harmonizer," explains the Philadelphia *Bulletin.* His choice is approved by such papers of widely differing political beliefs as the Washington *Post*, Louisville *Herald-Post*, South Bend *Tribune*, Philadelphia *Record*, Providence *News*, and Omaha *World-Herald.* Says the Washington *Evening Star:*

> "Observers who see in the appointment a most significant move toward national Democratic unity, regard Shouse as perhaps the one man who may harmonize many conflicting and discordant elements within the party. He is forty-nine years old, well acquainted with political leaders, and reputedly a 'good party man.' He worked his heart out for McAdoo in 1920 and 1924, and in the last Presidential campaign he was a member of the advisory committee to former Governor Smith.
>
> "He moved to Kansas in 1911, and two years later bobbed up in the Kansas State Senate. He went to the Sixty-fourth Congress as a Representative from the largest wheat-growing district in the country, and got a place on the Banking and Currency Committee, under the chairmanship of Carter Glass. When President Wilson sought an appointee as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to handle the Department of Internal Revenue, Shouse got the call."

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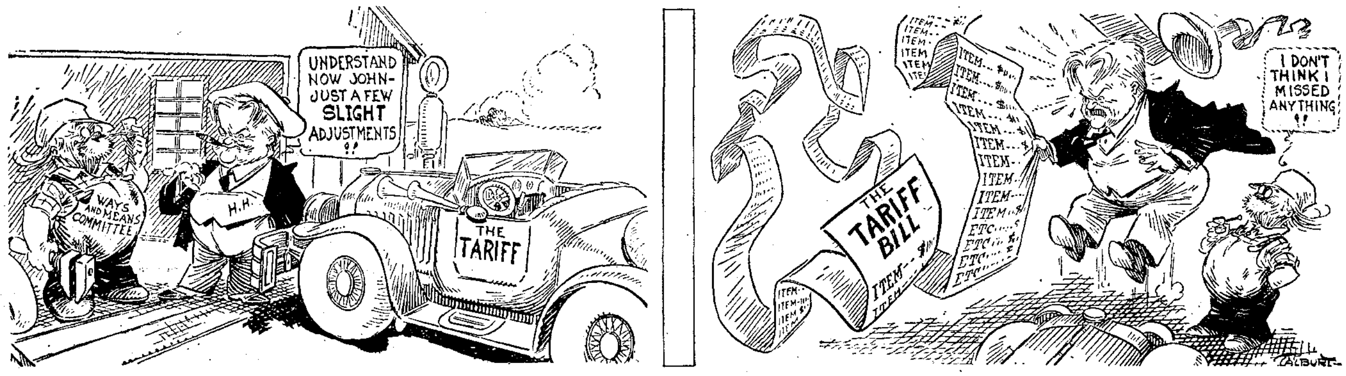
"LET'S FORGET EVERYTHING UNPLEASANT"

"That has happened in the last election, and look to the future," suggests Jouett Shouse, the new chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee. With permanent headquarters in Washington, Mr. Shouse plans to organize an effective machine in every State and every county.

A few papers, however, are frankly pessimistic about the outcome of the permanent Democratic headquarters experiment. If Mr. Shouse "can make the Northern and Southern wings of the Democratic party flap together, he is a wonder," says the Syracuse *Herald.* Of the questions that face Mr. Shouse, two are given by L. C. Speers in a New York *Times* article:

> "First, there is the question of the injection of religion into politics, which wrought such havoc in the Democratic ranks in so many States last autumn.
>
> "Again there is the question of Prohibition. Mr. Shouse believes in law enforcement and wants Prohibition, along with all other laws, enforced to the letter. Like many other leading Democrats, he would like to see Prohibition taken out of politics. The wets are the most powerful element in the Democratic organizations of many of the States, as, for instance, New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, just as the drys are far and away in the ascendency in the Democratic organizations of such States as Texas, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Virginia. Can these elements be harmonized?"


UNDERSTAND NOW JOHN-JUST A FEW SLIGHT ADJUSTMENTS ?!
WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE
H.H.
THE TARIFF
THE TARIFF BILL
ITEM
ETC
I DON'T THINK I MISSED ANYTHING !!
TALBURT

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE!"

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News.*

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

One unpleasant consequence of the swelled head is the cold shoulder.—*Boston Herald.*

Strange! Day breaks but never falls, while night falls but never breaks.—*Glasgow Eastern Standard.*

England has abolished the tax on tea, but it's too late now. Boston is set in her ways.—*Los Angeles Times.*

New Currency Easy to Handle.—Head-line. The hard part is to get your hands on it.—*Marshall County Banner.*

It is always risky to give a man who can not control his own man-power fifty or seventy-five horse-power to control.—*Boston Herald.*

Secretary Good says Chicago has growing-pains. The trouble, you remember, seems to be in the joints.—*Eugene (Ore.) Guard.*

"How can I tell if my daughter has the gift of painting?" asks a reader. You can usually see it in her face!—*Glasgow Eastern Standard.*

Furniture dug up at Herculaneum has been found in perfect condition. Evidently there was no moving in those days.—*American Lumberman.*

Still, maybe your wife would be as wonderful as that one in the movie if she had a husband as wonderful as that one in the movie.—*Newark Ledger.*

Portes Gil has opened his campaign to make Mexico dry by educating the people. Evidently, he has never been to a college fraternity dance.—*Kay Features.*

In some Pacific islands fish is still used as currency. It must be a nuisance there to get a packet of cigarets from a slot machine.—*Glasgow Eastern Standard.*

According to The Literary Digest, plants make a noise while they are growing. Then maybe the wake-robin really does wake the robin.—*Louisville Times.*

University presidents are getting younger and younger, but you can still tell a prexy from a freshman. His trousers are not so wide.—*The New Yorker.*

A man who was given up by the doctors when he was fifty has just died at the age of ninety-six. Doctors are usually right in the end.—*London Passing Show.*

Scientists went clear to Manila, Philippine Islands, to see a total eclipse, when all they needed to do was to watch the groom at a wedding.—*American Lumberman.*

The Democratic party is not dead, but four more years away from the pie counter is going to give it that boyish figure so much admired.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Relations between the United States and Great Britain are not going to be made any more pleasant by the latter country's publication of the authentic passenger list of the *Mayflower.*—*New York Sun.*

In the search for a new naval yardstick, it might not be amiss to try the golden rule.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Perhaps Tammany has turned a scornful back on Al, but it's too late to do him any good.—*Springfield Sun.*

Chicago spends $300,000,000 annually for vegetables, exclusive of pineapples.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

An American sugar magnate's private car was attacked in Mexico. Evidently the dastardly deed of cigaret fiends.—*The New Yorker.*

Over 13,000 new laws were passed in America last year. There seems to be an ample allowance for breakage.—*Glasgow Eastern Standard.*

If it were not for our rather disappointing experience with the war to end war, we should come out for legislation to end legislation.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Women Seen as Breadwinners in Future Generations.—Head-line. Sounds as tho bread might be put up as bridge prizes.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A happy marriage is one in which the husband makes an allowance for the wife, and the wife makes allowances for the husband.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

King Gustave, of Sweden, and the Queen have been married forty-eight years now. Sweden, as you may know, is the home of safety matches.—*Kay Features.*

Films showing the hunting of wild animals in Africa with full sound effects are to be shown. We suppose they will be known as "the Stalkies."—*London Opinion.*

Augustino Sandino, the Nicaraguan general, is to seek safety in Mexico. A lot of Mexican generals will be greatly interested if he finds any.—*San Diego Union.*

Secretary Wilbur thinks civilization is built on oil, but maybe it just seems that way because he has noticed some evidence of skidding.—*Bethlehem Globe.*

The great scientific accomplishment of the last two years seems to have been taking the sound out of iceless refrigeration and putting it into the silent drama.—*Detroit News.*

A cow, it is estimated, moves her jaws 41,000 times each day. It might be added that the cow has something to show for it at the end of the day.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The proposed tariff on imported antique furniture is doubtless necessary for the purpose of protecting our American manufacturers of antiques.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

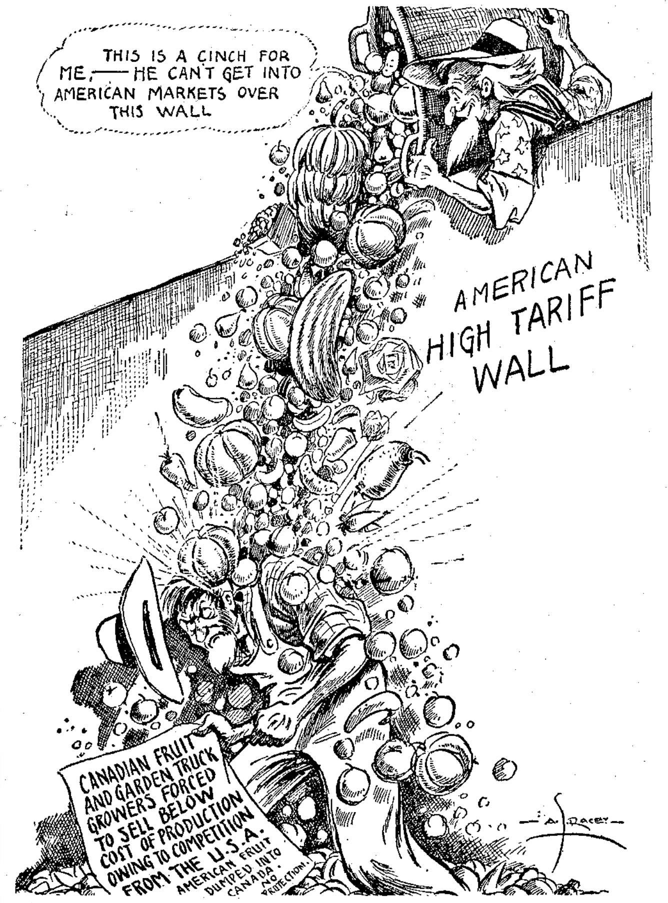
Of course an honorable man has to keep his campaign promises, but we often wish, as we consider the extra session, that President Hoover had abolished poverty first.—*Ohio State Journal.*

One of the things that even Mr. Hoover himself may be wondering about these days is how a fellow can accomplish so much with a starving nation and an overflowing river and so little with Congress.—*New York Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AS CANADA SEES OUR "TARIFF CAT OUT OF THE BAG"

THE SUSPENSE IS ENDED, and Uncle Sam's "tariff cat is out of the bag," say some Canadian editors half humorously, and "they take note of the creature's specifications," as the Ottawa *Evening Citizen* puts it, with the serene feeling that: "We shall survive." Here and there appears a trace of bitterness in the comment on the tariff bill that is described as being a distinct assault on Uncle Sam's best customer. Yet, altho many features in the bill are more favorable than the Canadian press expected, they generally agree that the new duty on shingles is a blow to the British Columbia mill-owners, and one Western Canadian paper observes that the lumbering industry there faces a serious situation. Disgruntled commentators urge Canadian business men to aim more and more toward the great goal of trade within the Empire, and the British West Indies are pointed out as worthy competitors with the United States for Canada's imports of tropical and semi-tropical fruits and other products. The lesson of the new United States tariff bill, says the Toronto *Globe*, is that Canada should speedily lead the way in a deepening of those intra-Empire trade channels that can not be blocked over-night by alien action. At the same time this daily declares:


THIS IS A CINCH FOR ME,—HE CAN'T GET INTO AMERICAN MARKETS OVER THIS WALL
AMERICAN HIGH TARIFF WALL
CANADIAN FRUIT AND GARDEN TRUCK GROWERS FORCED TO SELL BELOW COST OF PRODUCTION OWING TO COMPETITION FROM THE U.S.A. AMERICAN FRUIT DUMPED INTO CANADA. NO PROTECTION.
A. G. RACEY

PROTECTION SORELY NEEDED

"Over the high-tariff garden wall," or harming the Canadian producer who is without protection.

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"There is nothing in the bill as introduced in Congress to justify talk of blind retaliation by Canada. Canadian tariffs should continue to be devised, not to hurt Americans, but to help Canadians. But behind the measure itself is an unuttered but ominous warning that Canadian commerce is too greatly dependent on the whim of Washington.

"To-day the attempt is to cut off some $35,000,000 worth of imports from Canada. To-morrow the idea may be to enact exclusive tariffs ten times as sweeping. No country in the world is less able to live to herself than Canada. Canada can and should turn more and more to the other members of the Empire family, both to buy those things which must be bought abroad and to sell that surplus produce which must be sold outside Canada."

Wholly different, however, is the opinion of the Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press*, which thinks that in comparison with the forecasts of a tariff deliberately designed to shut Canadian products out of the United States market, the tariff bill, which, of course, is "liable to endless variations in its progress through the House of Representatives and the Senate," is "relatively harmless." Perusal of the interminable evidence given before the Ways and Means Committee, *The Free Press* adds, shows that Canada "figured but slightly in the list of bogies put up to impress the members." Throughout this tariff discussion in the United States, it is asserted, there has been an obvious desire not to tread upon Canadian toes, which will be noted, with appreciation, "upon this side of the line"; and in the result "the damage actually done to Canadian trade, assuming that the tariff goes through in its present form, will not be very considerable." Other points made by this Winnipeg newspaper are:

"The rejection of the proposal that the tariff on live cattle should be doubled will permit the continuance of a trade which is mutually advantageous to both countries.

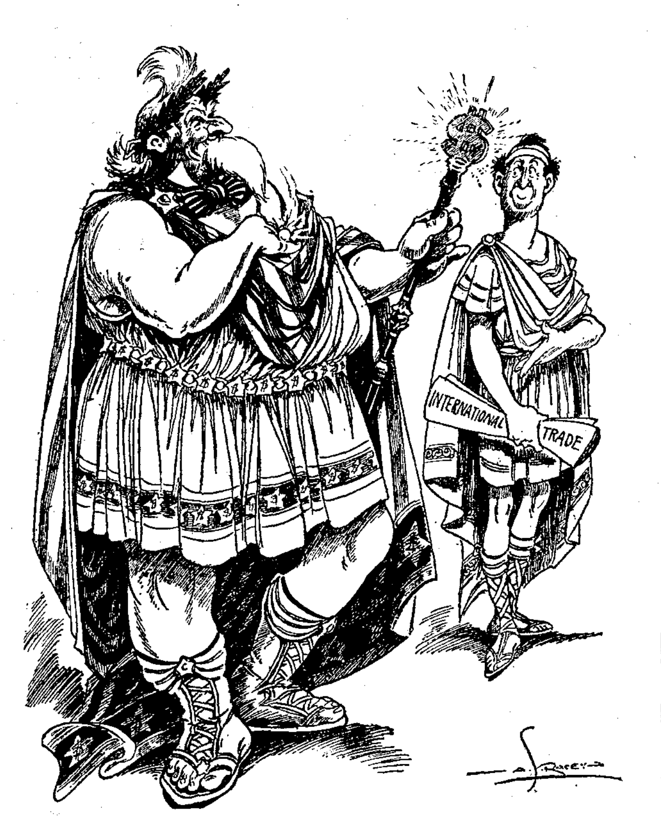
"The increase in the duty on cream and milk may shut off the present profitable trade in these products carried on by the farmers of Ontario and Quebec in the markets of New York and Boston. The purpose of increases is to force these cities to go for their surplus supplies to Wisconsin. There have been predictions that, whatever the duty, continuing importations of Canadian milk and cream would be forced by scarcity conditions; and this trade is not likely wholly to disappear.

"The Maritime Provinces will be relieved to find that their market for potatoes in the United States has not been affected by an increase in the duty from 50 cents per hundredweight to 80 cents, or one dollar, which was strongly urged by Maine and Minnesota potato-growers. The yearly United States importation of potatoes is five million bushels, nearly all from Canada, and there was complaint of this competition. Maine growers gave evidence that, in supplying seed potatoes to the growers in the Atlantic Southern States, they could not compete with the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island product. This drive has failed, thus far at least, owing to the opposition of Southern potato-growers, who were willing enough to have the duty on potatoes for eating purposes raised, but would not hear of difficulties being put in the way of their getting seed potatoes from Prince Edward Island."

But this newspaper then tells us that while the strongly backed movement to put up the duties against Canadian lumber of all kinds failed of complete success, the new duty on shingles will undoubtedly be a source of grief to British Columbia mill-owners, and it proceeds:

"This appears to be about the only change which is likely, after a brief period of readjustment, to do permanent injury to a Canadian interest. It may be that the United States tariff-makers were entirely indifferent to Canadian interests, and that the relatively gentle treatment which Canadian products have been given was accidental; but we rather think that considerations of an international character were not altogether absent from the considerations of the committee, and that unofficial and indirect representations originating this side of the line were not entirely overlooked. If this is so, it is a hopeful augury; for, while it is technically true that the making of a tariff is a country's own business, it is beginning to be recognized that this does not exclude the desirability of paying some regard to the reactions of tariff-making on the outside world."

The Calgary *Herald* finds among the "numerous surprizes" in the new United States tariff bill, the "comparative moderation with which leading products from the prairie provinces are dealt with." But it is a bit blue at finding that British Columbia will be one of the chief sufferers through the *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent. on cedar lumber and shingles and a general tariff of one dollar per thousand on lumber. These proposals lead *The Herald* to say that "as the chief market for these products is in the United States, the lumbering industry in the coast province faces a serious situation." Yet taken as a whole, we are told "the new tariff presents evidence of compromise between conflicting interests across the border." Says the Montreal *Daily Star:*



QUESTION AND ANSWER

CASSIUS: "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he hath grown so great?"

ANSWER: "*He feeds upon high-tariff protection and Canadian raw material that he ships back to Canada in manufactured form at a large profit.*"

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"It is difficult to estimate the amount of trade that will be affected by the revision of the schedules, but it will probably approach the substantial sum of fifty million dollars annually. One of the amazing features of the schedules is the absence of a duty on wheat. The fears of the stockmen also are relieved. Canada ships about 400,000 stockers every year, on which the rate is 1½ cents a pound. While certain changes are proposed in the definition of a stocker, with the obvious intent of precluding the introduction of fat slaughter cattle under the term of stocker, no other change in the duty is anticipated. There is, however, 100 per cent. increase on fresh beef and veal, while fresh pork is to have an increase of over 300 per cent. The rate on swine is raised, probably with the intention of relieving the farmer by allowing him to feed his own corn to his own-raised hogs rather than as a protective measure.

"It is when it comes to Quebec and Eastern Ontario that prophecy becomes more difficult. Canada ships approximately 7,000,000 gallons of milk and cream every year across the border, of which about 80 per cent. is shipped from this province and Eastern Ontario. The aggregate cost of this milk is a little less than $7,000,000. If the duty on fresh milk and cream going from the farms of Quebec into New York, Boston, and other large American cities, is to be raised 100 per cent., it is a matter of speculation whether the consumer in the American cities will pay the added duty or whether the dairy farmer of this province will face bankruptcy from lack of market. Probably there will be some readjustments, but it would appear likely that the demand for cream and milk in the large centers will increase constantly in the future for many years to come.

"There is a heavy increase in the duty on maple sirup and maple products, inspired evidently at the insistence of the manufacturers of these products in Vermont. Canadian sirup, however, is rapidly winning a name for itself for its preeminence, and will probably be able to command the added price, while a wider distribution of it throughout Canada may be expected."

MOSCOW'S HAND IN THE BERLIN RIOTS

BROTHERLY SUPPORT for the German Communists from Communists, not only of Soviet Russia but of all the world, and a Red future for Germany are promised in two Bolshevik party organs of Moscow, *Pravda* and *Komsomolskaia Pravda* by Gregory Zinovieff, former head of the Communist International, who urges the Germans excitedly to "organize the masses, and the moment will come, the moment for direct organization of the revolution. The Bolshevik organization of the masses is the organization of revolution." This enthusiasm was roused in Moscow, we learn from the press, by the Communist demonstrations at Berlin during the first week in May, which resulted, as noted in these pages last week, in one policeman being shot, through accidentally wounding himself, while twenty-eight Reds are reported to have been killed, seventeen of them by police bullets, and some victims were women who were looking on from windows, contrary to police orders. The reverberations of the shots fired in suppressing the May Communist uprising, Berlin Associated Press dispatches relate, have caused the suspension of twelve Communist members of the Prussian Diet for periods up to eight days, because of their conduct during the period of the disturbances, and we read further:

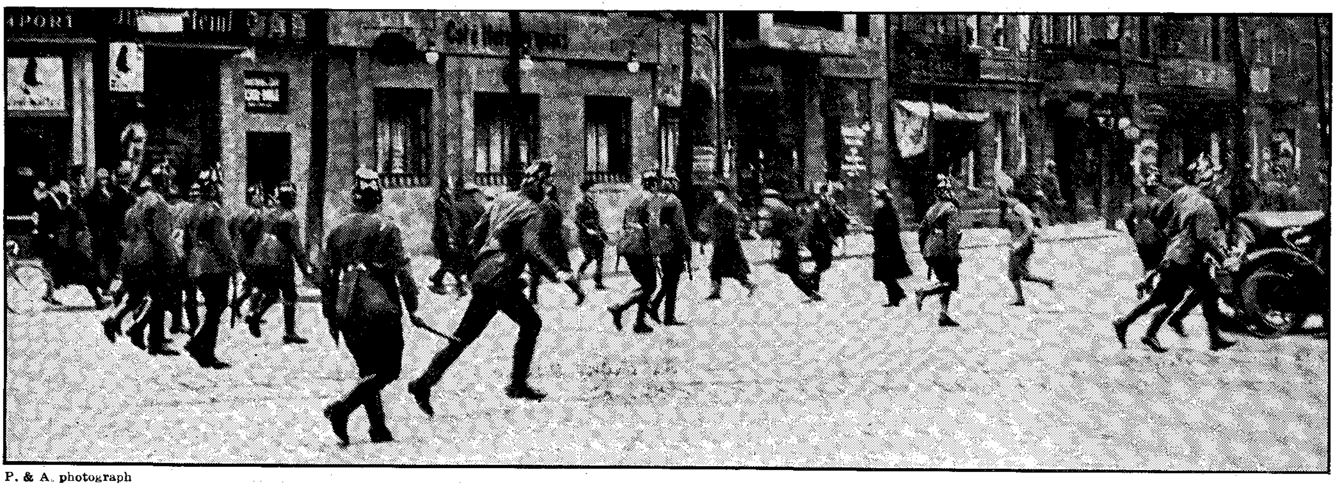
"The Soviet Ambassador to Germany, Mr. Krestinski, has left Berlin hurriedly for Moscow. It was reported the trip was prompted by German protests to the Moscow Government concerning alleged insults to the German Government by Russian Communists and Soviet aid which it was charged had been given the Berlin Communists."

A democratic Russian daily, *Poslyednia Novosti*, edited by Prof. P. Milyukov at Paris, has this to say:

"What happened these past May days in Berlin was not accidental disorder resulting from the disregard by the working classes of the order issued by the police not to organize street manifestations, but was really a deliberate attack on the police by a Communist band armed with rifles. The workers proved to be calm and loyal, and this accounts for the fact that the loss of life did not mount to a high figure.

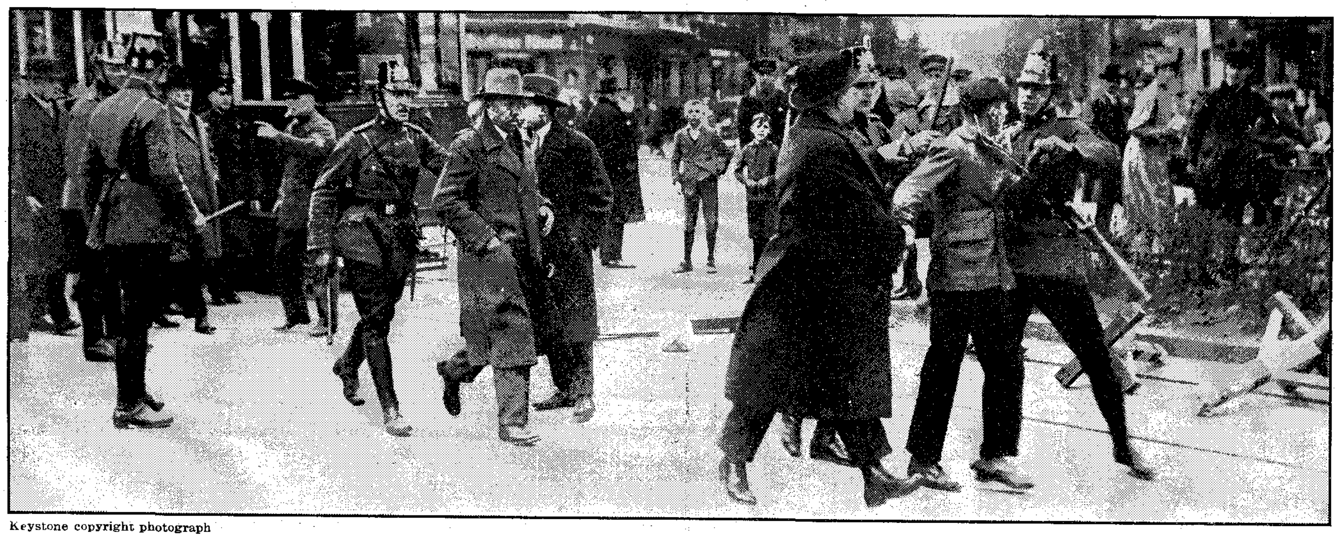
"It must now be realized that the Communists have fully succeeded in doing what reactionaries have always failed to accomplish: They have for a long time, perhaps forever, killed the spirit of the international May holiday of the workers. Now, all over Europe, the approach of this day is associated only with the fear of riots and bloodshed caused by the Communists.

"Such outbreaks will occur and the 'lion of the world revolution' will exist as long as there exists a hand in Moscow which holds it on a leash. But—and this is proved by the result of the Berlin disorders—this 'lion' has become miserably impotent. All the attempts at the 'world revolution' in Europe have degenerated into silly outbreaks, plus the criminal waste of Russia's national money on them. Yet, knowing the personality of Russia's present dictator, Stalin, and of his associates, we believe that even this failure and bloodshed will not move them to give up the idea of the world revolution."



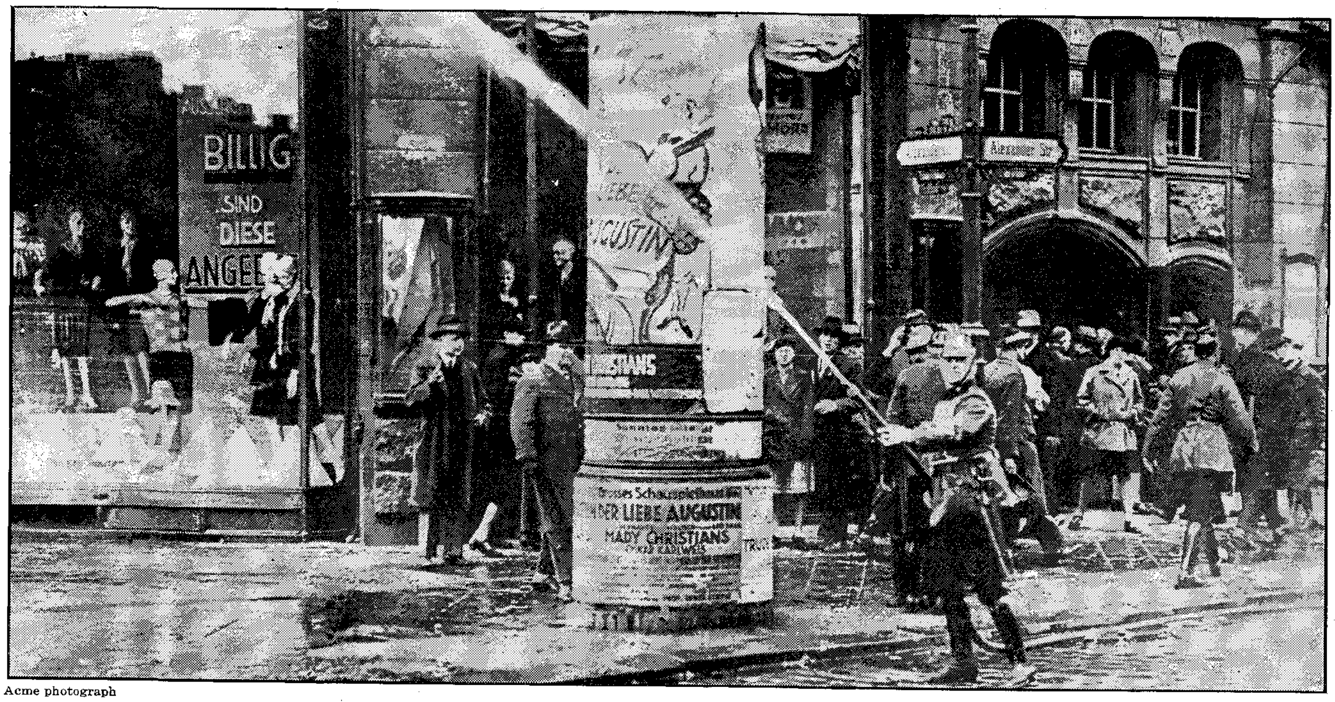
P. & A. photograph

BERLIN POLICE CHARGE COMMUNISTS ON MAY DAY



Keystone copyright photograph

CORRALLING BERLIN RIOTERS WHO THREW PLANKS, STONES AND TRESTLES IN FRONT OF A STREET CAR



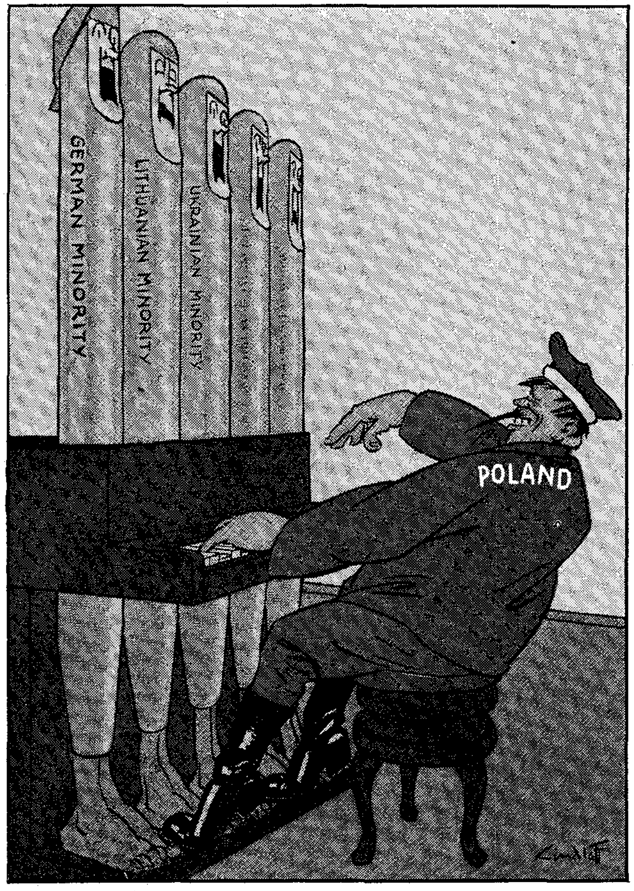
Acme photograph

COOLING OFF BERLIN'S MAY-DAY HOT-HEADS

Despite some press reports of many killed and wounded in the Communist demonstrations at Berlin, with arrests on May Day registered at about 1,000, restrained observers tell us the first of May passed off without grave disorder until evening. Attempts were made by groups of Communists to evade the police prohibition against demonstrations, but "the police were able to disperse the demonstrants without using firearms, except for precautionary purposes." As related in these pages last week, the Government and police are sharply criticized for not having allowed the whole demonstration to pass off "like harmless fireworks" so that it "would not have left a lasting impression."

EUROPE'S THIRTY MILLIONS OF COMPLAINING MINORITIES

HOW MANY OF THE 30,000,000 of people who make up the racial minorities in Europe, with rights guaranteed by the League, know that they have any such rights, or that they have been the subject of spirited discussion at Geneva, it is impossible to tell, say some editors, who point out that of this vast population, living under alien rule, "many belong to the most primitive races in Europe, and many, perhaps even most, are illiterate." A committee of three named by the Council of the League of Nations is engaged in London in drawing up a report on the problem of the protection of the minorities, we learn from the press, and the report will be submitted to the League during the June session. This Committee consists of Sir Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Minister, Mr. Quiñones de Leon, who represents Spain at Geneva, and Japan's representative, Mr. Adachi. There is scarcely one of the minority populations in Europe which has not, or does not consider itself as having, grievances against its Government on the ground of infringements of the rights guaranteed to it, declares the London *Daily Telegraph*, and "in almost every case the dissatisfied minority is a cause of international friction which may become a danger to the peace." This newspaper goes on to say:



A GERMAN SLAM AT THE POLES

"How Poland harmonizes her minorities."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

> "There are German, Polish, Magyar, Roumanian, Slovak, Albanian, Jewish, and other minorities; and the essence of their position is that, instead of having been forced by their respective governments to accept an alien rule, they have been handed over to those governments by an international decision. By no other means could the territorial resettlement after the war have been brought about; even President Wilson could not devise a new map on the strict lines of self-determination, so deep is the interpenetration of nationalities in Central and Eastern Europe. The peace-makers, finding themselves compelled to create national minorities, elaborated the system of treaties to secure to them their rights of citizenship, of worship, of education, and of the use of their own language. It is not an ideal arrangement, but it is the best that could be made in the circumstances; and it is immeasurably better than that which it has replaced, since before the war the aggregate number of the minorities was at least five times as great, and they had no guaranteed rights whatsoever."

As a contributor to the *Revue de Genève* points out, the racial minorities are protected only in certain countries, and these are first of all the countries that lost the war—Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Turkey. But, he notes, no clause in the Peace Treaty was inserted for the protection of German minorities. Secondly, other countries in which arrangement was made for the protection of the minorities are those of Central Europe and of Eastern Europe which were reconstructed or received important territorial extensions, such as Greece, Poland, Roumania, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. Thirdly, this informant names certain States that the League Assembly decided to admit into the League on condition that they guarantee protection to their minorities, and these are Albania, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Finally, he goes on to say, when the question of the Aland Islands was settled, Finland undertook the protection of the Swedish population in these islands, just as when Upper Silesia was divided, Germany and Poland negotiated guaranties for the protection of the minorities in German Upper Silesia and in Polish Upper Silesia. Lithuania, it appears, also undertook to look out for the minorities in the Memel territory when it was awarded to her.

What deep import the minorities problem has for Germany may be gathered from the statement of Ernst Jaeckh in "The New Germany" (Oxford University Press) that the 80,000,000 Germans who live in Central Europe are divided among seventeen States: 65,000,000 in Germany, 3,000,000 in Switzerland, the remaining 12,000,000 in neighboring States: Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Danzig, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Denmark, Belgium, Luxemburg, and France, and in the adjoining parts of former Austria: Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Roumania. Dr. Jaeckh then tells us that Germany is the only great nation which is not yet a national whole, and to-day she is even less so than before the war. He speaks of her as "the country of the center" and the land of "irredenta" par excellence, and he adds:

> "The new Germany renounces every kind of 'irredentist' policy, of 'unredeemed lands.' She does not want any 'release,' any separations of these Germans from neighboring States, or their incorporation in her own, but she champions the cause of cultural autonomy for German communities in other States, that is to say, the right of a section of the population to its own language, schools, and church, to its own intellectual culture. Germany conceives it to be her duty and takes pride in granting to the minorities in Germany such a measure of cultural autonomy as she herself claims in like manner for German minorities in the neighboring States. The new constitution expressly demands: 'Non-German-speaking sections of the people are not to be interfered with, either by legislation or administration, in their free national development, least of all in the use of their native tongue in education, in home affairs, and in the administration of justice.' True and fruitful nationalism is that which possesses a feeling not only for its own nationality, but also for the nationality of others."

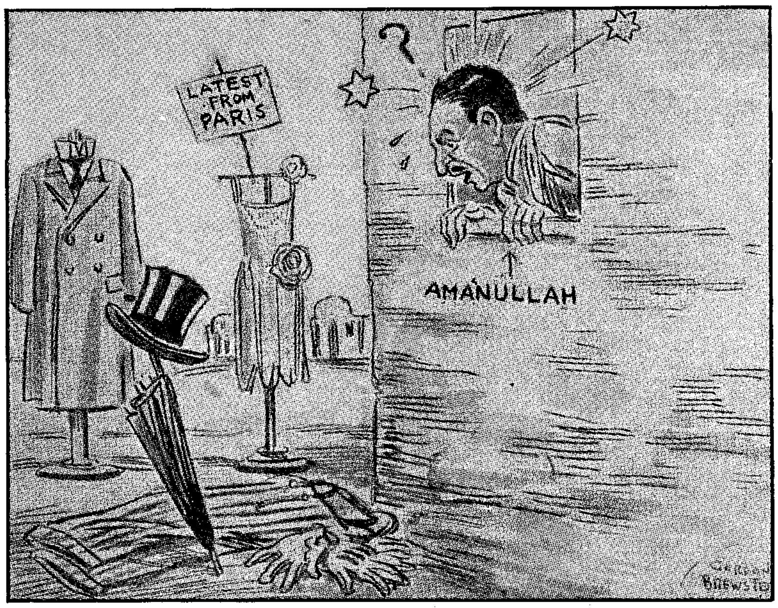
A certain sarcasm appears in the observations of the Paris *Temps* on German protectiveness for minorities. It charges that the Germans "who always oppress the minorities incorporated in their former Empire, and who by systematic Prussian methods colonized the marches of the East and imposed, notably on the Poles, an intolerable régime, now pretend to appear as defenders of the minorities." In their new rôle, this daily alleges, the Germans seek to feather their own nest and prepare for the day of the new territorial adjustments, which they constantly claim despite the final stipulations of the treaties.

TROUBLE FEARED IN AFGHANISTAN

CIVIL WAR AND GENERAL DISRUPTION may break out in some of the Afghan provinces, it is feared by various Indian observers, who view the future of that country as showing omens of a reawakening of tribal disputes and the reestablishment of tribal rule. Little news has leaked out since Amanullah fled to Kandahar and Ghazi Habibullah mounted the throne at Kabul, but now the Indian press report that an armed force has left Kandahar, under the leadership of King Amanullah, in order to drive Ghazi Habibullah out. But there is no actual discontent against the new ruler, it seems, and the Ghazi's followers remain loyal. With seasoned skepticism the Calcutta *Statesman* notes Peshawar reports that 50,000 soldiers are following King Amanullah, who ran away from Kabul a little over six months ago with only 2,000. Probably the truth is that Amanullah has not 50,000 soldiers, but about 5,000, thinks this newspaper, and that they are tribesmen of various kinds recruited from the neighborhood of Kandahar. A regular garrison, it is suggested, no more existed at Kandahar than did one at Kabul, and we are further informed:

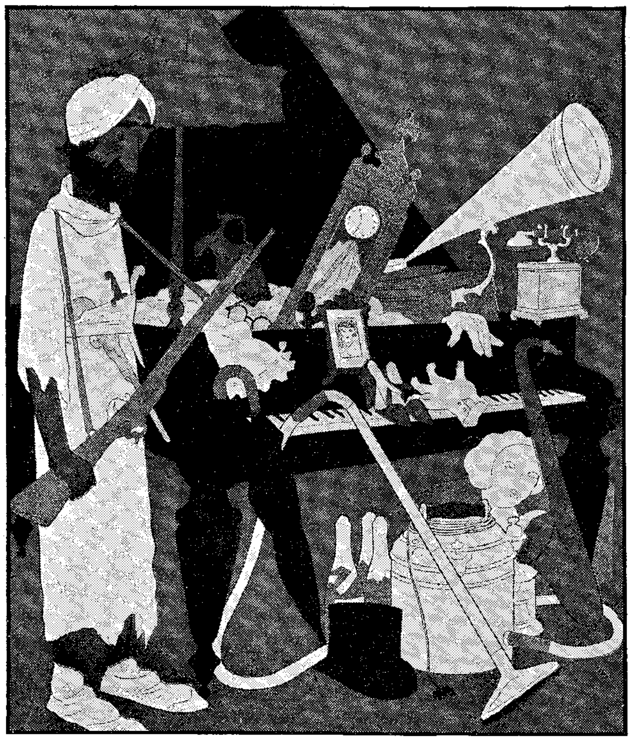
"It may be remembered that no mention was made of troops to receive him when the King arrived at Kandahar. The people received him with respect, for he was their King, but there was no special enthusiasm. Prior to the Ramzan no attempts were made to recruit any fighting tribesmen, but thereafter a good deal of money seems to have been spent on inducing people to rally to the royal standard. We believe that several thousands did so rally, and that an armed force has actually left Kandahar, under the leadership of the King, in order to drive Ghazi Habibullah out of Kabul. How far that force has actually advanced is open to question. One report says to Ghazni, and adds that a battle with the Ghazi's forces has already been fought and won. The story may be true, but we have to remember that people who come from across the frontier into Peshawar with tales are very well aware that Peshawar is almost fanatical in its support of the King.

"The transfrontier Pathan is hardly such a simpleton as to relate in the bazaar any but stories that would be well received. All reports emanating from Peshawar during the last few months have been favorable to the King and have cast doubts on the ability of the Ghazi to maintain himself. We were given the impression that the Ghazi was a mere robber who, after he had looted Kabul, would hasten back to his native hills. But Kabul has not been looted, and the 'robber' has maintained his position with great dignity and much self-restraint. There has been very little confiscation and no wholesale massacre of the King's adherents.



THE PRICE OF A THRONE

—*The Herald* (Dublin).



WHAT HORRIFIED THE AFGHANS

THE TRIBESMAN: "Isn't it frightful, the barbarous contraptions Amanullah wanted to foist on us?"

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"The latest foreign refugees from Kabul say that, tho supplies are scarce, there is no actual discontent against the new ruler. The Ghazi's followers continue to be loyal to him. But how many followers has he? Here we are faced with the same trouble that we have in estimating the King's followers. In both cases we must come to the same conclusion. Aware of the Pathan inability to resist speaking in thousands, we must divide bazaar estimates by ten. In other words, the battle for the possession of Kabul will be fought between two forces, each of about the strength of a brigade. The rest of the population of Afghanistan, including Gen. Nadir Khan, now waiting at Gardez, will look on."

India's neutral stand in Afghan affairs, which is often declared, despite rumors to the contrary emanating from some Russian and some German sources, is emphasized in an official communiqué issued at New Delhi, in which it is stated that there appears to be "some misunderstanding over the nature and purpose of the regulations which the Government have laid down regarding the crossing of the Afghan frontier during the present crisis." The communiqué continues in part:

"These are dictated by the Government's declared policy of non-intervention and neutrality, and by their determination to prevent our frontier districts being used by any of the contending parties in Afghanistan as a base for furthering civil war, and in particular to frustrate efforts that are being made to embroil our frontier tribes in it. Permission is in no case given to British subjects to cross the frontier into Afghanistan.

"Afghan combatants, regulars or irregulars, who seek temporary refuge in India are disarmed on entry, and required to move back into Afghanistan within a reasonable time, in whatever direction and by whatever route they please. Their arms will be retained until there is an established government in Afghanistan, to whom they can be returned.

"While movements of ordinary Afghan traders and individual Afghan tribesmen are left unrestricted, entry into India of high personages, likely to attempt to settle in India as political refugees, is discouraged, but transit is given freely for direct journey to the frontier destination."

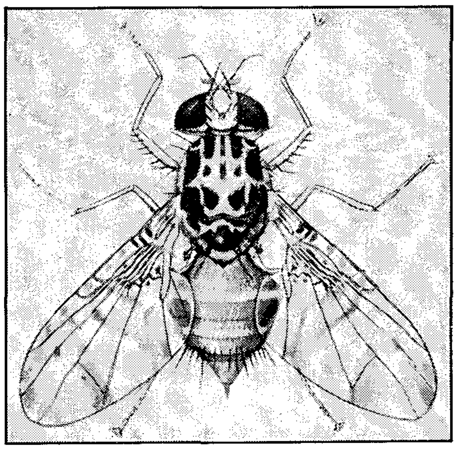
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Illustrations by courtesy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE MEDITERRANEAN FLY IN A FLORIDA FRUIT GROVE

MILLIONS TO FIGHT A FLY

FLORIDA, FAR ON THE ROAD to recovery from a devastating hurricane, is now invaded by a new pest known as the Mediterranean fruit fly—an insect, about the size of the common house fly, that is said to be more destructive to grape-fruit, orange, and other crops than even the boll-weevil is to the cotton crop. The Department of Agriculture and Florida authorities, with the aid of Congress and the State legislature, have moved swiftly to confine the new pest to the smallest possible area, and then eradicate it. The State of Florida has appropriated $500,000, says Lemuel L. Parton in a Consolidated Press dispatch, while counties and municipalities are contributing thousands of dollars to fight the pest. Moreover, Congress is fully justified in making available $4,250,000, to be used in exterminating this fly, thinks the Providence *Journal*, "for if its ravages are not confined to Florida, it may spread to other States and threaten the fruit and vegetable industry of the entire nation." "If it is right to use the people's money to protect them from yellow fever, cholera, or bubonic plague, it is equally right to use their money to protect their property and food supply," agrees the Atlanta *Constitution*. For, it seems, some seventy varieties of fruits and vegetables are attacked by the Mediterranean fly. At one time, we are reminded by the Topeka *State Journal*, "the European corn-borer might have been stamped out in the United States at comparatively small expense. But it was not done, and we have paid heavily as a result of this neglect."



OUR COSTLY VISITOR

The Mediterranean fruit fly.

In the case of Florida, however, no time has been lost, as Paul V. Collins writes in the Washington *Star:*

"It was Saturday evening, April 6, when J. C. Goodwin, nursery inspector of the State Plant Board of Florida, was preparing some grapefruit for his supper, and he cut into a fruit which contained some larvæ. He sent that infected fruit by air mail to the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, and the larvæ were identified as the dreaded Mediterranean fruit fly.

"Hundreds of experts are now on the ground seeking to ascertain the extent of the pest. All of Florida is under quarantine, but in zones of different degrees. Regulations regarding the transport of fruits and vegetables are enforced by militia.

"It took Congress only half an hour to accept the urgent appeal of Dr. Marlatt, of the Department of Agriculture, to make available $4,250,000 cash with which to combat the invasion—a world record in speed of legislation.

"So far as known, the pest originally came from the Azores, where it was recorded in 1833, and penetrated Northern Africa. It has been found in European countries as far north as Paris, and it attacks all fruits and most vegetables, with only a few excepted. But it can not survive cold or inclement weather, nor can the female lay eggs except in fruit or vegetables that are ripening or are fully ripe. Then it drills tiny holes through the skin of the fruit and deposits therein many eggs, so small as to be almost invisible to the eyes.

"The egg inside of the ripe fruit produces larvæ, and they cause the fruit to drop off the tree, carrying the larvæ down to the ground, where they leave the fruit and enter the ground. There the larvæ are transformed into the fly, which within four days of hatching from the larval state begins to lay more eggs—provided there is any ripe fruit within reach."

"It must be said for the Florida authorities that they moved promptly and swiftly to meet this invasion," notes the Sacramento *Bee*, from the rival commonwealth of California, and other newspapers agree that, with the Department of Agriculture backing up the State entomologists with science and money, the battle will be fought to a finish. Two Jacksonville papers—*The Journal* and *Florida Times-Union*—say the help of the Government is "most gratifying," and that it indicates official appreciation of the great danger that threatens, not only Florida, but the whole country.

In Baltimore, however, we find a note of pessimism, as *The Evening Sun* recalls:

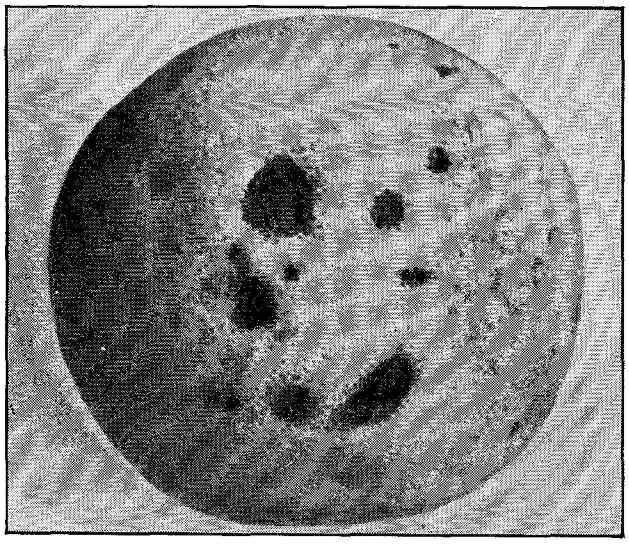
"A few years ago the farmers of the Middle West called on the Government for help to meet the grave emergency caused by the European corn-borer. The Government responded generously with an appropriation of $10,000,000. The $10,000,000 is gone, but the borer is still with us.

"Judged from the experience with other foreign pests, the eradication of the Mediterranean fruit fly from the orchards of Florida is decidedly doubtful; but one thing is certain—there can be no doubt about the eradication of the $4,250,000."

BY RAIL TO HUDSON BAY

THE APPROACHING OPENING of railway service to Hudson Bay is commented on by the technical press in various moods, ranging from enthusiasm to skepticism. Only time can tell us its value, or lack of value, concludes *The Engineering News-Record* (New York). Says this paper:

"For years the farmers of the prairie provinces in Canada have been demanding that they be given an outlet for their grain by the short route to Europe through Hudson Bay. Before the war the building of a railway to the bay was urged upon the dominion Parliament, session after session, with such insistence that just before the outbreak of war work was begun upon the construction of the railway and of a port at Port Nelson. The war put a stop to the work, but the demand continued and recently it was undertaken again. Under the revised project Port Nelson was abandoned as a terminal because of the unsuitability of the site. Within the last few weeks the rails have been laid to the site of the new port at Fort Churchill. It remains now for the track to be made safe and the port and grain storage facilities to be built at Fort Churchill before grain can be shipped from that port. Whether grain will be shipped in quantities to make the port of value to its builders is another question. Ever since the Hudson Bay route was proposed, discussion has raged over whether or not ships could navigate Hudson Bay and the straits leading to it during a long enough period of time to make the route practical. Proponents of the route claim that it is open from mid-summer to fall; opponents claim it is seldom free from ice for more than two or three weeks. At best, the navigation season will be short, and only experience can tell of what value the Hudson Bay Railway will be as an outlet for grain to Europe. The odds appear to be against it. Fortunately, however, the present indications are that its construction, opening up as it does a vast area having great possibilities in the way of mineral resources, may yet return a profit to the Canadian Government."

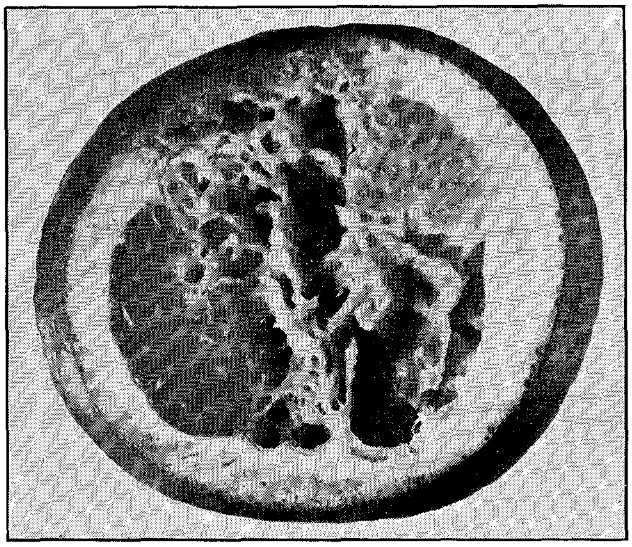


WHAT THE FLY DID TO AN ORANGE

Each black spot represents a place where the fly punctured the rind to lay eggs, but the maggots were not able to eat through the peel, and died. About the spot decays start which at first affect only the peel. Blue mold grows rapidly in these injured spots.

SICK MEN AND SICK MONKEYS

OUR SIMIAN COUSINS resemble us even in the diseases that afflict us both, altho in some cases these are not precisely the same, but similar. A writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London) reminds us that the monkey's near relationship to man is now generally admitted; how near is that relationship was disclosed recently at the Royal Society of Medicine, when "Monkeys and Human Disease" formed the topic for discussion. We read:



A DAMAGED GRAPEFRUIT

Its pulp destroyed by the larvæ of the fruit fly.

"Mr. Lovell showed that many of the intestinal conditions of monkeys in captivity are caused by organisms found also in man. As in man, tuberculosis is a very common condition; however, there is a slight difference, in that monkeys are almost equally susceptible to both strains of mammalian bacillus, tho deaths from tuberculosis are mainly due to the human variety. Little is known about the virus diseases of monkeys, but only in primates is it possible experimentally to develop yellow fever, poliomyelitis, and perhaps measles. Other human virus infections can, of course, be transmitted to them, but in these three diseases the monkey appears to be the only alternative host to man. Among the internal parasites virtually all the protozoa of man are found in apes or monkeys, but it appears to be possible that the malarias of man are distinct from those of apes.

"Dr. Andrew Balfour drew attention to the fact that in South America epidemics in monkeys of what might have been yellow fever often preceded epidemics in man of what certainly was yellow fever. The evidence, however, is still inconclusive. Certainly here, and in some other conditions, the monkey has been an essential laboratory aid, but to the hygienist his significance is relatively slight. In fact, as Professor Leiper pointed out, such of man's diseases as are common to him and the lower animals result from food habits and contact; and domestication is a much more important factor than blood relationship."

That apes are not the only animals subject to human or near-human diseases, appears from the following dispatch from Philadelphia, printed in the New York *Times:*

"How lions and many other animals are subjected to the death-dealing ills of man was described to-night to the American Philosophical Society by Dr. Herbert Fox, professor of comparative pathology of the University of Pennsylvania.

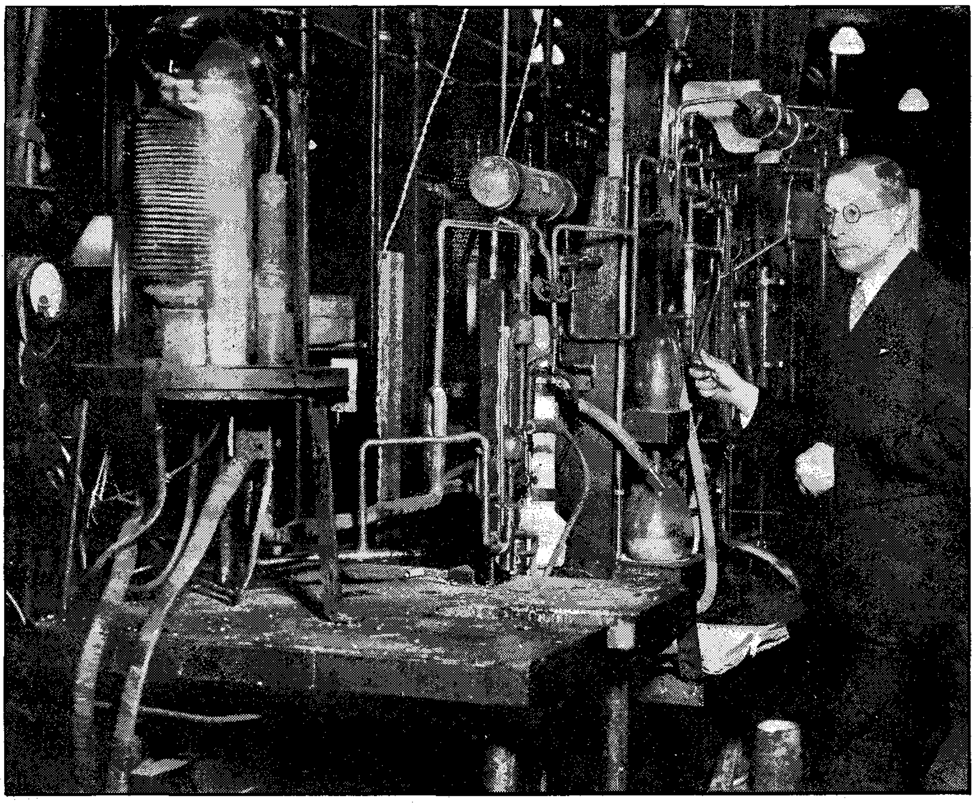
"Dogs, bears, raccoons, and hyenas along with the lion are specially subject to intestinal diseases. Bright's disease is a weakness of squirrels, rats, beavers, and porcupines. Hoofed and horned animals as a class show vulnerability of the heart.

"The apes and monkeys suffer much from tuberculosis and intestinal disorders. On the whole, said Dr. Fox, the animals do not live out their allotted life span any more than do humans. His studies were based on 2,571 animals, covering twenty-five years' research at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden."

SQUEEZING GAS OUT OF IRON

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN WOODEN HOUSES can always chop down a door or a partition to keep warm, says *The Scientific American* (New York), but until now, ham and eggs could never be cooked with a leg of the kitchen range, nor was it possible for marooned motorists to run the "gasoline wagon" with a spare wheel or a set of fenders stript from the car as fuel. It goes on:

"But now, when the fuel tank goes empty on the road, just remember there is enough gas soaked away in the car's iron and steel to run it for miles. A few old stove-lids or grate shakers contain enough fuel to boil the morning coffee or fry the ham and eggs. The trick is to get it out.



Courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

THIS OUTFIT WILL PROVIDE GAS FROM YOUR OLD IRON

Mr. N. A. Ziegler, of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, with the apparatus which he has developed for extracting gas from ferrous metals. By his process he obtains pure iron and steel.

"N. A. Ziegler, scientist in the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, can do it. He squeezes fuel-gas out of iron and steel like water from a sponge.

"An old automobile piston, for example, gives up thirty-three times its own volume of fuel-gas; wrought iron and steel give up gas in less amounts. This gas, which burns with a pale-blue flame, can be used to operate a gas-stove and, with proper carburetor adjustments, an automobile. A couple of cubic feet of cast-iron give enough gas to furnish about ten horse-power for twelve minutes.

"While automobiles have usually been operated from liquid fuels, it will be remembered that during the war, motor-cars in England and France were operated from gas in bags. Even now there are trucks running in Europe and South Africa, operating from a similar fuel-gas made from coal in a little producer on the truck.

"The iron from which gas has been squeezed has a brilliant, lasting sheen, instead of the dull rusty surface common to cast-iron. It is better for making magnets than ordinary iron. This is the principal value of the process, the inventor thinks, since, at present, the cost of getting the gas is far greater than its value as a fuel. Better iron for electrical machinery, however, is very important, since millions of pounds are used annually, and cheaper and better electrical machinery affects the public generally.

"Mr. Ziegler uses a big high-frequency induction vacuum furnace for extracting gas from cast-iron. A powerful vacuum draws off the gases that boil out. The furnace quickly melts the hardest steel, but will not burn the hand nor scorch a cigaret paper.

"The furnace is built of glass and, as the gases are drawn off, glows with a brilliant, soft blue light, believed to be the same in character as the aurora borealis, or northern lights."

USING WASTE LUMBER

A NEWLY INVENTED METHOD of making a sort of wood concrete from waste lumber of all sorts, thereby saving for useful purposes a large quantity of material usually destroyed, is described by F. W. Fitzpatrick, of Evanston, Illinois, in a letter to the New York *Times:*

"Four billion feet of lumber annually go into the making of boxes and crates, 15 per cent. of all the lumber cut, or enough to build houses for 1,500,000 people. Furthermore, once used as boxes and crates that lumber generally becomes waste, and is finally burned. Pretty 'bad medicine' that, and gives a fair idea of our wasteful methods in many lines.

"But that is not the half of it. For it represents only 15 per cent. of the total production of lumber going to utter waste after one using. But note further that in getting all the lumber of which that one item is but 15 per cent., twice as much timber is wasted as finds itself ultimately in the market as lumber. Or, in other words, only 33 1-3 per cent. of the timber eliminated from further growth actually becomes finished, marketable lumber for boxes, buildings, and everything else.

"But there is a better time coming, at least a more intelligent one. A fiber machine has been devised, and is now being made for general distribution, that uses up old boards, cuttings, bark, chips, twigs—every part of a tree that is not cut into finished boards—and every bit of that finished lumber that has become 'waste,' and turns it all into fine, clean fiber.

"They used to break up and pound and tear such lumber into shreds and boil and 'chemical' it into pulp, or compress it into wall boards and insulation material. But this machine cuts the cost in two. More than that, fiber from lumber waste can now be turned into a more valuable material than the finished lumber. Mixed with cement and water by a special process that wood fiber becomes a very strong concrete, fireproof, less than half the weight of stone concrete, and not half its cost, and that much cheaper to transport.

"Used in buildings it means that the steel work has but half the old-time load to carry. And, last but not least, that concrete can be nailed and sawed like timber.

"In connection with it an interlocking channel construction has been devised; large channels—as long as the stories of the building are high and two feet wide, sections that two men can easily handle—are set on end, interlocking their flanges and presenting a perfectly smooth surface outside and in, an ideal wall, fireproof, self-finished in that no stone, brick or other wall covering is needed outside, and no plaster need be used anywhere about the house. Those channels can be nailed and sawed. It means a fireproof, permanent home for the cost of the ordinary wood frame, most perishable of habitations now so common.

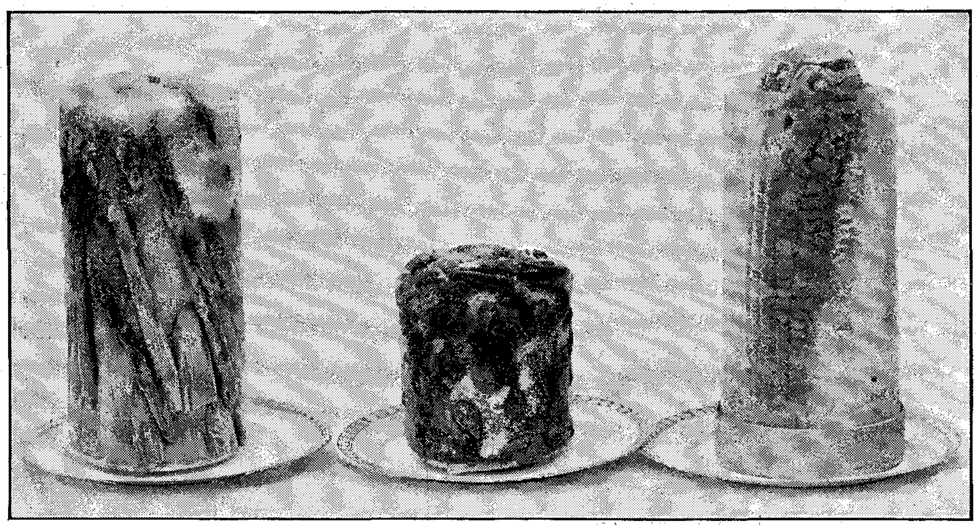
"As a partition, even if there were no other use for this channel construction, it is immensely valuable; for, unlike all other fire-resisting partitions, it can be as easily taken down as it is put up, and used over and over again—something the office-owning fraternity will hail with delight.

"All this opens up a vast new field for the utilization of a one-time colossal waste of one of our chief national products."

FROZEN FOODS IN PAPER BOTTLES

REFRIGERATION HAS FOUND NEW WORK which should make the preservation of fruits and vegetables at least a cooler job. For two experimenters at the Fruit Products Laboratory of the University of California, M. A. Joslyn and W. V. Cruess, recommend a reversal of the former canning process. Instead of "putting up" fruits and vegetables under high heat, they would freeze these products and market them in paper containers such as are now being tried for milk distribution. Better preservation of the natural colors and flavors of these products is urged by Messrs. Joslyn and Cruess as a reason for this. Writing in *The Fruit Products Journal* (New York) of the reasons for and results of their work, they say:

"Owing to the possible presence of highly heat-resistant spores of Botulinus on the surface of vegetables, and owing to the fact that the low acidity of canned vegetables favors the growth of this organism with consequent production of a deadly toxin, the State Board of Health demands that certain vegetables be processed at high temperatures for a relatively long period. This is especially true of such vegetables as asparagus, corn, peas, string beans, and spinach. As a result of this stringent cook, these vegetables acquire a flavor distinct from that of the cooked fresh vegetables, and in the case of peas, string beans, and spinach are injured in color by the canning process. Owing to the decomposition of the chlorophyl at the high temperatures used, the normal green color of these vegetables changes to a brown tint. With the present status of Botulinus control, the use of the high temperatures is unavoidable. Altho there is a marked difference between the canned vegetables and the cooked vegetables prepared from the raw product, the consuming public has become accustomed to this difference, and does not in many cases demand different articles.



Courtesy of *The Fruit Products Journal* (New York)

JUST REMOVED FROM THE PARAFFINED CONTAINER

Frozen asparagus, string beans, and corn. "Frozen fruits can be used in the home as a cold dessert or after thawing, as a plain dessert or with cereal. Frozen fruit-juice speaks for itself. Frozen vegetables are too new and will require some development."

"We thought, however, that freezing storage offered a means of preserving the characteristic color and flavor of the vegetables. Our preliminary experiments have been entirely satisfactory. Artichokes, asparagus, corn on the cob, peas, string beans and spinach were successfully preserved by freezing. In color and flavor they were markedly superior to the canned article. The frozen asparagus and corn on the cob were, however, rather limp and soggy in texture, and the stalks of the former had collapsed. The texture of the corn on the cob, however, compared more than favorably with that of the canned article. The frozen artichokes, peas, and spinach were excellent in texture, while the string beans were slightly limp.

"Previous investigations have shown decisively that freezing storage is best suited to the preservations of fruit-juices. The frozen juice retains its characteristic flavor and suffers no deterioration. Our recent investigations have shown that the paraffined paper friction top container makes an ideal package for frozen juice in the retail market. It is desirable, however, to clarify fruit-juices other than citrus juices, and possibly apple-juice, before packing in the small containers.

"Packers in general have been slow to utilize freezing storage methods for the preservation of fruits and vegetables for retail distribution. This is probably because the retail distribution of these frozen products entails certain difficulties and requires special channels. However, these channels are now becoming more and more available with the introduction of better and cheaper refrigeration during transit and at the terminal markets. In spite of the difficulty of distributing the product, there has sprung up in the Pacific Northwest a thriving industry utilizing the 'cold-pack' method of preserving berries and other small fruit.

"Our investigations have shown that there is a potential demand for the frozen product in the home. Frozen fruits, especially berries, put up in paper 'bottles' will readily attract a large retail trade. The frozen product can be used in the home as a cold dessert or, after thawing, as a plain dessert or with cereal. Frozen fruit-juice speaks for itself. Frozen vegetables are too new and will require some development. However, peas, beans, artichokes, and spinach prepared by the methods we have described are attractive enough to sell readily.

"Many retail stores are now being equipped with refrigerating counters. Since the frozen products are so attractive their introduction should not be difficult."

CREAMING POWER OF MILK

DAIRY SPECIALISTS AT THE New York Agricultural Experiment Station in Geneva have been investigating the factors that affect the creaming ability of milk, we are told in the New York *Times*. A comparison has been made of Holstein and Jersey cows, with the result that milk from these breeds has been found to have equal capacities for producing cream in proportion to the amount of fat in the milk. "Milk from Jersey and Holstein cows has the power to produce 4 per cent. of cream layer for each per cent. of fat in the milk," says J. C. Marquardt, dairy specialist at the station, who points out that the establishment of a creaming power factor for normal milk is an important advance in the study, and that knowledge gained from further studies is expected to prove of special interest to the dairy industry. He adds:

"An exhaustive study of the factors affecting the creaming of milk has been undertaken in the station dairy laboratory. The first step in this work was to establish a creaming power factor for normal milk of a high and a low fat content. For this purpose milk from a Jersey and from a Holstein herd has been used.

"It is possible to conclude from these studies that the normal creaming power of Holstein and Jersey milk is equal when the layers of cream formed after twenty-four hours were measured. It was found, also, that normal Jersey and Holstein milk will produce approximately 4 per cent. of cream layer for each per cent. of fat in the milk when the latter is held at a low temperature.

"Holstein milk was found to cream more completely and uniformly during two- and four-hour periods than does Jersey milk. The age of the cow, the season and the period of lactation did not seem to have any material influence on the creaming capacity of milk from either breed. The health of the animal, however, was a factor, for in most cases sick cows produced an abnormally deep cream layer."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A PASSION PLAY THAT OFFENDS THE JEWS

A PASSION PLAY PRODUCED BY JEWS and protested by Jews—this is the anomaly of Morris Gest's spectacular version of the Freiburg Passion Play at the New York Hippodrome. While Jewish writers are denouncing Mr. Gest and his father-in-law, David Belasco, as traitors to their race, in "commercializing" this semi-religious spectacle in the indoor circus, Christian commentators remain unperturbed. "If I were a Christian," wrote Rabbi Silverman to the New York *Evening Post*, "I would hiss this debasement of the Christian religion from the stage. As a Jew, I denounce it as an infamous libel against the Jews of the time of Jesus." No less vehement in his denunciation is the Rabbi Isaac Landman, writing in *The American Hebrew* (New York): "That two American Jews should unite their talents to recreate and retell to American audiences this story, more vividly than it has ever been done before, is a humiliating circumstance for which they alone are responsible, and a grievous wound in the American Jewish life for which there is no balm and no healing." Furthermore: "It seems incongruous that a Passion Play should be staged and produced by Jews; yet this has come to pass in that conglomeration of incongruities called the City of New York." On the other hand, we find Adrian Peyton writing calmly in the Catholic weekly *America:* "Here was a medley made up of a medieval Catholic play, of a modern Catholic cast, of an American Jew internationally famed for his gorgeous productions, of a huge Hippodrome, heavy with the aroma of theatrical memories, of a sophisticated audience of New York first-nighters. To blend these elements would truly be a miracle." Yet the same critic adds that "enough of the sacredness of the drama has been preserved to justify Catholics in attending the Hippodrome performances."

Courtesy of Morris Gest

THE KISS OF JUDAS

Adolph Fassnacht enacts the leading rôle, and Georg Fassnacht is *Judas*, in the Freiburg Passion Play which has been converted into a New York Hippodrome spectacle by Messrs. Morris Gest and David Belasco.

Why are the Jews protesting? Rabbi Landman, in a vigorous denunciation published in *The American Hebrew*, answers specifically:

> "Not one spiritual or ethical quality in the life or teachings of Jesus of Nazareth is demonstrated in the Freiburg Passion Play. That is my chief reaction to the colorful, dramatic presentation of the current version of the Gospel tragedy.
>
> "What I witnessed was a magnificent pageant, heightened by all the tinsel and trappings which the modern theater affords. The story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection as here enacted, principally from the account in the Fourth Gospel, stirred pain mingled with pity for the central figure. As to the rest, the Passion Play might be a revival, in a theatrical sense, of the pageant depicting the death and resurrection of the pagan god Tammuz, the celebration of which Ezekiel, five centuries before Jesus, condemned as an abomination; or of the death and resurrection of the god Attis, the good shepherd, who, in the ceremonies attaching to his worship as practised in Gaul and Italy, was 'slain and hanged on a tree.'
>
> "Of Jesus as a God-inspired, morally indignant Prophet who declares unto Israel his transgressions and unto Jacob his sins, not a burning, searing word! Of Jesus as a loving and patient Rabbi who painstakingly instructs his followers in the pursuit of justice and righteousness, and in the practise of ethical precepts, not a hint!
>
> "This, it must be recorded, is not the fault of the two Jews who imported the play from Freiburg and produced it in New York. Theirs is a guilt at once appalling and contemptible, 'graven with a pen of iron and with the point of a diamond' in the annals of American Jews."

"If I were a Christian," pursues the indignant Rabbi, "I should resent and condemn the presentation of my Lord and Savior as devoid of the fundamental essentials of religious spirit and exalted ethical teaching." For this reason:

> "Jesus, in the Hippodrome pageant, is portrayed as a pale, blond, colorless person, who initiates nothing, who proclaims nothing, who strives for and achieves nothing. He is as a straw hopelessly driven by the winds of cunning, deceit, and treachery. He is the helpless plaything of self-aggrandizing ecclesiastics and crafty politicians. A dozen opportunities are afforded Him to demonstrate in some way that He is what the text of the play says He is: the King of David, the Prophet, the Lord, the Savior, truly God's Son. But Jesus says nothing, does nothing!"

Despite the tradition which has been handed down through the centuries which disapproves of the living representation of the Deity, orthodox opposition to the Hippodrome spectacle has not equaled that of the Jews. "A Passion Play that does not produce a spiritual effect is a failure," notes Adrian Peyton in *America*. The fault, he thinks, was in the audience rather than the ambitions of Messrs. Gest and Belasco:

> "The setting of the play in a commercial theater helped the audience to be at fault. And the aims of the producers to utilize a sacred drama for commerce also puts the audience at fault. Bourdaloue and Bossuet might preach to such an assemblage as that which gathered in the Hippodrome, but they could not reach the hearts; they would be admired only for their rhetoric and diction. Chrysostom might thunder at them, but they would be merely thrilled by his voice and his gestures. Paul might appeal to them with burning zeal; they would comment on his clever sophistry. Christ Himself might walk on the Hippodrome stage as He did in the market-place of Jerusalem; such an audience

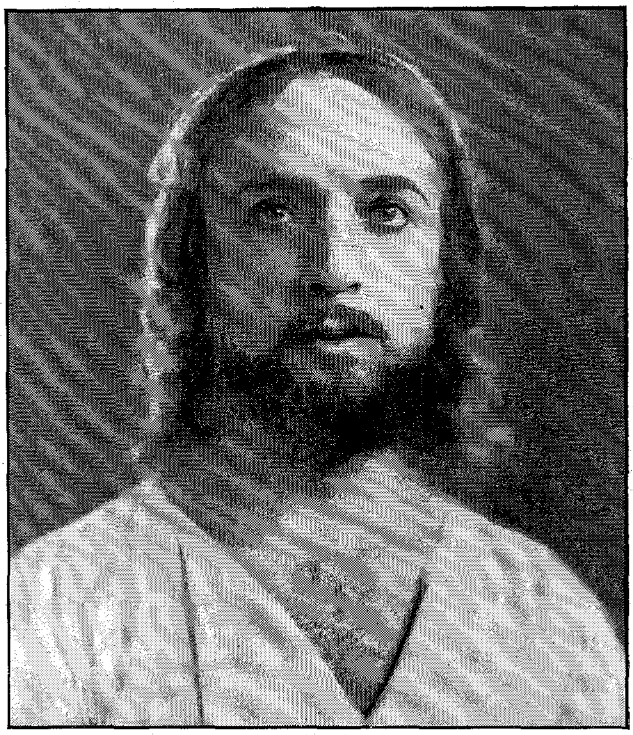
would sing hosannas in welcome to Him on Sunday, but they would cry His death-warrant on Friday.

"Worldliness and commerciality are the worst enemies of religion. They creep, subtly and insidiously, past the barriers into the Church itself. They could not be banned from a Passion Play in the Hippodrome. Especially is this true when the audience was composed of Jew and Gentile, of Christian and Catholic, of the unbeliever and the devout. Before a purely Catholic audience, the Freiburg players might deliver their message effectively, even in the Hippodrome. But they can not do so under the present auspices, despite the valiant efforts of Morris Gest to preserve the sacred character of the play the while he made it a commercial success."

The Passion Play from Freiburg has been in this country since last August, Stark Young informs us in *The New Republic*, playing here and there, presenting its drama in cooperation with local assistants, mobs, and choirs. But Broadway and religion apparently can not mix. All the ambition of Morris Gest, all the wizardry of David Belasco, can not create reverence and spirituality where they do not exist. Their failure seems apparent to the impartial critic of *The New Republic:*

"The combinations of electrical tricks lack vision and austerity of mood, are full of expensive and arrant ingenuity, and introduce obvious associations and crass banalities fatal to the spiritual impression and in the worst of taste—those rising glooms and radiances, for example, with their Broadway chiaroscuro, that spotlight hallowedness at moments, those surfaces fading out into other effects behind them, so threadbare even in melodrama; that Holy Grail with the red light in it; these are all sad rot, the poor old barren theater's bottom dollar. Also the messing over of the building itself, that pseudo-Roman solemnity and sacred architectural atmosphere, or whatever it is, in the lobbies and near the proscenium, those cathedral and basilica effects, in sum, could scarcely impress the simplest of beings. When we come to the last degradation of everything, both Passion Play and theatrical décor, I mean the court of Herod, with the plumes, maidens, the Negro three-fourths naked, the dancing-girls with sequins and musical comedy wiles—the circus is far better.

"A good deal of the music, despite the Russian Choir that was added to the orchestra and organ and failed to seem very impressive, got the effect of movie music only; and the animals, dyed palms, beads, and other accessories suggested mere vulgar multiplicity and eager, misplaced lavishness."



Courtesy of Morris Gest

HEAVEN AND HELL

Vivid contrasts abound in the characterizations of the Fassnacht family of Freiburg, six of whom enact the leading rôles in the Passion Play. Above is Adolph as the *Savior;* below, Georg as *Judas*, conspiring with the priests.

AGAINST "HIGH-HAT" MODERN MUSIC

HAS MUSIC BECOME TOO HIGHBROW? Is it too purely professional, too complicated, technically too difficult, for the ordinary music-loving layman? It has, reply without hesitation the advocates of *Gebrauchsmusik* in Germany. *Gebrauchsmusik* is "applied" music; and it is fully interpreted in *Die Musik* (Berlin), which devotes a whole number to this new movement to recapture music for the enjoyment of the layman. Music, say the advocates of *Gebrauchsmusik*, must doff its "high hat" and must learn to appeal anew to the average cultured listener, who to-day is frequently bored at concerts and opera. Apathy toward concerts has become general, and the divorce of the musician and the layman, wider and wider. Laymen have taken refuge in the radio and the phonograph and popular dance music. As interpreted by "C. S." in *The Musical Courier* (New York), the champions of the new movement assert:

"We have got to recapture them; we must write music for them—not only for the musicians. We must write music that they can sing and play; we must write music they can dance to; we must recapture them by taking them into the fold, take possession even of their jazz, their phonographs and their radios by writing special music for that—popular music not in the cheap sense, but in the sense of Haydn and Mozart when they wrote their suites and the Bachs when they sang their quodlibets."

In the old days, exponents of *Gebrauchsmusik* argue, music was largely applied music—it was composed for definite purposes—weddings, pageants, funerals. There were folk-songs, folk-dances, work songs. "Let us bring music back into the every-day lives of every-day people. Let us enlist the cooperation of the 'youth movement' in German music." Already they have given a festival of this type of music at Baden-Baden. To follow further the account of the *Musical Courier* writer:

"The 'youth movement' in German music, in which hundreds of thousands of children and young people are enlisted, and the German equivalent of what we call 'community singing,' are all linked up with the 'applied' music idea. So are the latest stage successes in Germany (such as Weill's modernized 'Beggar's Opera') and German film music. The movement has vitality,

> because it seems to be a perfectly natural revolt against the cut-and-dried professionalism, the hopeless rut of modern professional concertizing, the stagnation which confronts every young musician at the outset of his career.
>
> "It is due, in a certain sense, to a realization that the public of to-day will never understand the music that is being written by the big men of to-day, unless some of the modernistic idiom trickles down to the popular strata of music and slowly infects popular taste with the virus of modernity. So long as popular music (good or bad) is written in the idiom of yesterday, serious music will be regarded as the idiom of to-morrow (or the madhouse); the estrangement between the serious and the popular musician has never been so pronounced. In so far as it tries to bridge this dangerous gap, the new movement is all to the good. It is all to the good, too, in creating an honorable craftsmanship as the basis for the higher art; for every art should have its artizans, from whom its artists may spring; to-day we are too much in danger of building from the top."

TO CAPITALIZE HOBBIES EDUCATIONALLY

"HOBBY HALL" IS THE NICKNAME already bestowed upon the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Science Building, which Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice will present to the Hill School at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, for, as press accounts tell us, one whole section of the new structure will be devoted to the "feeding, grooming, and riding of pet hobbies." According to the Chicago *Daily News*, the idea has the sanction of distinguished precedent: "Frederick William Sanderson, famous headmaster at Oundle in England, used to throw the school workshop open to his boys and let them amuse themselves with chemicals, tools, and apparatus after school hours." Moreover, Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, professor of education at Columbia University, visioned a similar picture in his "dream for an ideal secondary school." As the Chicago editor goes on to say, the idea is to be worked out at "Hobby Hall" elaborately. If a boy—

> "Wants to fool with heavy machinery, he can turn himself loose among lathes and printing-presses in the basement. If the whim takes him, he can slip up to the meteorological laboratory, or to the observatory, where he can work with a small telescope. On the way he will run into all sorts of fun—chances to dabble in photography, motion-picture experiment, airplane work, and what not. He can browse among scientific books or loiter in little museums where every exhibit from model engine to stuffed bird has been prepared by a boy. On the top floor he can draw or paint or model or try his hand at cutting linoleum—in a word, give free play to his instinct for self-expression."

This, as one editor observes, is the first attempt in America to "capitalize hobbies educationally," and the Des Moines *Register* remarks: "When a boy makes a steam-engine, he knows how it works. When he builds a model airplaine, he knows why it flies. If there is any royal road to knowledge, it is through hobbies." Meanwhile, the New York *Times* says of the plan:

> "The diversion it offers will prevent the demerit curve from rising when outdoor sports cease; the interest it stirs will often carry over into the classroom work; the skills it discovers will frequently suggest lines of individual development, range of studies and ultimate occupation. Sometimes it will disclose 'brilliant possibilities' in boys showing no interest in the regular courses, and even turn boys away from college who ought not to go to college, while it urges on others who are likeliest to find their way to their life-work through a college training.
>
> "There is a saying that 'hobby-horses cost more than Arab steeds.' The equipping of a hall for the practise of hobbies is expensive, but it will be worth all it costs if it discovers special capacities in boys, and makes possible their development, and puts those who do not know which way to go on the right track. Many will wish enviously that there were 'hobby halls' for children of larger growth."

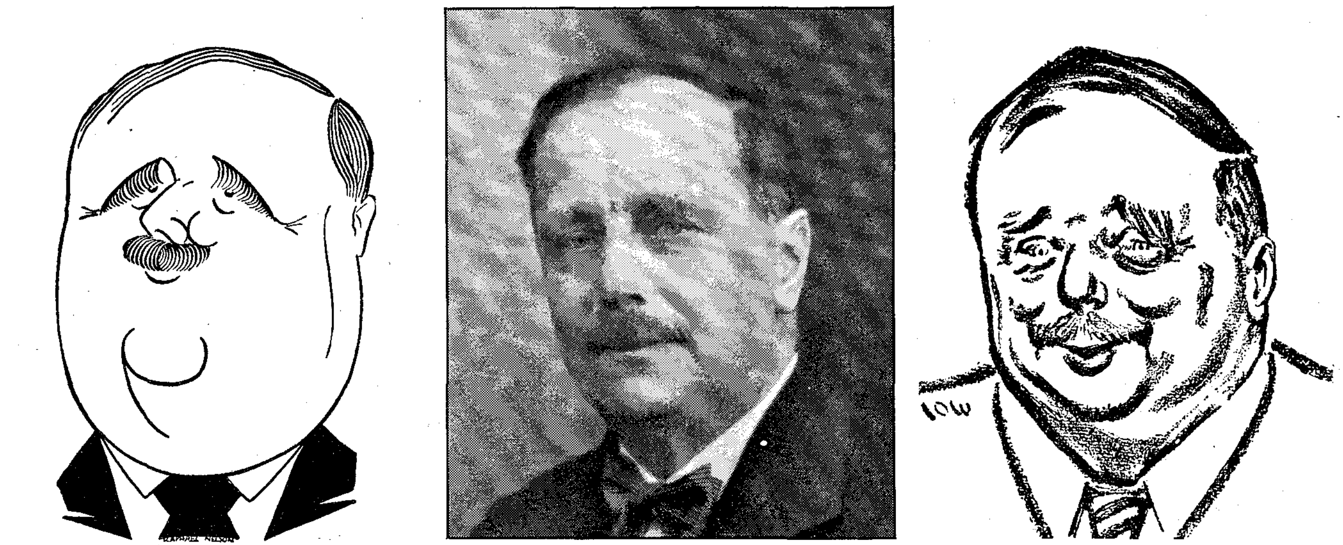
A special dean will preside over "Hobby Hall" and "develop a detailed report on each boy, so that, if the boy goes to college, the college will know what kind of boy it has caught, and know how to develop the best in him."

H. G. WELLS PREDICTS THE FILM OF THE FUTURE

CERTAINLY H. G. WELLS OUGHT to be "shot"—so decrees E. B. Osborn in the London *Morning Post.* He is not condemning the illustrious novelist to death; he is merely expressing his approval of "The King Who Was a King," which may be described as a model scenario for a film of the future, and which has just been published as a novel (Doubleday, Doran). "It is propaganda," says Mr. Osborn, "but producible." "It is a profoundly interesting experiment, and there is really no reason why Mr. Wells, with his huge following of admirers all over the world, should not play his part in lifting the film out of the present plane of pretty futilities." This experiment, continues the same critic, reveals H. G. Wells again breaking out in a new place—this time "into the Holy of Holies of Hollywood," proving that "the maker of a scenario can be on the side of the angels as well as that of Los Angeles." For his novel experiment in film-fiction, Mr. Wells set for himself this problem: "Can form, story, and music be brought together to present the conditions and the issues of the abolition of war in a beautiful, vigorous and moving work of art, which will be well within the grasp of the ordinary film audience?"

Mr. Wells takes the reader right into his own workshop. He writes an introductory chapter in which he acclaims the film as the art-form of the future. He sees in its potentialities "a means of expression exceeding in force, beauty and universality any that have hitherto been available for mankind." Then, as tho he were looking at a screen, he plunges into his "sequences." As recounted by Mr. Osborn of *The Morning Post*, his "experimental" scenario deals with the final abolition of war:

> "After prelude of 'absolute film' (as the current phase is), we have a glimpse of the primordial savage making things and showing them to his woman. *Man the Maker*—and *Man the Destroyer* has a struggle with him for the possession of the spear the former has made, and of the woman.
>
> "Then the world is seen rotating, and a view of the Western hemisphere gradually narrows down to the conference-room of a great business organization in lower New York, where the calcomite position is being discust. Calcomite is the rare mineral upon which all metallurgical industries have come to depend, and the only deposits not in British territory are in Agravia and Saevia, and the latter country would be too weak to take the Agravian deposits (given to Agravia by the Treaty of Versailles) without the help of the neighboring kingdom of Clavery.
>
> "We are now introduced to *Paul Zelinka* (who is the same actor as '*Man the Maker*' in the Prelude), working in overalls in an American motor factory. He is really *Prince Zelinka*, three lives from the Throne of Clavery. A bomb exploded in the crowded Cathedral of Clavopolis, capital of Clavery, during a service in honor of the King's birthday, wipes out the three lives intervening, and *Paul Zelinka*, the pacific workman, unwillingly takes up the burden of kingship.
>
> "As King of Clavery he opposes the imminent war, with Saevia as an ally, for the conquest of Agravia and its calcomite deposits. He is unpopular at first in comparison with his dark and sinister cousin, *Prince Michael*, who has all the forces of patriotism behind him, and hopes to marry the beautiful and bellicose *Princess Helen* of Saevia. He plays the part of Haroun al Raschid among his people, and finds that the workers do not want war and military glory. The Clavery war-lords are sure of victory, because they have a new gas, which would be more than a match for the tanks of the British and their friends.
>
> "There is an interlude in which the splendid conventions and horrid realities of modern war are presented. When the *Princess Helen*, as Regent for her imbecile father, declares war on Agravia, *King Paul* says a mouthful:
>
> "'Then Saevia will have to undeclare war.'
>
> "*Prince Michael* brings about a revolt among the troops on the Saevian border, and *King Paul* drives out to meet them and their Saevian allies, who are marching on Clavopolis. He shoots *Michael*, and so destroys the brain of the revolting war party.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran Company

CLOSE-UPS OF A SUPER-CINEMATOGRAPHER

In "The King Who Was a King," H. G. Wells turns momentarily from the task of establishing world peace to flirt with the film-makers of Hollywood

"The *Princess* speedily comes round to his way of thinking, and their relations are defined in these captions:

"'Paul, I love you. Don't you understand?'

"'Your way shall be my way.'

"The sixth and last part of the film shows us how the world control of calcomite is arranged."

The film of the future will be a great spectacle—music-drama, predicts Mr. Wells. Here is his vision of the film of the future, as exprest in his introductory chapter:

"Lying awake of nights it was possible for some of us to forget the crude, shallow trade 'movies' we had seen, and to realize something of the splendor of the new powers that were coming into the hands of our happy successors. First there is the Spectacle. No limitations remain of scene, stage, or arena. It may be the convolutions of a tendril which fill the picture, or the bird's-eye view of a mountain chain, or a great city. We can pass in an instant from the infinitely great to the infinitely little. The picture may be real, realistic, or conventionalized in a thousand ways; it may flow into and out of a play of 'absolute' forms.

"And color has become completely detachable from form. Color in the films is no longer as it is in real life, a confusing and often unmeaning complication of vision. It can be introduced into the spectacle for effect, slowly flushing the normal black and white with glows of significant hue, chilling, intensifying, gladdening. It can be used to pick out and intensify small forms. It can play gaily or grotesquely over the scene with or without reference to the black and white forms. Sound, too, has become detached for the artist to use as he will. So long as it is irrelevant it can be made insignificant, or it can be brought in as a sustaining but unimportant accompaniment. Then it can gradually usurp value. The effective practical synchronizing of sound with film has been demonstrated, and its refinement is close at hand. Thus film and music will be composed together.

"The spectacle will march to music, sink to silence or rise to thunder as its effects require. The incessant tiresome chatter of the drama sinks out of necessity, the recurrent exasperating 'What did he say then?' When once people have been put upon the actual stage, they must talk and flap about for a certain time before they can be got rid of. Getting people on and getting them off is a vast laborious part of dramatic technique. How it must bore playwrights! But with the film the voice may be flung in here or there, or the word may be made visible and vanish again.

"Plainly we have something here that can be raised to parallelism with the greatest musical compositions; we have possibilities of a Spectacle equal to any music that has been or can be written, comprehending indeed the completest music as one of its factors. Behind the first cheap triumphs of the film to-day rises the possibility of a spectacle-music-drama, greater, more beautiful, and intellectually deeper and richer than any artistic form humanity has hitherto achieved."

"JELLY-BRAIN" FROM RAPID READING

TO-DAY MOST OF US are in the habit of reading silently and swiftly, skimming over vast acres of printed material as an airplane flies over an ever-receding landscape. Is this a vice? Are we exceeding some mental "speed-limit," and flirting with disaster? Yes, says a correspondent of the Troy *Morning Record*, Dr. Sigel Roush. Such skimming causes "jelly-brain," he assures us, so that those who have this ailment can now know how they got it. But let the doctor speak for himself:

"Do we get the most out of rapid reading—just skimming books? Is a book worth reading at all if it is only worth skimming? Certain book reviewers have confessed that they only read a chapter here and there of many of the books they review. We easily can understand this when we consider the many books they review in a given time, and the nature of the reviews.

"But, protests the busy man or woman who would keep in touch with modern literature, 'what are we to do; we can't read them all?' That's it. But is it wise or necessary to try to keep in touch with the flood of literature sent out from the whirring presses of to-day? Under Louis XIV there were about seventy volumes printed annually in France. To-day the books in the same country reach about eleven thousand. The increase is even greater in the same time in the United States. Then think of the journals, magazines, and newspapers! It makes one dizzy. Weekly papers alone! Enough to paper the house every Sunday. What human brain can but skim them?

"Skimming leads to a jelly brain; a superficial method of thinking. Then what is the remedy? Read fewer books; a book a month is all the busy man or woman can read and digest. Don't be afraid to say, 'I have not read it,' at the intellectual tea or brainy club. Many persons that say they have read it are only telling a half truth; they have glanced at it, maybe, but they have not read it. Others read a review and bluff the rest. And do not select all your books from the moderns. Take a mental survey of the books that have survived through the ages; their titles are familiar, but how many have you read? Not all, I warrant. Select one of them occasionally for your book of the month. Have courage; let the flood of moderns flow by and on to oblivion, the certain goal of most of them. In short, read fewer and better books."

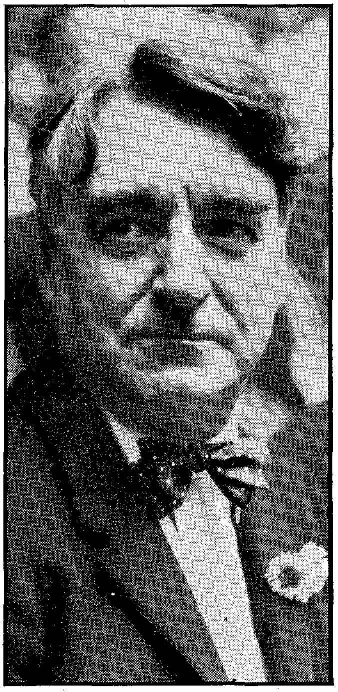
THE COVER—"In the Window" is an interesting flower and still-life study by Frank C. Kirk, an artist who was born in Russia, and now makes his home in Philadelphia.

Mr. Kirk has won recognition not only as a painter of figures and still-life, but also as a mural decorator of several theaters in Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania cities. He is said to synthesize a modern spirit with a respect for sound tradition in painting.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SENATOR COPELAND AND THE METHODIST "LOBBY"

A "'RASSLIN'" MATCH is suggested, but not expected, to settle the truth of Senator Royal S. Copeland's charge that Mr. Deets Pickett, as a member of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tried two years ago to influence his vote on a Prohibition bill. But the press takes the charge seriously and wrestles strongly with the subject of church interference in politics. It must be first set down, however, that Senator Copeland's charge is promptly denied by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board, and the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* comments that the Senator's indignation "would have carried more weight if it had been exprest at the time when the Senator saw a chance to make a little political capital by keeping quiet." His provocation, imagines the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "was the result of the accumulated pressure of the repeated irritations which unavoidably attended the support of the Democratic candidates in the recent Presidential campaign and which eventually overtaxed all the safety devices with which a prudent politician surrounds himself."


International Newsreel photograph

"I DISAPPROVE THIS"

Says Senator Royal S. Copeland of the lobbying in which, he charges, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals is engaged to control legislation.

By courtesy of *The Christian Advocate* (New York)

IS HE A LOBBYIST?

Deets Pickett, of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. It is denied that he tried to influence the vote of Senator Copeland on a Prohibition bill.

To keep things in their proper sequence, Senator Copeland, in a public letter published far and wide, records his amazement at learning, he says, that the Board's official journal had boasted that it had corralled his vote on a Prohibition bill. "The man who visited my office," he writes, "represented himself as coming from the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church. He came to see me, he said, to ask me 'as a Methodist to vote for the pending closure bill.' He was plainly and openly a lobbyist. In my opinion he was seeking in an improper manner to gain the vote of a Senator of the United States." Senator Copeland recites:

> "I have been greatly concerned for years over what I regard to be an improper activity, the work at Washington of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church, in its manifest efforts to dictate and control legislation. I disapprove this.
>
> "That, as I view it, is not the function of the Methodist Church. Our traditional attitude has been one of rebellion against ecclesiastical interference with the State. Yet we are doing exactly what we have demanded shall not be done by the Catholics.
>
> "Had that branch of the Christian Church erected a building adjoining the Capitol, there would have been vehement denunciation from every Methodist pulpit. As I see it, we can not afford to do what we are unwilling for others to do."

"We have no lobby here; we have no lobbyist. All the funds of our Board are budgeted," replies Dr. Wilson in a letter which receives as much publicity as that of Senator Copeland. Dr. Wilson also repudiates responsibility for the story which got to Senator Copeland's ears that the Board had said it had influenced his vote, and it is recited:

> "The exact facts are that two years ago we became very greatly interested in getting the reorganization bill passed, and that one of our representatives called up Senator Copeland on the telephone and said, 'I want to come over and see you.'
>
> "The reply was: 'What do you want to see me about?'
>
> "'About this closure resolution coming up at one o'clock.'
>
> "'What do you want me to do about it?' the Senator asked.
>
> "'You ought to vote for it,' was the reply.
>
> "Senator Copeland said: 'Come on over.'
>
> "In that interview the Senator explained that he was not in favor of the Volstead Law, but was in favor of law enforcement and said, 'I will vote for the closure resolution and for the bill.'
>
> "Mr. Pickett then suggested the propriety of his publishing that fact, and the Senator requested that it be done.
>
> "The paragraph in *The Voice* describing his position was exactly what he wished published to our constituency at that time, and, without any special interest in the political reasons for that publication, we did it as an act of justice to the Senator in view of his position and vote."

As to Senator Copeland's statement that if the Catholics were to put up a building as the Methodists have done, every Methodist pulpit would denounce it, Dr. Wilson replies that it is false, and goes on:

> "The Catholic Church has long had a headquarters here, from which they have no hesitancy in conferring with Senators and other government officials, and not a Methodist pulpit in the land has made any special protest against that right.
>
> "When Senator Copeland says that every one would protest, he knows that the Catholic Church has such a headquarters, and he knows that the Methodists do not protest."

However, the New York *World* remarks that "for years it has been an admitted fact that the Methodist Board has taken a direct and active part in politics, that it has specifically indorsed certain candidates as opposed to other candidates, that it has raised and spent money to further its purposes in political campaigns, and that it has openly lobbied for and against legislation in Congress." Furthermore, we read:

> "The various political maneuvers of the board, its frequent attempts to dictate party platforms, its cheap flings at men in public life to whose policies it found itself opposed, its numerous

offenses against good manners and good taste: all this has been permitted to take place with scarcely a protest forceful enough to reach the press or the public. It may be that the faction within the church which must have found this drift of events alarming lacked means to voice its opposition. It seems more likely that such groups of dissidents merely held their peace, like Senator Copeland, lest their criticism recoil somehow to the injury of the church.

"If this is true, then Senator Copeland's demand that 'this business end' may hearten whatever opposition exists within the church to the policies of the Methodist Board in Washington, and bring that opposition to the surface. We hope so. For in the policies of the Methodist Board in Washington lie confusion and deep trouble. Only a misguided sense of loyalty or a mistaken sense of duty can permanently lash a great religious body like the Methodist Church to the wheel of a frivolous, mischievous and intolerant lobby."

Senator Copeland has said something, in the opinion of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "which has been felt by hundreds of thousands of American citizens, who, while not experiencing the pressure of church politics, have regretted profoundly that in this great controversy over governmental methods of control they have been forced to witness the house of God descending to the practises of the professional politician."

But all this talk of the Methodist building being a palace on the one hand or "a hatchery of cheap politics and intrigue on the other" is childish, declares *The Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist), which says that no individual is authorized to speak for the Methodist Episcopal Church or the Board, that when it desires to go on record it "does so as a corporate body and not as a ukase by an individual." Then this *Advocate* goes on sternly:

"The liquor traffic, still crawling across the threshold of our homes, corrupting all it crawls across, utterly devoid of conscience or remorse, is the python we are at grips with. We do not approach it with bouquets, but with enforcement legislation and penal sentences and plain words. We intend to strike it. We intend to do our part to kill it as the Constitution of the United States demands.

"Why should our friend, the Senator from New York, himself a health expert, a leader of millions, in pleading for the health of the American people, in the presence of this enemy of health, this enemy of all good, declare: 'If I had my way, this imposing building would be razed stone by stone, for it is the symbol of sinister forces that if allowed to go on will end in the destruction of the Methodist Church'?

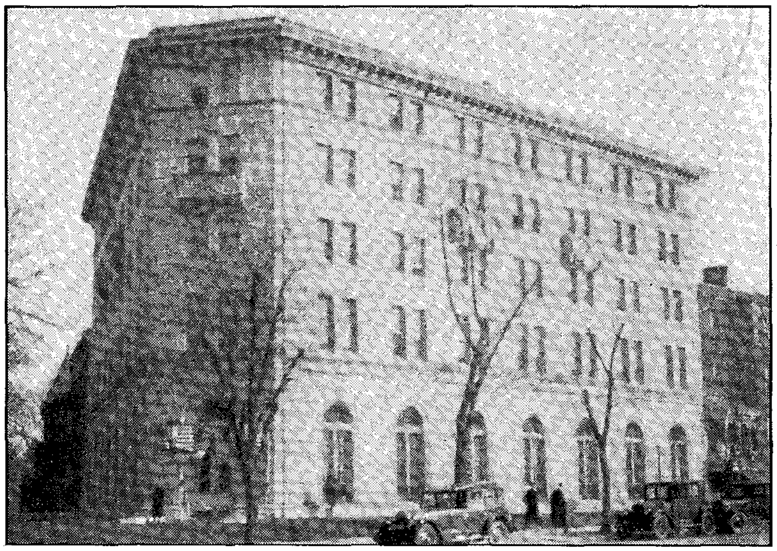
"Should the Methodist Church cease to speak out on this deadly python crawling into our courts, our politics, our social order, and up the pillars on which rest the very existence of the State, and let events take their course, she would become, by her silence, responsible for the ever-increasing effrontery with which the world's greatest curse defies every attempt to cast it out and banish it from the world."

The inclusion of the name of the Roman Catholic Church in the controversy brings a reply from Patrick J. Ward, director of the Bureau of Publicity and Information of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who says, we read in an Associated Press dispatch:

"There is no similarity between these two organizations. The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals is in party politics. It supports or opposes candidates for public office according to their acceptability or non-acceptability to the Methodist Church.

"Its purposes are political.

"The Catholic Church and the Catholic body in the United States has no political platform. The National Catholic Welfare Conference is not organized for any political purpose. It does not aline itself with any political party in return for party favors, or support, and it has never sought the defeat of any political candidate because of his stand on any particular piece of legislation."



By courtesy of *The Christian Advocate* (New York)

"WE HAVE NO LOBBY HERE; WE HAVE NO LOBBYIST"

Says Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, located in the Washington Methodist headquarters shown here. Senator Copeland, however, says he is greatly concerned over the Board's "manifest efforts to dictate and control legislation."

SCIENCE LOSING HUMAN TOUCH

PICKLES AND EINSTEIN AND TEA are familiar things for the philosopher, as the Chicago *Tribune* puts it; but has not science cursed itself with overmuch specialization in material things and paid too little attention to the spiritual interests of humanity? To discover the answer to this the American Philosophical Society, founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1727 and now embarking on its third century, has begun an intellectual stock-taking, a preliminary report of which is at hand. President Francis X. Dercum, noted neurologist, addrest to 436 members four questions: "What to-day is the world's intellectual need? Is there a drifting apart of the purely scientific interests and the humanistic interests? Is there a loss of perspective and grasp of great principles by reason of specialization in education and in thought? How can these interests and these branches of individualistic learning be coordinated into one program with one common purpose—the promotion of useful knowledge?"

Answers had been received from ninety-four members at the time of the issue of the preliminary report, and from a published selection of them we may cull a few quotations which will interest the man in the street whose philosophy is concerned only with the art of living. Some of the replies of these thinkers and probers into the problem of the universe, whose learning is attested by long lists of degrees, form a general confession that science has chased the shadow for the substance, paid too much attention, perhaps, to the courses of the stars, and too little to the destiny of man. "There are times," replies Dr. Charles McLean Andrews, Farnam Professor of American History at Yale University, "when, except in material things, I wonder if science is not doing the world a good deal of harm." "The dilemma of our present civilization," writes Dr. Carl Barus, Professor of Physics at Brown University, "is that its advance in ethics and esthetics is not comparable with its advance in science. I am by no means sure that to teach the people at large more science will do more harm than good. Science lends itself to the arts of war, of aggression, of exploitation, of sabotage, quite as much as to the arts of peace." He thinks that what we need just now "is not an appeal to science to set its house in order; what we need is better civil law, cleaner politics, less obstinate credulity, bigotry and quackery, and a more urgent endeavor to lift the under dog out of his misery into a life worth living." Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, world-renowned scientist, says that there is doubtless a drifting apart of the scientific and humanistic interests and a loss of perspective and of grasp of fundamental principles caused by specialization in education and thought. The various branches of learning, he says, should be coordinated in such a manner as to render knowledge useful instead of dangerous, and he writes:

> "To-day the world imperatively needs the advent of great intellectual leaders who would know the requirements of spiritual life as well as the sciences concerned with inanimate and living matter.
>
> "Meanwhile, a better coordination of scientific and social efforts would render a distinctive service in preventing some of the bad effects of specialized knowledge. When only one aspect of a problem is taken into consideration, the solution is generally defective. Architects are constructing cities which are of an impressive beauty, but totally unfit for the proper sheltering and breeding of human beings. Physicians, as well as industrialists and bankers, often do not realize that men are not mere machines, while priests may forget that they possess bodies.
>
> "The desire for the immediate welfare of the individual seems to obliterate in many educators the supreme interests of the nation and of the race.
>
> "Specialization is an inferior, altho necessary, state of mind. The organization throughout the country of small clubs composed of twenty or thirty men, each one representing a different profession, would help in preventing the loss of perspective from which every specialist suffers."

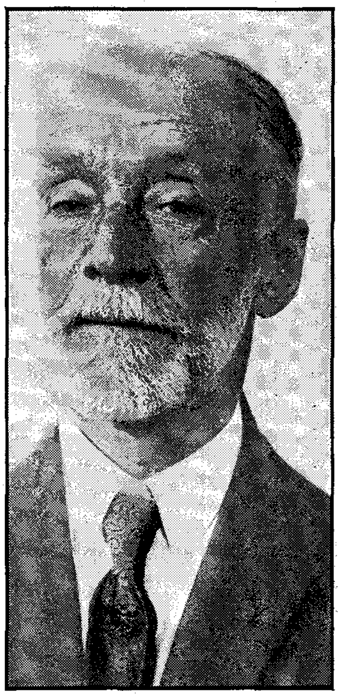
The world's intellectual need, thinks Dr. William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English at Yale University, is "more sound culture, that is, both science and the humanities, based on knowledge. I think the various 'outlines' published to-day, while they may accomplish some good, do a great deal of harm in persuading some people that there is an easy way to knowledge. Second, I think there has been a drifting apart of the purely scientific interest and the humanistic interests, but there ought not to be. A general liberal education should always precede specialization."

BROKEN BARRIERS—Hindus, Brahmins, Moslems, and Christians gathered together in a Y. M. C. A.! one may exclaim. But this happened in Dindigal, India, and a thriving association is the result, *The Congregationalist* tells us, and we read:

> "More than 140 members pay ten cents a month and enjoy wholesome recreation, reading and game rooms, lectures, concerts, and Sunday-afternoon forums. When the association was being formed, Mr. Lloyd L. Lorbeer of the American Board Madura Mission tells us that nine leading Dindigalites were called together. There were five Christians, one Moslem, and three Hindus!
>
> "'Only Christians shall be officeholders,' read the constitution.
>
> "A Hindu spoke. 'We admire your Christ,' he said. 'We want our Y. M. C. A. to follow His example. We shall gladly support it. But *please* do not divide us into two groups—one incapable of holding office.'
>
> "And they did not.
>
> "Altho the membership is mainly non-Christian at present, the first election and board of directors resulted in one Moslem, one Brahmin, one non-Brahmin Hindu, and seven Christians as officers. Later when the Moslem director was asked for money to buy furniture for the reading-room, he prest Mr. Lorbeer's hand and said: 'Remember, you are *guru* (religious teacher) to us Moslems also.'"

THESE "ANT-HEAPS" OF OURS

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT unto the least of these"—and August Heckscher, New York philanthropist, announces a gift of $4,000,000 for the general welfare of the children whose lot denies them the ordinary facilities and opportunities of life. He had tried against unyielding obstacles to solve the housing problem in the congested tenement districts. "What, then, next to a decent home for the underprivileged," he asks in a formal statement, "are the crying needs of this ant-heap of ours?" As he sees them, they are:



Underwood & Underwood

A FRIEND INDEED

August Heckscher, the New York philanthropist who has given $4,000,000 to aid underprivileged children in the "ant-heap" of his city.

> "Day nurseries, to enable a mother to go to work freed from the obsession that her child may be harmed.
>
> "Dental clinics; for the parent can not always afford the cost of the work, and the child dreads the pain of adequate dental surgery, which is thus neglected.
>
> "Playgrounds, be they ever so modest—but locally available for the smaller children.
>
> "Summer camps, to afford both mothers and children an outing when the heat of the city becomes intolerable."

This program of helpfulness attracts attention in other great centers of population, for the great metropolis of the East is not the only one that may be likened to an ant-heap. "As people are drawn into the cities to find their livings, and as the cities spread out, gobbling up their suburbs, the need for a point of view like that of Mr. Heckscher becomes imperative, not only in the large city, but in every municipality where the population is on the increase," notes the Boston *Daily Globe*. The need for recreation grounds for the larger number, for instance, may be observed by any one with his eyes open:

> "Recreation grounds are too straitened, usually, even where they are provided, but there are great urban areas where there are none. In such districts, streets are the only playgrounds, and are used as such in spite of the constant risk of sudden death from automobiles and trucks.
>
> "It used to be thought that there was something essentially unworthy in play. But that was before modern inventions reduced the necessity for making physical exertion in the course of the day's occupation. As it has worked out, there is little exercise for city folk except that which is premeditated.
>
> "Modern folk who attempt to live without much more than lifting a finger are often warned by the physicians to play golf or die. As for the boys and girls—instead of being able to play as all children have played since the beginning of time, most of them take their exercise by proxy while watching a Western film at a movie-house. It is no wonder that they are unadjusted. They have never been given a wholesome chance."

Mr. Heckscher's analysis holds true for Providence, observes *The Journal* of that city. A competent beginning has been made in providing day nurseries, dental clinics, and summer camps under the auspices of social welfare agencies, we read:

> "In the matter of decentralized or neighborhood playgrounds for small children, however, the demand greatly exceeds the supply. In only a few places in the entire city have there been set aside the little areas that are needed. Elsewhere the youngsters have to find what recreation and occupation they can in minute and sunless yards, or on sidewalks, and in the street.
>
> "It is true that not enough playgrounds have yet been provided for older boys and girls, and that efforts are being made to overcome the obstacles, financial and physical, to the establishment of such district areas. But it must be borne in mind that no playground program will be complete until the needs of the younger children have also been met."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

HIGH perfection in the love sonnet, writes a critic in the New York *Times Book Review*, was attained by Elinor Wylie, whose untimely death occurred last December. A posthumous volume of her poems, entitled "Angels and Earthly Creatures" (Knopf, New York), has just been published. The fifth untitled sonnet commends itself as an example of this perfection:

SONNET

By Elinor Wylie

The little beauty that I was allowed—
The lips new-cut and colored by my sire,
The polished hair, the eyes' perceptive fire—
Has never been enough to make me proud:
For I have moved companioned by a cloud,
And lived indifferent to the blood's desire
Of temporal loveliness in vain attire:
My flesh was but a fresh-embroidered shroud.

Now do I grow indignant at the fate
Which made me so imperfect to compare
With your degree of nobleness and of fair;
Our elements are the farthest skies apart:
And I enjoin you, ere it is too late,
To stamp your superscription on my heart.

"Where in all poetry of love," asks Carl Van Doren in the New York *Herald Tribune Books*, "has a woman's desperate, reticent tenderness found more impetuous, considerate words than these in Sonnet X?"

SONNET

By Elinor Wylie

When I perceive the sable of your hair
Silvered, and deep within those caverns are
Your eyesockets, a double-imaged star,
And your fine substance fretted down by care,
Then do I marvel that a woman dare
Prattle of mortal matters near and far
To one so wounded in demonic war
Against some prince of Sirius or Altair.

How is it possible that this hand of clay,
Though white as porcelain, can contrive a touch
So delicate it shall not hurt too much?
What voice can my invention find to say
So soft, precise, and scrupulous a word
You shall not take it for another sword?

Samuel Hoffenstein is a poet with a sharply defined point of view. We may not relish his cynicism, but we can not fail to delight in his craftsmanship. Poetry must make strange bedfellows; we find the following, strangely enough, in *College Humor:*

SHEEP

By Samuel Hoffenstein

Nibble, nibble, little sheep,
In the meadow, on the steep;
Keep your nozzle in the grass
And let the Kingdom come to pass.

All the money in the mint,
All the news that's fit to print
Is but grass upon the steep
For another kind of sheep.

You have ticks and fleas, I know;
They have *sum* and *cogito;*
You are prey to simple bites;
They have transatlantic flights.

Happy, happy little sheep,
You have but to eat and sleep;
Even when you ruminate
Saint Peter dozes by the gate.

They have radio, submarines,
Complexes and endocrines,
Television, taxes, rent,
Faith and hope and six per cent.

You are casual with your kind;
They have organized a mind;
You are mated for a goal;
They have libido and soul.

You are sexed for simple use;
They have let their women loose;
Earth remembers you and yields
Milk of her mammalian fields—

There is but a line between
You and your nutritious green,
But to get their grass they must
Scrabble riddles in the dust;

Scrabble riddles on their brain,
Make a plow of wind and rain,
Bury stars and pile up stone,
Bind their hearts and yoke their own.

When the shearer's work is done
Yours the pasture and the sun;
But for them the unborn years
Are but whetstones for the shears.

You see what your eyes command—
Cloud and clover, lake and land,
But their sight must lag behind
The laboring oxen of the mind.

Nibble, nibble, little sheep,
In the meadow on the steep;
When the Kingdom comes to pass,
Its tents and trumpets will be grass.

"E. B. W." is addicted to modesty. He dedicates his new volume of verse, "The Lady Is Cold" (Harper's), to Janet Hart White; and then, as tho his secret were still impenetrable, a publisher's note discloses "E. B. W." as E. B. White, the industriously humorous versifier and commentator of *The New Yorker*. We prefer the opening poem of this coy yet urbane poetaster's book:

IN RE LIFE

By E. B. W.

At nine my little doings are begun:
I thumb the thumby files, and note the day,
And write—on some small doing that is done—
"O.K."

The owl-faced phone begins its questioning,
My pencil leaves an odd, cubistic track,
And like as not you'll hear me say: "I'll ring
You back."

With blanks and clips I make my tiny fuss,
The tides of memoranda ebb and flow;
How well I know that such and such is thus
And so!

But soon, at five, my office day is o'er,
And through the dome of blue the bright stars
press,
Reminding me that I am funny—more
Or less.

The June bug bumps his head upon the screen,
The lilac blows the last sweet kiss of spring;
Compared with these my doings do not mean
A thing.

Yet though my tasks with stars cannot be matched,
And men and days and hours are all a myth,
I feel it's something just to be attached
Herewith.

Merrill Moore is a doctor in St. Thomas Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee. *Poetry* (Chicago) publishes, under the title of "Hospital Poems," an interesting series of experimental sonnets from the pen of this medical man. We content ourselves with reprinting:

ARMAMENTARIA

By Merrill Moore

Man has fingers—five upon each hand
And two hands; that is all and that is all.

First, invent a probe for it to tell
Whereabouts and hardness, next invent
The knife and then the scissors that are meant
To cut thread to go through the needle's eye,
Suture and sponge to mop the region dry
And of forceps quite a varied band,
Retractor, spatula and hemostat,
Clamps and ties and rongeur after that
Numberless devices including light,
Then train the fingers for a fiercer fight
Against acute innumerable odds
That are the differences between the gods.

Recently we reprinted from *The Countryman* a poem entitled "The Chant of the Cows." It evoked a picture of the English farm. A companion-piece to this we find in Lew Sarett's "Heaven for Horses"—which vividly reflects our own Western cowboys. We find it in *The Frontier* (Missoula, Mont.):

HEAVEN FOR HORSES

By Lew Sarett

Shuffle along, O paint cayuse!
Prick up your flyblown ears: we've swung
The pasture gate to turn you loose,
To let your carcass, sprained and sprung,
Your rattling bag of bones now pass
To a paradise of grass.

Never again a pain to come
From panniers pounding on your side
Like cudgels clattering on a drum;
From saddles that gall your tender hide;
From the rake and sweep of grinding rowels
And spurs that stab your bowels.

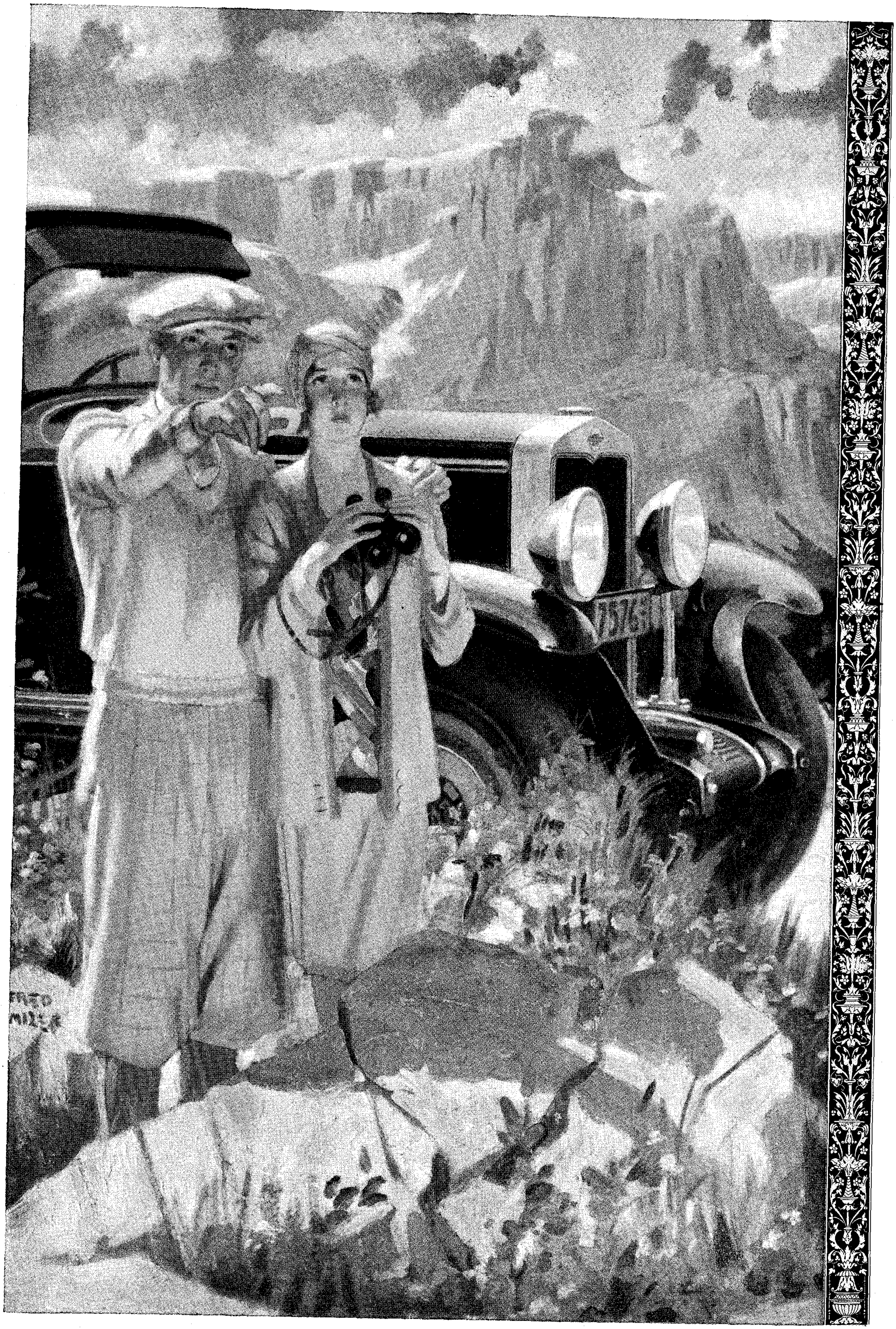
Time for a broncho's holiday!
Time now to watch the clouds roll by,
To nibble the knee-deep salty hay,
To roll and sprawl your heels on the sky;
O paint-o! bed yourself in clover,
The pull of the years is over.

Nothing to do now, but placidly stand
And wait till your sagging head shall sink;
And the ghost of you, with a flaming brand,
Will gallop over the world's brink
To heaven, with a dim white rider astraddle
Your ribs on a ghostly saddle.

Heaven for horses!—a billowy plain
With blocks of salt in mountain rows,
Timothy tall as pines, and grain
Foaming in oceans up to your nose;
Where a horse forever may plant his feet
In rivers of oats and eat.

Heaven!—no starry refuge there
For the mice that worry you into flight,
The drooling, clownish grizzly bear,
Whose antics stop your heart with fright,
Nor any menacing bug or bee
To breed your deviltry.

What troubles you? Whoa! Why snort at this?—
Nothing in heaven to make you vexed!
To give you a slight excuse for the bliss
Of bucking and squealing! To serve as pretext
For bolting and running your crazy courses! . . .
Paint! Is there a hell for horses?



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In its trim, low-swung bodies is revealed the mastery in design and craftsmanship that has made the Fisher name renowned for excellence in body design and construction.

But not until you take the wheel do you fully appreciate why the new Chevrolet Six is regarded as an outstanding automotive achievement. At every speed its six-cylinder power is delivered with that smooth, quiet, effortless flow which is so essential to motoring satisfaction. You can ride and drive for hours without the slightest sense of noise or rumble fatigue. Yet, with all its great reserve power, speed and flashing acceleration, this sensational new motor gives *better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.*

And this remarkable performance is matched in impressiveness by equally remarkable ease of control. The steering wheel responds to the slightest touch. The big, non-locking 4-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet and unusually easy to apply. And the instrument panel is completely equipped with every driving convenience.

But, most remarkable of all, this impressive combination of beauty, quality and six-cylinder performance is *actually available in the price range of the four*—a dollar value unapproached in any other automobile in the world!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, ▾ *Division of General Motors Corporation*

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$595

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

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Compare the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

PUTTING A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS IN JAIL

ROUND AND ROUND THE GLOOMY GROUNDS, threading the environing streets, sped a mysterious automobile, a car of quality which might well balk at entering that ill-omened enclosure. But the hour had struck, as all the world knew, and all further half-hope of dodging or delaying the measured blow of fate had been abandoned. All day long the owner of the automobile had been sought diligently in Washington and New York by the cheerful hounds of publicity, while he prolonged an invisible week-end by stealing another precious day of privacy, driving incognito along the highways from the latter city to the former. Night had fallen now, and perhaps the traveler hoped that at last he might be able to slip into prison unobserved.

International Newsreel photograph

RUNNING THE GANTLET

A rolling volley of flashlights saluted Mr. Sinclair at the jail door.

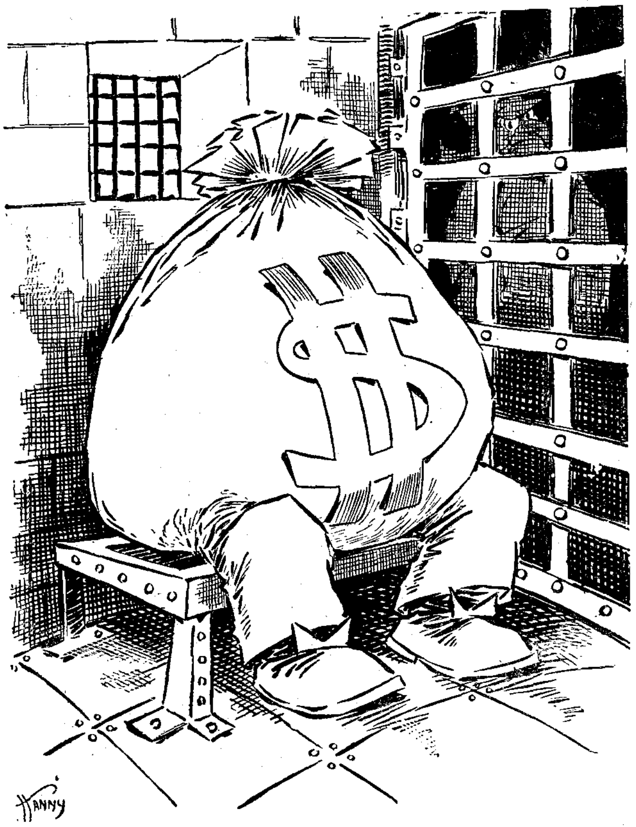
Vain dream! As the car ceased its looping, swung through the ponderous entrance of the prison grounds, and headed for the building, the shadows about the portico stirred into life. Some thirty photographers and a small regiment of writers sprang to attention. Newsreel men hastily lit flares and tossed them out, banishing the merciful darkness. Cameras clicked, flashlights coughed, competing clouds of smoke curled in the ghastly play of light, and the jail walls revealed themselves in all their starkness. The occupants of the car struggled out, blinking their eyes, their faces green in the blinding radiance, while the barrage redoubled its flashes and detonations. First the chauffeur, with hand baggage, and then—protected at front and rear by two companions, his brother and a lawyer—Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, of Teapot Dome fame, of whom it had been said, "You can't put a hundred million dollars in jail." As the New York *World* reminds us in its news columns:

> "I do not expect to spend a day in jail or to pay a dollar fine," shouted Harry F. Sinclair on May 21, 1927, when Justice Hitz of the District of Columbia Supreme Court sentenced him to spend three months in jail and to pay $500 fine after his conviction by a jury for contempt of the Senate in refusing to answer the questions of the Teapot Dome Committee in 1924. "You can't jail one hundred million dollars," echoed the press of the country cynically.

And many other newspapers recall that cynical phrase, which was accepted when first coined as an expression of plain matter-of-fact—recall it in most cases with satisfaction that it has been falsified by the event, tempered with regret that Sinclair's incarceration for ninety days is a mere technical by-product, as it were, of the oil scandals in which his was the dominant figure. As the Washington *Evening Star* puts it editorially:

> His sentence to jail does not fall upon him as a curtain, shutting off the past or obscuring the future. His stay in jail is merely an interlude.
>
> One of the most prominent figures in a national scandal, he does not go to jail as a convicted criminal. He goes because he guessed wrong. The words of the trial judge come back now with the ring of prophecy fulfilled. Counsel was explaining to the court that his client had merely followed his advice in refusing to answer questions put to him by the Senators. Yes, said the judge, and many a man is in the graveyard to-day who followed the advice of his physician, and many a man is in jail to-day who followed the advice of his counsel.
>
> In the eyes of the public Sinclair has never been a hero. One could not see him as an Horatius at the bridge. He defied the Senate—but on advice of counsel. The manner in which he accepts his fate presents him with an opportunity, one of the few he has ever had, perhaps, to shine in the eyes of his countrymen. His countrymen love a good sport. They overlook many things if one only proves himself a good sport. Sulking in his cell, Sinclair will emerge to the taunts and the jeers of his countrymen. Bearing his cross like a man, draining his cup and swallowing the dregs without complaint, Harry Sinclair will step from the jail reestablished, as near as he can ever hope to be, in the estimation of Americans. The depth of his mortification depends upon himself alone—without advice of counsel.

Turning now to *The World's* account of the oil magnate's arrival at the District of Columbia Asylum and Jail, we read:



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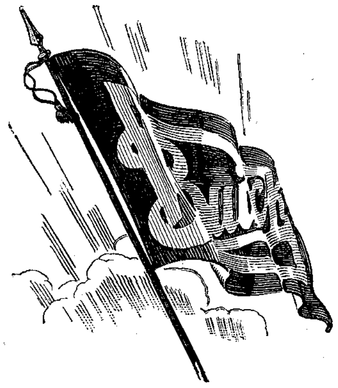
IT CAN BE DONE

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.



LOYALTY

SUCH AS FEW LEADERS KNOW

This message is not an advertisement in the usual sense of that term. It makes no attempt to sell a single Buick automobile. It is rather an acknowledgment to more than two million Buick owners, who have awarded Buick the finest tribute ever paid to any motor car.

Men rarely extend the gift of friendship to any but living things. But *friendship* is the only term that describes the tie existing between hundreds of thousands of men and women and the Buick car.

These men and women . . . and Buick . . . are old friends. They have worked and played together for years, and remained true to each other all the time. And together they have written the most wonderful chapter in all motor car history, and perhaps in the history of all manufactured products.

More than *eighty per cent* of this great family of owners *buy Buicks again and again*—the most impressive record of owner loyalty ever won by any motor car.

Some have purchased as many as ten—fifteen—even twenty Buick cars—during the quarter-century that Buick has been building automobiles.

Morever, *these owners alone* purchase more Buicks, year after year, than the total production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

It is these old friends—and an ever-increasing number of new friends—that have enabled Buick to perpetuate its record of winning more than twice as many buyers as any other car priced above $1200.

Buick has given to the world its most favored quality automobile; but these men and women have given to Buick something even more precious.

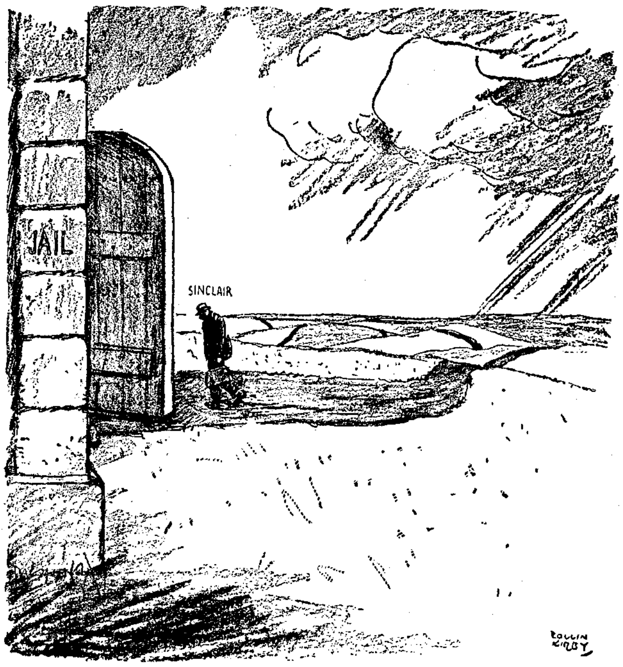
They have given Buick loyalty such as few leaders know—and the inspiration to still greater achievement. Is it any wonder that the builders of Buick exert every effort to repay them with a finer and finer Buick—that friendship so pleasant may go on forever.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLaughlin-Buick, *Oshawa, Ont.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The man who issued from the automobile is used to grilled doors in his million-dollar Fifth Avenue mansion. But the door of No. 200 Nineteenth Street opens up a great rotunda which joins two towering wings. And the wings contain four tiers of small cells, housing more than five hundred men and women, a majority of them Negroes. In the right bottom tier are two men soon to die in the electric chair, which stands shrouded in a white sheet in a mess-hall formed by the inner and outer walls of the district jail.

Sinclair was shaken, pale and nervous as he stept out of the automobile and a battery of flashlights exploded as a greeting. He seemed to be startled by the explosions, and accidentally stept into a puddle left by the early evening drizzle, and mud-stains spotted the tailored blue serge suit he wore.



THE END OF THE OILED ROAD
—Kirby in the New York *World.*

He and his companions, once inside the heavy outer door, went into the little side office of Maj. William L. Peake, Superintendent of the jail. Fifteen minutes later they emerged, and as the Major announced that his new prisoner had nothing to say, the oil man mumbled "Thank you."

A second later and he had vanished into the gloom of the shadowy rotunda, on the way to a prison cot for his first night in jail, perhaps the richest man who ever met such a fate, here or elsewhere. As the cells, where persons convicted of misdemeanors are usually kept, were full, he was taken to the dormitory. The ordeals of physical examination and finger-printing were postponed until to-morrow.

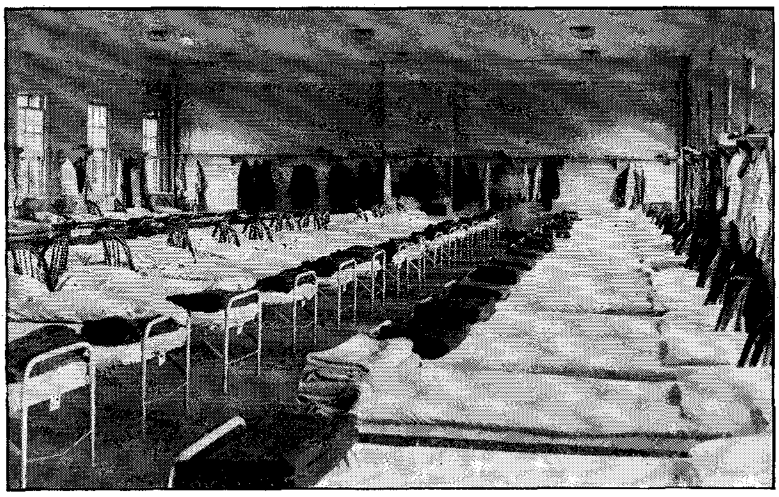
By surrendering himself before midnight the man who leased Teapot Dome was credited with one day off the ninety days' sentence imposed upon him for contempt of the Senate when he defied the oil-lease investigators five years ago.

By good behavior he can receive the statutory reduction of five days a month of his term, so that it may be finished in seventy-five days.

Sinclair had emerged from hiding to give himself up to the inevitable, which he had fought off by every legal device ever since his defiance of the Senate Committee brought him into the courts, where conspiracy charges already awaited him. On these more serious charges he won acquittal, but the iron-clad law to compel testimony proved his downfall.

At 9 o'clock the lights were put out, as they have been in this jail ever since it rose there seventy years ago on the broad open field that flanks an offshoot of the Potomac.

Here Charles Guiteau was hanged for the murder of President Garfield. Since then many others have paid the death penalty here. While Sinclair is an inmate, one of the two men in the condemned row, George H. Thompson, a young Negro who killed his sweetheart, is to have his life taken from him at the end of the dining-hall. There three meals are served daily, save on execution days, when the prisoners are moved temporarily.



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HERE THE LAIRD OF TEAPOT DOME WAS MERELY ONE OF SIXTY

His silk pajamas did not save him from a restless first night, varied by many cigarets. His neighbors on either side were a Syrian gambler and an embezzler.

The other murderer in the condemned row is Franklin Ellsworth Smith. He is a strange, elderly man, with dimly seeing eyes behind his thick glasses. He strangled his daughter.

But the run of prisoners are the petty and pitiful offenders. Sad-eyed, bedraggled men and women emerge from the Black Maria. Those who have long terms to serve are soon reshipped to the workhouse at Occoquan, Virginia, or to the penitentiary at Lorton, Virginia.

The jail routine is varied by a radio, sometimes turned on at night. Its several speakers are rigged up to throw their voices down the cell blocks. Sundays there are religious services in the rotunda. A battered piano stands at one side, beside the worn benches facing the heavy screening through which prisoners may converse with callers for fifteen minutes only—as a warning sign announces. Turning to the exterior, one finds that in the outer doorway, which displays the number 200 Nineteenth Street, is a sign reading: "District Jail. Visiting hours, 9 to 11 and 1 to 3 for white, Friday. For colored, Tuesday. Former inmates will not be admitted to visit. Attorneys will not be admitted after sundown."

It may also turn out that before Sinclair finishes his present term the United States Supreme Court will pass on his appeal from his conviction in this jury-shadowing case. He faces an additional six months in jail here for contempt of court in this case, and one term may run into another, keeping him in jail for a nine-month stretch.

On his first complete day of captivity, the oil man "reverted to his earlier profession of pharmacist," records the New York *Herald Tribune*, continuing:

> He passed most of the morning rolling pills for the treatment of influenza, and assisted Dr. Morris Hyman, the jail physician, in a minor surgical operation on one of the 520 inmates of the jail.
>
> Before nightfall Mr. Sinclair had settled fairly well into the routine of his place of imprisonment. He chatted cheerfully with attendants and fellow prisoners, and won them from any fear that he might act as haughtily toward them as they expected a man of his wealth would.
>
> Altho Mr. Sinclair has given little attention to his profession since he left it for business, Dr. Hyman said that he showed his proficiency by mixing capsules to be given prisoners as an influenza preventive.
>
> "Mr. Sinclair spent the good part of the morning making these capsules," Dr. Hyman said. "They contain quinin and other ingredients. We just wanted them to keep in stock for the future. Mr. Sinclair performed this work without difficulty. Once having learned the profession of pharmacy, you don't forget it."
>
> The oil man had received a degree in pharmacy from the University of Kansas, where he studied pharmacy in 1897 and 1898.
>
> When he was taken to the prison dispensary this morning by Major Peake, Mr. Sinclair was introduced to Dr. Hyman and to Miss Kathleen Wright, the pretty blonde nurse of the prison, whom the oil man will also assist. "I think Mr. Sinclair is a very nice man," Miss Wright commented later. "I've just met him, you know, and so far we haven't had much time to talk, but he has a very pleasant smile and I'm sure we'll get along very well." This

Dainty handkerchiefs that cost you nothing

Handkerchiefs, silk stockings, a boutonniere, etc., with the money you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The average saving is $3 per year per person. Think how that increases when the family is large!

Now-at 25 cents-

the large tube-the ideal tooth paste

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at *25c for a large tube.* It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

We ask you to try this paste not only for the marked saving (quite substantial in a large family) but for its delightful and speedy cleansing. Get a tube at your druggist today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

likewise was the opinion of the sixty prisoners who occupy one of the prison dormitories with Mr. Sinclair. "I've seen a lot of these rich men," said one, "but Sinclair can take it on the chin. He says to me last night, 'Say, there, will to-day count on my sentence?' and I says to him, 'Sure, Mr. Sinclair.'"

From the attitude of Major Peake and other officials of the prison, the difficulty of having so noted a prisoner as Mr. Sinclair seemed to-day to have been simplified by the prisoner himself. He has asked no special privileges, and is said to have stated that "I'll be one of the boys." Considering the oil man's wealth, officials feared that there might be some criticism even if he were allowed only the rights of an ordinary prisoner.

While Mr. Sinclair is making it comfortable for the jail officials, the prisoners are making his unpleasant confinement a little brighter. None of those with whom he has come in contact have attempted to try any of the prison pranks so often used on newcomers, and nearly all of them refer to him as "Mr. Sinclair."

He wore a dark blue suit, a tan shirt and dark tie, with a handkerchief to match in his coat pocket, when he went down to breakfast with the prisoners who occupy the dormitory. He remained for some time at the table, after the others had gone, to read the morning newspapers.

When he went to bed to-night Mr. Sinclair appeared much more accustomed to his surroundings. He talked for a long while with the prisoners who were on cots beside him. He was far from the picture of dejection he was last night when he entered the prison through a lane of photographers, in the glare of their flashlights. His bewilderment seemed to have passed.

Mr. Sinclair's imprisonment has made the jail a regular station for quite a large group of newspaper men, but George S. Wilson, Director of the Board of Public Welfare for the District of Columbia, issued an order barring them from the prison. He charged that they had "completely demoralized jail business."

Asked if he had issued the order as a result of a visit from one of Mr. Sinclair's lawyers, the director replied: "No. I haven't seen Sinclair's lawyers, nor do I know the prisoner. Because he is rich is one of the reasons why he should be protected from molestation by newspaper reporters."

Among Mr. Sinclair's privileges as pharmacist is that of sending and receiving as much mail as he chooses, without having to submit it to examination. Like the prisoners who are detailed to office work, he will have access to the front offices, where radio is to be heard every evening, if the occasional radio concerts which are provided in the general recreational hall do not suffice for him.

Another privilege which the oil man will be accorded is the right to shave himself, if he so desires, and to have as many clothes and toilet articles on his shelf as it will hold.

Mr. Sinclair will be referred to in the jail by name, not by a number. He is No. 10,520 in the list of prisoners admitted since last July 1, but his case is docketed as No. 42,080.

Other newspapers all over the country record the intimate details of Sinclair's prison life, apparently on the principle that a multimillionaire in jail is living up to Mr. Dana's famous illustration of what news is, and claims at least as much public interest as a Channel swimmer. The fastidious New York *Times* unbends so far as to give us these additional details:

His place at the table is between a former bookmaker and a young man serving a sentence for embezzlement. The bookmaker was the first to strike up an acquaintance with the oil man.

"I have taken a lot of bets on your horses and have made a lot more of my own," the bookmaker said, "and I have always wanted to meet you, but I am sorry it had to be in jail."

Mr. Sinclair clapped the ex-"bookie" good-naturedly on the back.

"Don't worry about that, young fellow," he replied, "for my colors will be still flying when this thing is over with."

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JAIL IS NOT ALL GLOOM

Sinclair, who is rolling pills in the prison pharmacy, sees a good deal of Nurse Kathleen Wright, who thinks he is "a very nice man."

Other members of the "detail unit," which numbers seventy-six, came forward and shook hands. The oil man was affable, and his greeting in every instance was cordial. He made it plain to his prison fellows that he realized his position and that he did not expect nor desire to be singled out for any favors, special or otherwise. Most of the "detail" are young men, the majority of them in jail for violation of the liquor laws, some for drunkenness, others for bootlegging.

Mr. Sinclair's first night in jail was an almost sleepless one. He donned silk pajamas, and for most of the night sat on the edge of his cot, which is No. 62 in the "detail" dormitory, smoking cigarets, and sometimes chatting with his new bookmaker friend, who showed him about the dormitory and explained the routine of the institution. Mr. Sinclair's attention was attracted by a huge steel locker. He apparently did not know what it was, and asked the bookmaker, who replied it was where he would keep his clothes.

"I thought for a moment," said Mr. Sinclair, "that it might be the place they would tell me to sleep in."

The bulletin board interested Mr. Sinclair greatly. It was covered with statements relating to prison discipline and routine. One long bulletin was a notice of certain specific things that would not be tolerated. Mr. Sinclair read it carefully.

The statement warned prisoners not to attempt to escape; that it was not permissible to have cards, dice, or other things used for gambling; that weapons of all kinds were banned; that cigaret stubs must not be thrown on the floor, and that the wearing of expensive jewelry was forbidden.

"You mustn't do any of those things," one of the other prisoners said.

"I won't," the oil man answered.

Mr. Sinclair had been drest and ready for "duty" at 5 o'clock in the morning. At 6 o'clock he was in his place at the long mess-room table, but ate only sparingly, merely nibbling a piece of toast and taking two or three gulps of strong black coffee.

He was not so sparing of his appetite at the noon dinner, however, for there he managed to dispose of a heaped plate of beans. He joined in the conversation around the table, and a "trusty," who subsequently disclosed the story of his day, asserted the oil man was "a fine chap and not a bit stuck up."

When Mr. Sinclair, sent for after breakfast by Major Peake, divulged the fact that he was a registered pharmacist, the jail superintendent exclaimed, "that settles your problem."

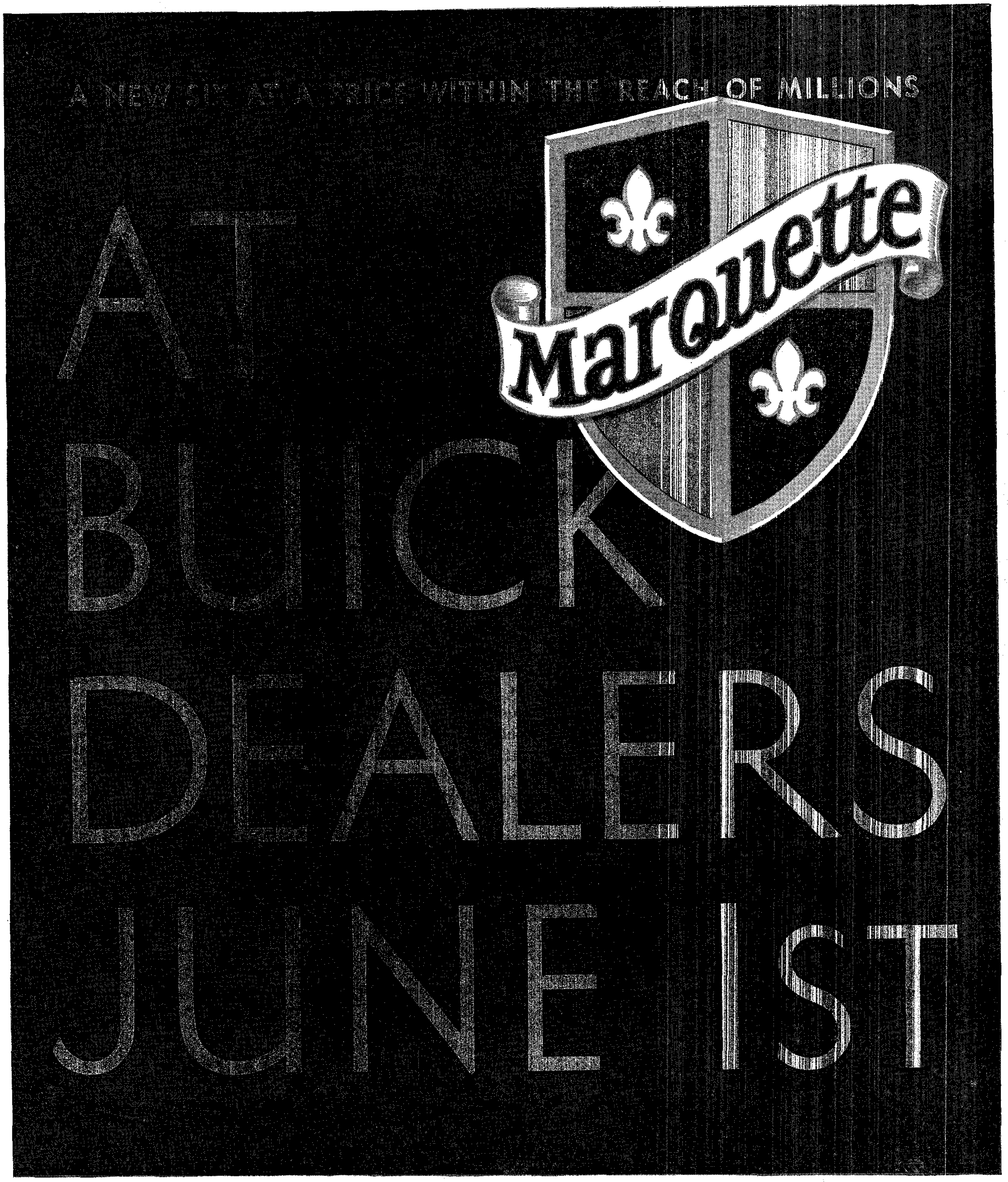
Remained the ritual of taking the famous prisoner's "pedigree" and his finger-prints, after which came "a conference with George T. Sanford, of New York, his personal counsel." And then, we are told, "Mr. Sinclair went to work." That is, he was turned over to Dr. Hyman and Nurse Wright. The latter, described by *The Times* as "a good-looking young woman from Eastport, Maine," showed him through the hospital, "and gave him briefly a history of the illnesses of the seven prisoners who are patients there." After which came the minor operation and the pill-rolling, at both of which the multimillionaire earned the encomiums of his new boss, the young jail doctor. Reading on:

He worked hard till late in the afternoon, it was said at the prison.

Mr. Sinclair's only visitor during the day was Mr. Sanford. Maj.-Gen. John M. Jenkins, retired, an old friend, called, but was not permitted to see the prisoner. To-day the Negro prisoners were permitted to receive visitors. Friday is visitors' day for all white prisoners except members of the "detail unit," who, because of the nature of their work, see their friends on Sunday.

Mrs. Sinclair, it is understood, will make her home in Washington for the period of her husband's imprisonment. Under the rules she can see him only once a week, and her first visit to

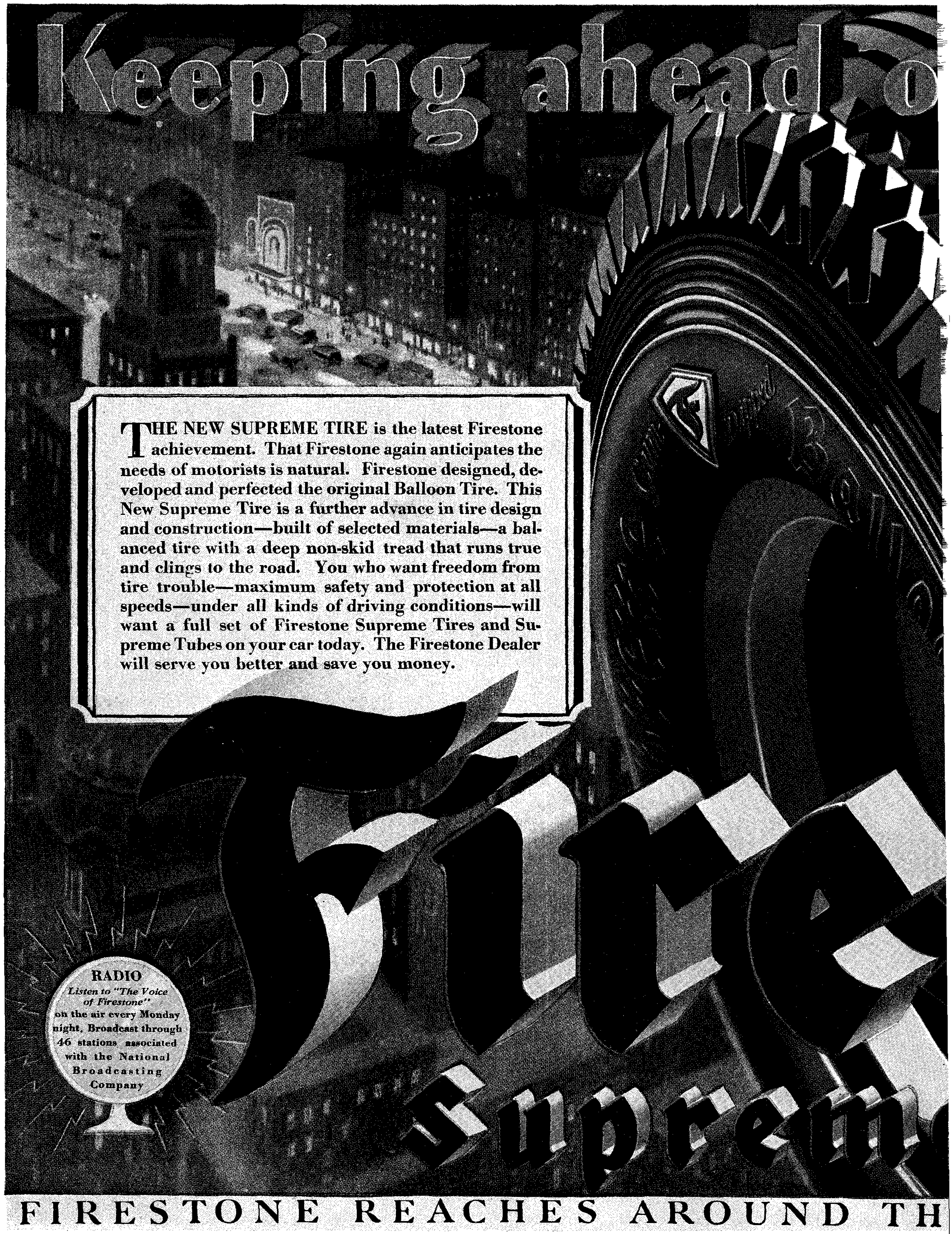
(*Continued on page 41*)


A NEW SIX AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS
Marquette
AT
BUICK
DEALERS
JUNE 1ST

Set aside Saturday, June 1st, to view Marquette—the newest triumph of Buick craftsmanship. Designed by Buick engineers—and priced within the reach of millions—this new car will lead its field as Buick leads the higher price division.

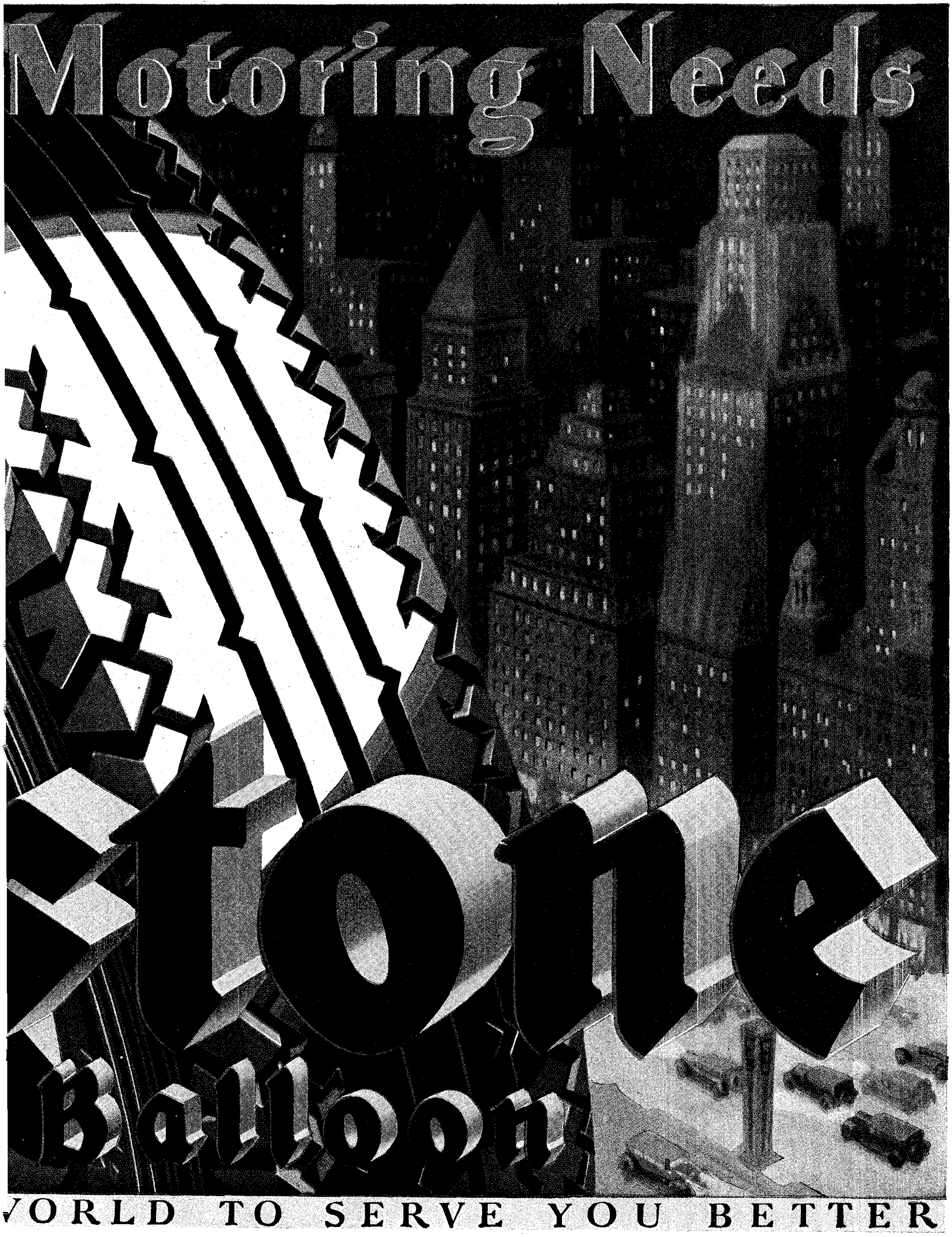
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT...BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



THE NEW SUPREME TIRE is the latest Firestone achievement. That Firestone again anticipates the needs of motorists is natural. Firestone designed, developed and perfected the original Balloon Tire. This New Supreme Tire is a further advance in tire design and construction—built of selected materials—a balanced tire with a deep non-skid tread that runs true and clings to the road. You who want freedom from tire trouble—maximum safety and protection at all speeds—under all kinds of driving conditions—will want a full set of Firestone Supreme Tires and Supreme Tubes on your car today. The Firestone Dealer will serve you better and save you money.

RADIO
Listen to "The Voice of Firestone"
on the air every Monday night. Broadcast through 46 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company


Motoring Needs
tone
Balloon
ORLD TO SERVE YOU BETTER

When summer highways beckon: *faster!*

and modern engines whisper: *speed!*

try the New Mobiloil and make

these gratifying discoveries–

that the New Mobiloil outlasts other oils at high speed—preserves the first-year feel in your engine, and increases your power.

Our scientific prejudice against over-statement and superlative claims would ordinarily prohibit this sort of prediction in our advertising copy. But the New Mobiloil has been so consistently startling in its performance that these statements about it are actually conservative.

When we say that the New Mobiloil will outlast other oils generally specified for your motor, our speedway tests have repeatedly shown that the New Mobiloil not only consumes more slowly, but actually retains its lubricating value much longer than other high grade oils — and it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

The New Mobiloil has written its own advertising, and made its own claims in a series of remarkable road, speedway and laboratory tests. When we definitely offer you at least 20% more oil mileage, and a noticeable increase in power, plus 30,000 of the finest miles you've ever driven — with the first-year feel in every mile — you may be *sure* of getting these results right in *your own engine.*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

(*Continued from page 36*)

the jail will probably be made Sunday. A woman who refused to give her name called Major Peake this morning and asked if she could send a package to Mr. Sinclair.

"Who are you?" Major Peake asked.

"Just a friend of his," she replied.

Major Peake told her he was sorry, but that the proposed gift could not be received.

Mr. Sinclair's mail to-day was just one letter. It was pointed out, however, that in the matter of mail his privileges would not be restricted. His address for the next ninety days is 200 Nineteenth Street, Southeast, Washington, D. C.

In later Washington dispatches we are told of the pleasure Mr. Sinclair expects to derive from descriptions over the prison radio of important horse-races, notably the Preakness and the Kentucky Derby, for both of which he had horses nominated. And then, as we learn from a *World* correspondent, Senatorial criticism began to break forth over "special favors" accorded to Sinclair: Thus:

Complaints were leveled particularly at the order last night of George S. Wilson, Director of Public Welfare, "gagging" all jail officials and barring the press even from the prison's outside offices, to which the public has always had access.

The result has been to bottle up the multimillionaire prisoner in his special job as dispensary pharmacist, secure against any information leaking out about him. That is, the security would be complete save for prisoners emerging to go to court, from whom some shreds of information can be gleaned.

Senators who were active in the oil scandal investigations, including Walsh, Norris and Nye, said to-day that they intended inquiring into the "unusual privileges" granted the oil man, and Senator Heflin (Dem., Ala.) echoed the Senatorial displeasure in a speech on the floor in which he denounced the "situation we have to-day in the Sinclair incident, this rich man who defied his Government, who flung insults in its face, who refused to obey the mandates of this body, who closed his mouth and declined to tell the truth; this thief who stole from the Government and then hissed in the face of its constituted authority."

"When finally the Senate has triumphed," declared Heflin, "and the court has ordered him to prison, we find him having his leisure there, and to-day the press has been notified by a gentleman having great consideration for Sinclair that the press of the country will not be permitted any more to go into the jail and write stories about Mr. Sinclair.

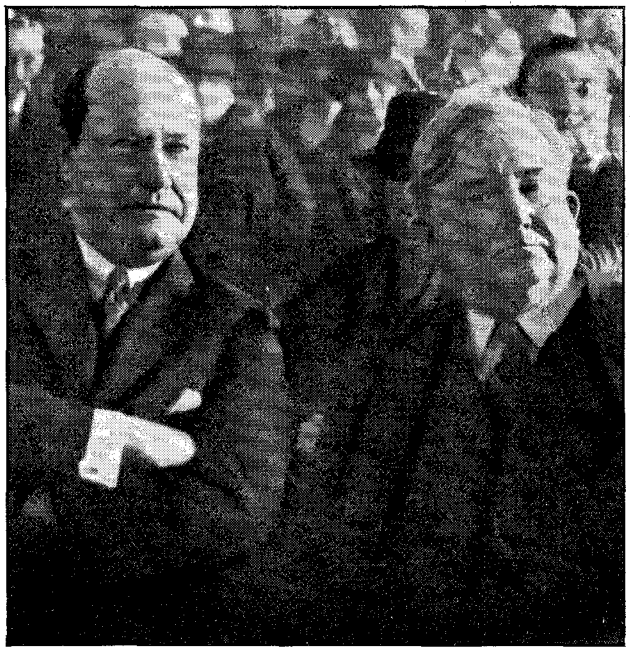
"The day will come when those in high authority will quit toadying and truckling to these vulgar millionaires. When they become criminals let them wear the stripes like others, and not stop the usual activities of the press from finding out what is going on."

The point was made in discussions among several Senators that the "gag rule" would furnish a natural preliminary to according Sinclair far greater privileges, even to absences from the jail. Wilson, it was recalled, came in for criticism last fall when Daniel J. Shields, a brewer of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, convicted of conspiracy to violate the dry laws—it was alleged that he hired a girl in the dry unit to tip him off to impending raids—was permitted to leave the jail and go to his home on the theory that he had some important business affairs to attend to.

Thirty years ago when Elverton R. Chapman, wealthy New York broker, was sent to the same jail for an offense similar to Sinclair's, a lively scandal resulted from the favors he received. He was given a "suite" of cells, sumptuous furnishings, special meals. He was allowed a stenographer and reputedly carried on his brokerage business without serious interruption.

Wilson defended his order on the ground that the press had "demoralized routine" in the jail. He said that the publicity for Sinclair is "deplorable." He denied that Sinclair's influential local lawyers had effected the ban.

Supt. W. L. Peake of the District Jail acquiesced, perforce, in the ruling of his superior, but said that as far as he was concerned there had been no disruption of his official routine.



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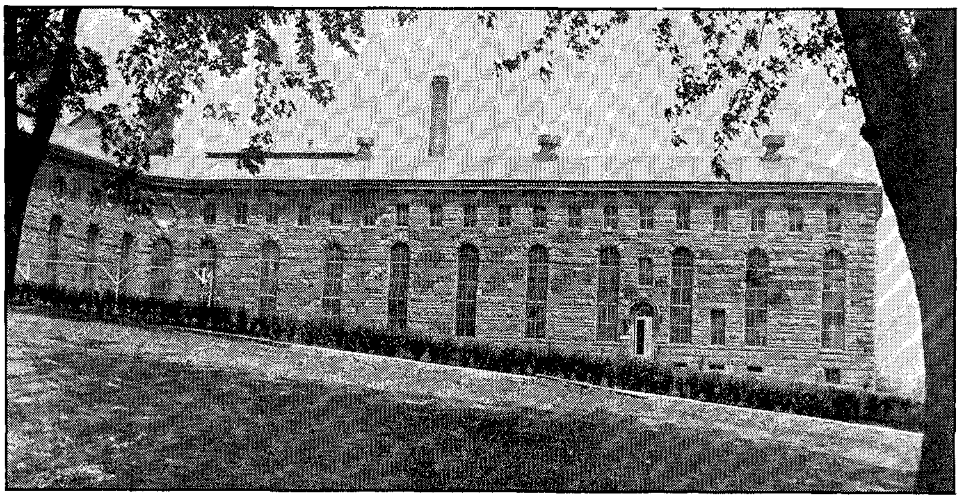
"I REFUSE TO ANSWER BY ADVICE OF COUNSEL"

Sinclair's counsel, Martin W. Littleton, is at the reader's right; Sinclair, with folded arms, beside him. The scene is the Senate committee inquiry into the Teapot Dome oil leases. Sinclair's refusal to answer certain questions has landed him at least, after many maneuvers, in the gloomy building shown at the foot of this page.

Sinclair's faculty for turmoil seems destined in this instance to provoke another Senate investigation, unless the order is rescinded. His assignment as "pharmacist," by virtue of the training he had thirty years ago when he planned to start his career in his father's drug-store, took him out of the ordinary jail routine on his first day as a prisoner and stirred up some grumbling at the Capitol. But the "gag rule" bids fair to take off the lid of Senate displeasure.



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THIS PRISON WOULD NEVER BE MISTAKEN FOR A PLEASURE PAVILION

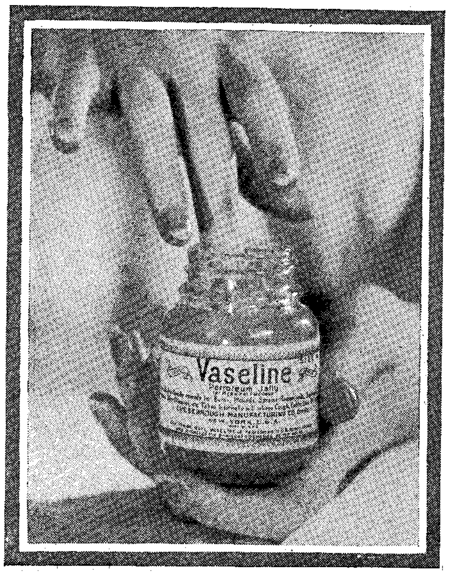
In fact, it carries its character on its face, as may be judged from the above glimpse of the wing in which the Teapot Dome magnate was quartered on his arrival at the jail.

Meanwhile one searches vainly in a flood of editorial comment for a single word of sympathy for the wealthy prisoner. The only regrets expressed are that his punishment should be so light. This unanimous severity is thus explained by the New York *Evening Post:*

There seems to be a general rush to write editorials "To Harry Sinclair, Upon Going to Jail." We don't believe there would be quite this degree of intransigence had he or his attorney shown the slightest sign of taking this punishment in any spirit of humility or contrition. Neither of them has made the fair sporting admission that the power of the Government to compel its citizens to testify freely and truly must and should be upheld. There has been no confession of error, even tho, as the Washington correspondents are pointing out, his attorney's advice to Sinclair to defy the Senate

I use it daily

"I am never without 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. I find it good for internal as well as external use."



NOT one but hundreds of women write to us continually about the many uses they find for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. For "Vaseline" Jelly is a unique substance, a mineral product that has intrinsic healing properties and helps nature heal.

It relieves burns and scalds. Heals cuts and scratches. Soothes bumps and bruises. Relieves tickling coughs, huskiness and head colds. Keeps small ailments from becoming big ones. Hardly a home is without "Vaseline" Jelly. On sale at all drug stores — in jars and tubes.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

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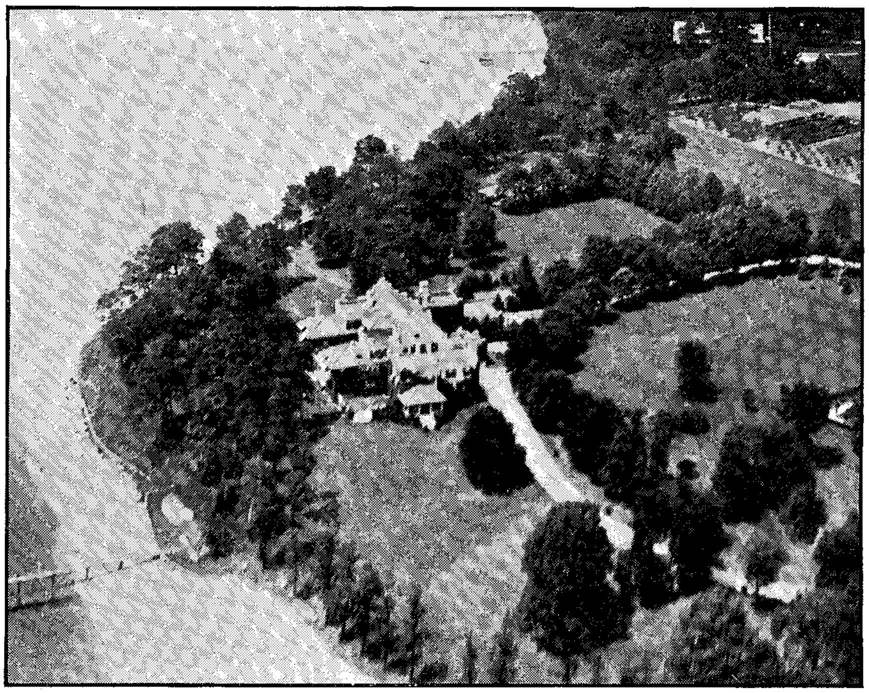
Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

was essentially "dumb," because defiance was superfluous and unnecessary. Sinclair goes to jail as "hard-boiled" as he was in his corruption of government. The public attitude toward him is therefore "hard-boiled," too.

One solitary note of grief is sounded in an *Evening World* story which begins:

> The thirty-two-story Sinclair Building at Nassau and Liberty streets is a tower of sorrow to-day. Nearly everybody in that building, which is almost exclusively devoted to the executive activities of the $500,000,000 Sinclair oil interests, and some 18,000 employees besides, scattered all over the United States, Mexico, and various European and Central American countries, is dependent for his or her living on Harry F. Sinclair.



P. & A. photograph

THIS LORDLY DOMAIN WILL NOT SEE ITS MASTER FOR NINETY DAYS

Harry F. Sinclair's home by the Sound at Great Neck, Long Island, of which the above is an airplane view, contrasts strongly with his present lodging, shown on page 41.

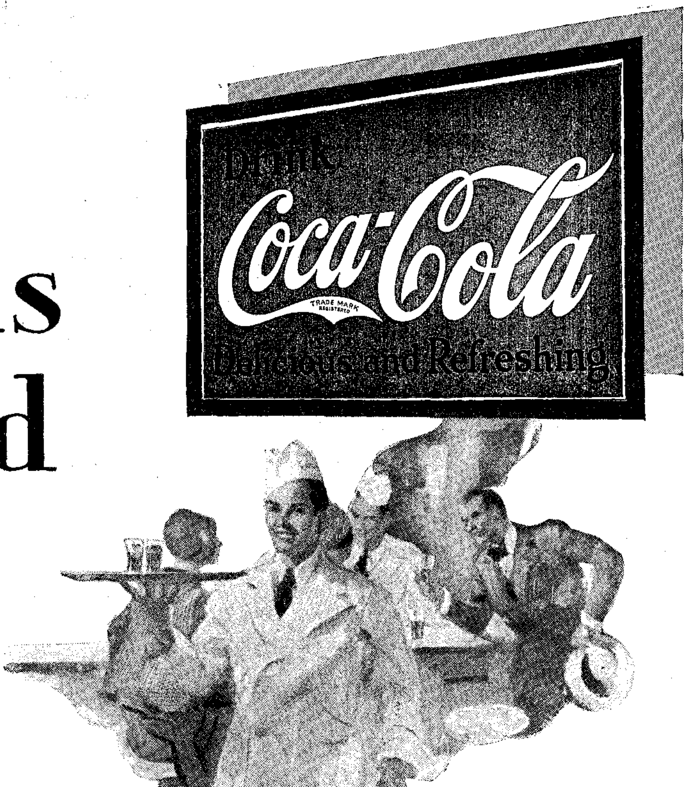
> It is hard for the scores of executives—drawing salaries ranging from $10,000 to $100,000 a year—in the Sinclair Building to realize that the "big boss," as they call him, is really about to go to a cell. It is incomprehensible to the great mass of minor employees in the Sinclair Building and elsewhere that "H. F." is going to jail.
>
> All these people look upon "H. F." as a man who could do no wrong. He picked most of his high-priced assistants out of obscurity in the middle Southwest, trained them in the oil-development business and bound them to him by ties of regard, even affection, which, when revealed, constitute an astonishing display of the softer side of human nature.
>
> "There isn't one of us," an executive told the writer to-day, "who wouldn't willingly go to jail to serve 'H. F.'s' term."
>
> Not that any of these executives believes that the material interests of the Sinclair oil properties are going to suffer by the imprisonment of their creator and developer. All the responsible duties have been turned over to Harry F. Sinclair's elder brother, E. W. Sinclair, who is President of the Sinclair interests. Harry F. Sinclair is Chairman of the Board of Directors of an industry that supports probably 65,000 people directly, considering the list of employees and their families. It operates thousands of miles of oil pipe lines that extend from the Mid-Western and Northwestern field to the Atlantic coast and gridiron Northeast Mexico, and it sends up fumes and smoke from numerous refineries in Coffeyville, Kansas; Houston, Texas; Kansas City, Missouri; the outskirts of Chicago, and Marcus Hook, in the Bayonne section of New Jersey. The Sinclair machinery of distribution includes 5,000 steel-tank cars on the railroads of the United States, and twelve gigantic tank steamships cruising the seven seas.

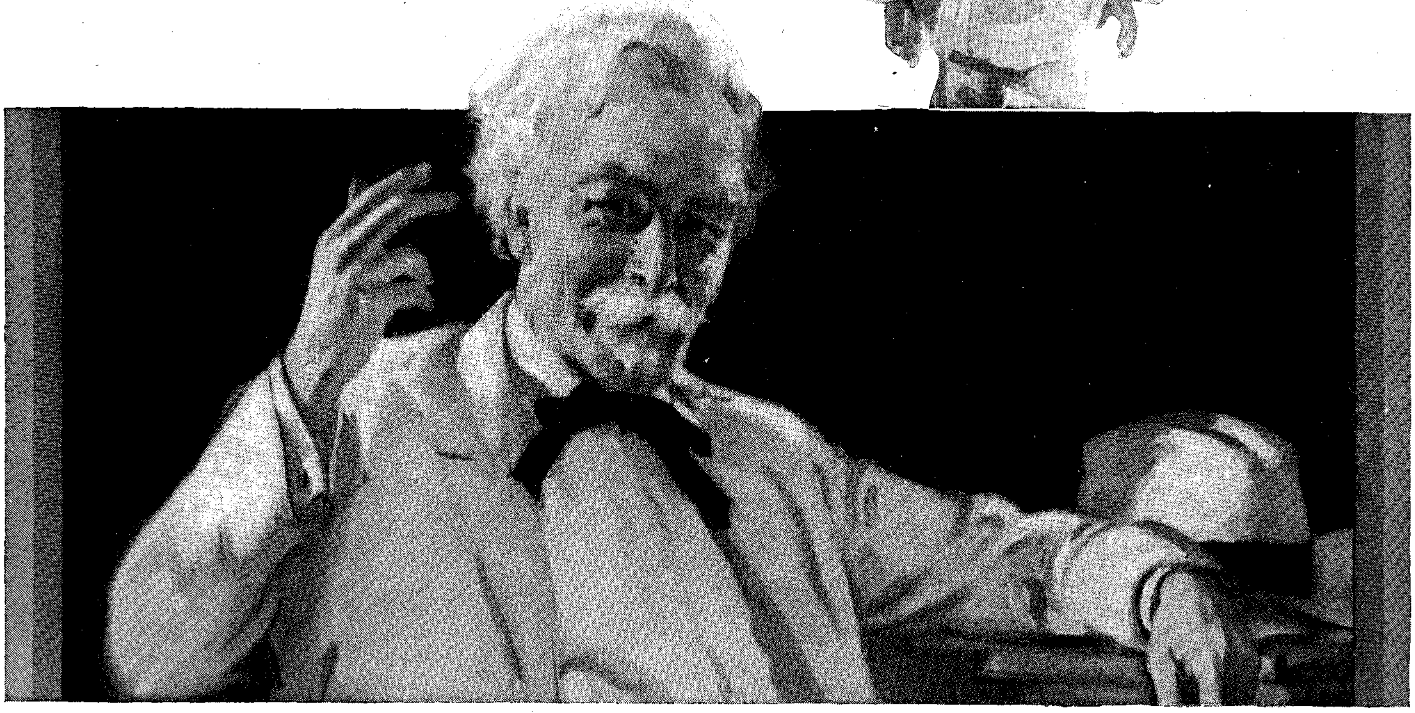
The writer, Martin Green, describes Sinclair as "a stocky, square-faced man, who in his prime weighed about 200 pounds"; continuing:

> He is not so robust to-day after six years of battling against charges of crookedness and bribery, but his associates say his health is good.
>
> "If they turn the institution over to him and let him run it for three months," declared one of his associates, "he'll take it out of the red ink. He'll accomplish the task of putting a Federal prison on a paying basis. And he'll have most of the inmates feeling that their time there hasn't been wasted."
>
> Sinclair was born on a farm out in the prairies of Kansas, and was reared in the town of Independence, where his father ran a drug-store. In that establishment he operated the soda fountain, rolled pills, filled capsules, and occasionally dispensed the contents of the flagon of spiritus frumenti, which was part of the medicine chest behind the prescription counter of all drug-stores in Prohibition States in those times, and, incidentally, since.
>
> Came the discovery that there was oil

A short rest is always good

- old proverb





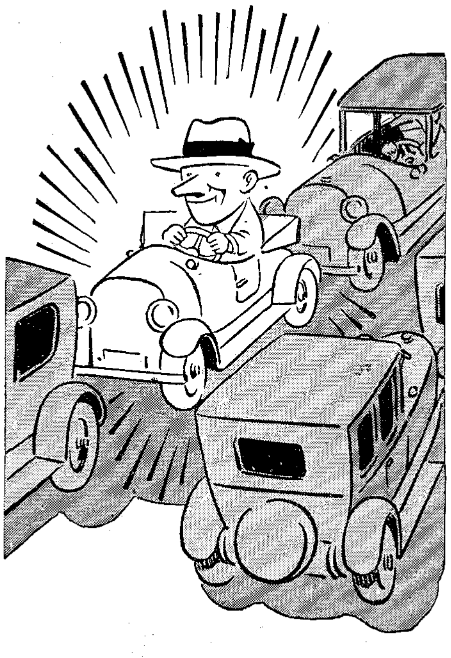
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU can whip and drive yourself into an early decline. You can't beat the pause that refreshes when you want a fresh start. Stop at a fountain for an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Learn how a little leisure now and then is practiced by the wisest men. ▼ ▼ ▼ The eight million a day say what people think of Coca-Cola. Just a drink but—what a drink. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own—*a tingling, delicious taste*—a cool after-sense of refreshment—so good a drink that it makes one little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. *The final touches are to add* a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD OVER 8 MILLION A DAY **TO GET WHERE IT IS**



OUTSHINES THEM ALL!

Bright as a beacon the car polished with I-SIS stands out from all the rest. For this wonderful auto polish provides a rich sparkling gloss that keeps the new car looking new, the old one looking young. Its gloss is lasting, as no oily surface is left to collect dust. And there's comfort in knowing that I-SIS contains nothing that can scratch or harm the body finish.

I-SIS works swiftly, removing every particle of dirt, mud and grease. Very little rubbing is needed, as the ingredients do most of the work. Ask for I-SIS at your service station or auto accessory dealer's—$1 per pint. If they cannot supply you, mail coupon with 25 cents for trial bottle.

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I-SIS offers important opportunities. Write for details.

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*Four of the outstanding makers of quality motor cars have recommended I-SIS exclusively for over 3 years.**

**Names supplied on request.*

Easy – Quick
I-SIS
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Address Canadian inquiries to Coughlin & Casgrain, 1260 University St., Montreal, Can.

I-SIS Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 202,
2 Jones Lane, New York City.
Sirs: Enclosed find 25 cents for trial bottle of I-SIS Auto Polish.

Name..................................
Address..................................
My dealer is..................................

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

underground in Kansas and Oklahoma. Everybody of an adventurous disposition went into the oil business in a speculative way. The favorite pastime was gambling in leases. A born gambler, Sinclair followed the common trend. It is said that he obtained his first capital from the proceeds of an accident-insurance policy, which he collected when he shot himself in the foot while hunting.

For the far-seeing and adventurous it was like picking money off the ground in the early oil days in Oklahoma. Harry F. Sinclair was as far-seeing as any and more adventurous than most. He was one of the first of the Oklahoma pioneers to realize the advantages of the pipe-line method of transportation, which had been inaugurated a generation before, and widely extended by the Standard Oil Company and other great oil corporations.

Sinclair proved to be an organizing genius. A recital of how he formed one company after another and merged them into a $100,000,000 corporation right after the war, would be tedious. Revelations of how industrious men make money are not widely interesting.

It was about 1916 that Sinclair came to New York. Subsequently, feeling the need of a bank of his own, he organized the Exchange National Bank of Tulsa, Oklahoma, which is to-day one of the outstanding financial institutions of the country outside the great metropolitan centers.

Located in New York, money multiplied under the touch of the Sinclair manipulation. He speedily became a part of the growing multimillionaire element. He invested in a racing stable and made money out of it, owning, among other champion horses, the greatest winner in one season of all time, to date, Zev.

If his associates are to be believed, the qualities of Sinclair, next to his foresight and courage which have operated to the accomplishment of his financial success, are clean living, plenty of sleep and hard work. They tell unbelievable stories about his industry.

They tell of how he is at the office when in New York, with the earliest arrivals; how he cleans off many times a day the accumulations of matters on his desk, and leaves the desk clean every night, sometimes as late as midnight; how he holds few conferences with groups of executives, and reaches each occasionally as an individual.

"He tells us what he wants done, and forgets it until the time arrives for a report," explained one of his active men. "Generally the report is satisfactory. If it isn't, there is never a holler from 'H. F.' He just turns it back with a few explanations, and he never has to turn one back more than once."

Aside from horseback riding, which he has not fancied in the past few years, Sinclair never took any exercise. Work is his exercise, his fellow laborers say. But he finds time for reading, is good company, can talk on almost any subject, and owns quite a respectable art gallery.

Sinclair's home life is very happy. He married, twenty-six years ago, out in Independence, Kansas, Elizabeth Farrell, an Irish girl who had grown up with him in the little town. Mrs. Sinclair is devout in her religious duties. Sinclair is indifferent along that line, but his children have been reared in a strictly religious atmosphere.

In his early easy-money days Sinclair aspired to be a baseball magnate. He owned various bush-league clubs, and was one of the backers of the Federal League. After coming East he bought and maintained for a period at a great loss the Newark Club of the International League. His Rancocas Farm racing-stable is still one of his chief interests outside of business.

However much rejoicing there may be amongst the righteous when Harry F. Sinclair goes to jail it will be counterbalanced by the frank sympathy of many thousands who look upon him as a benefactor and a friend.

"Underground leaks," such as "always come from a jail," are credited by a later issue of *The World* with the momentous rumor that "a swivel chair with an air-cushion has been added to the comforts of the most distinguished convict the District has entertained." However:

> The least sign of further special favors for him is expected to result in a demand for Congress to investigate the favoritism.
>
> The head of Public Welfare in the District, who has made it possible for Sinclair to enjoy extra comforts without the outside world knowing about them, through the ban on the press, never before has taken such an active part in the conduct of the prisons. Maj. W. L. Peake, Superintendent of the District jail, in the past has exercised his own judgment.

In the editorial judgment of the Washington *Star*, the new rule barring newspaper men from the jail is "unfortunate," in that "it owes its origin to Mr. Sinclair's presence as a prisoner." But *The Star* adds:

> If that were not so, the rule, modified to a reasonable degree, might be a good one. Mawkish curiosity regarding prisoners is undesirable, and should be discouraged. The jail is run as a penal institution for the incarceration and possibly the reformation, of human derelicts. It was never built to inspire human-interest stories for the newspapers.
>
> The rule is now put into effect and enforced, because the great public interest regarding the jail's most distinguished prisoner threatened, according to Mr. Wilson's statement, the routine at the jail. A score or so of newspaper reporters and photographers, hanging around the warden's office and asking questions about what Mr. Sinclair was doing, what he ate for breakfast, how he slept last night, and what he said during the process of compounding a capsule or rolling a pill, did nothing to improve the atmosphere, and threatened the equilibrium of the personnel.
>
> But that could have been prevented by barring the jail to all but one or two reporters, selected by their fellows and standing guard against eventualities. The curiosity over Mr. Sinclair's daily dozen would have waned in a day or so. The public would have soon tired of hearing how many cups of coffee he drank or the number of eggs he ate. And there would have been no suspicion, no matter how ill-founded, that Mr. Sinclair was being accorded favors and privileges because of his relatively high standing in the community of prisoners.
>
> Now those suspicions will rise and will not down. Censorship and other forms of muzzling the press are always dangerous. In this case the effect is more to be feared than the rule itself.

A Fundamental Economic Fact No Motor-Car Buyer Can Ignore

IN THE purchase of a motor-car—or any other commodity—the most vital and compelling factor, regardless of any other consideration, is *intrinsic value.*

No business institution can ignore this truth and survive. No motor-car buyer can afford to ignore it.

It is the only sure basis of sound, judicious buying.

The principle underlying this fundamental economic fact has long been a tradition and a faith with the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

The buying public understands and appreciates this. It realizes that the highest quality product—the product of greatest intrinsic value—is inevitably the most economical product.

That public has actually *itself* evaluated Cadillac and La Salle—and not the Cadillac Motor Car Company. It knows full well the traditional excellence of Cadillac-La Salle craftsmanship.

It sees at work in Cadillac and La Salle the vast buying power of General Motors deliberately planned to permit value-giving in excess of any other standard. And it would seem almost inevitable that it might quite logically conclude that no other manufacturer can produce *as fine a car* as can the Cadillac Motor Car Company without exacting a price premium that would make the product prohibitive.

That the public has confirmed its judgment is attested by its loyal allegiance to Cadillac and La Salle and by the new hosts who are constantly flocking to Cadillac-La Salle ownership.

This is proven by the fact that in 19[illegible] C[illegible] ness of all other American motor-car manufacturers combined.

In fact, the *whole and incontestable truth* of the matter is that today Cadillac and La Salle actually command preferred position and dollar volume dominance in the fine car field.

And the Cadillac Motor Car Company has achieved this preferred position in the quality field and this dollar volume dominance *solely because of intrinsic value.*

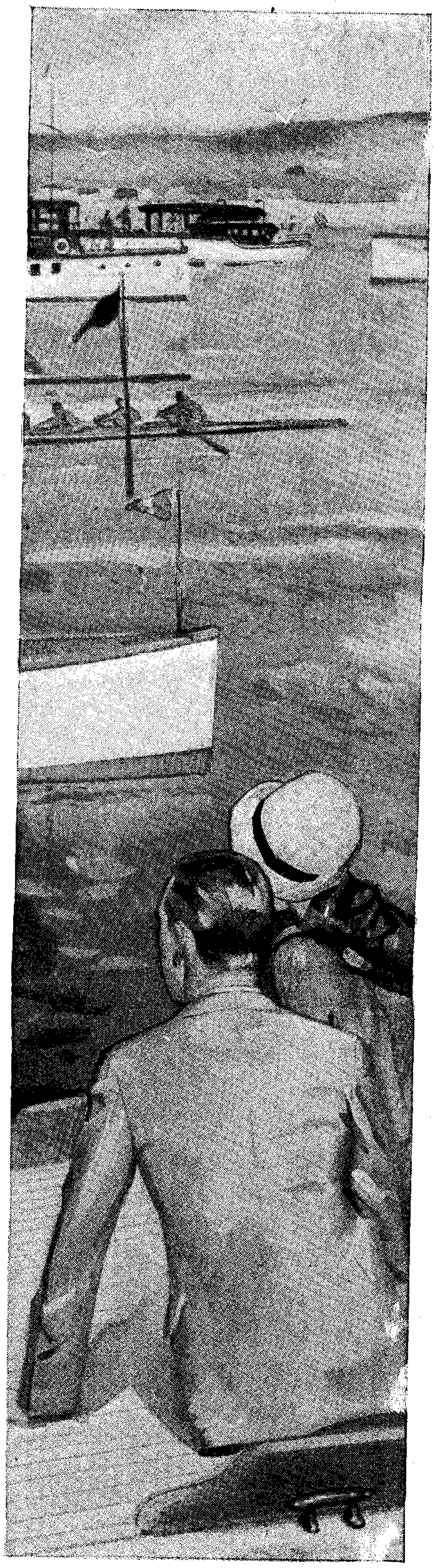
It is the enthusiastic satisfaction and loyalty of the Cadillac-La Salle public that has inspired and, in a very real and literal sense, created the characteristics that make Cadillac and La Salle the finest and smartest cars on the streets of the world.

It is this enthusiasm and this loyalty that have made it possible for the Cadillac Motor Car Company to be constantly raising quality, constantly increasing value, constantly giving more and more for the purchaser's dollar—

More in fine manufacturing; more in beauty, exemplified by Cadillac and La Salle's exquisite Fisher and Fleetwood bodies; more in brilliant performance, through the high refinement and efficiency of the superbly smooth Cadillac-La Salle 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder power plant—

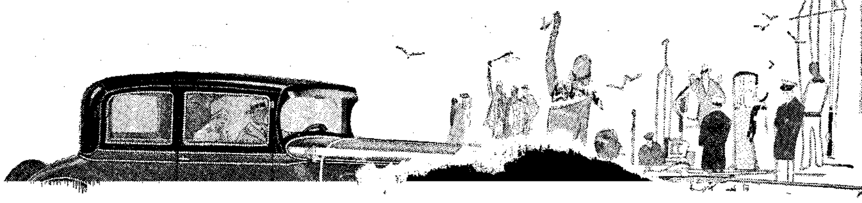
More, too, in progressive engineering as most recently evidenced by Cadillac-La Salle's three ultra-modern and exclusive safety features—the Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes and Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields.

[illegible]y obvious to all the world that this

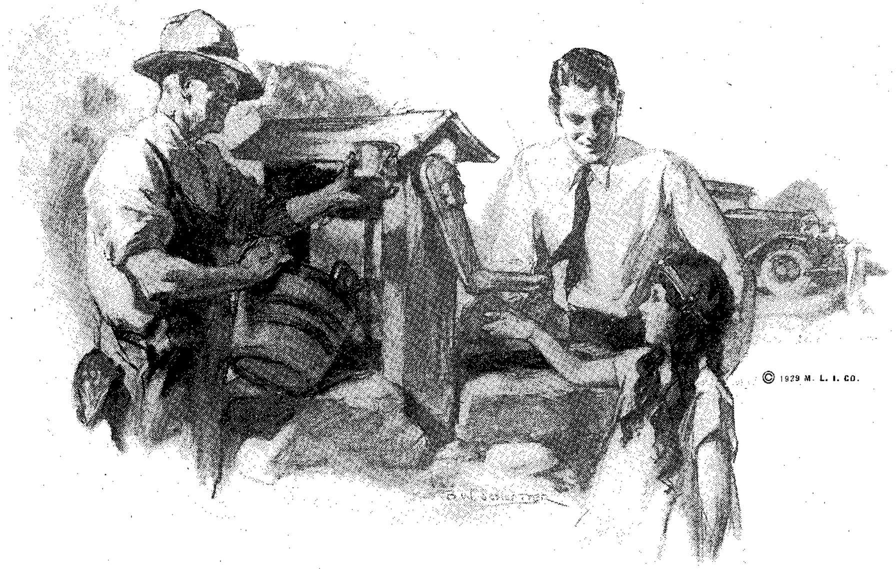


THE YACHT AND MOTOR BOAT GALLERIES AT THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT RACES · NEW LONDON

WHEN stout ash dips and bends to the rhythmic pull of steeled young muscles, then indeed are spirit and stamina weighed for their proper worth! It is significant that here on the crowded Thames, as wherever those of discernment foregather, Studebaker's champion cars should enjoy a prestige so deservedly high. Holding *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, these great straight eights and sixes superbly interpret in coachcraft their fleetness and staying power. Low-swung on costlier double-drop frames, these beautiful Studebakers bear the look of untiring speed . . . of comfort unequalled . . . of manners urbane and distinguished. Travel-ease, born of ball bearing spring suspension, pioneered by Studebaker, is enhanced by powerful hydraulic shock absorbers. Since Studebaker's first Straight Eight was introduced at last year's shows, public appreciation of these great cars, at their One-Profit prices, has been unmistakable. *Studebaker now sells more eights than any other maker in the world.*



Ready for a Drink?



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"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure. Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Until authorities responsible for the purity of drinking water, milk and other foods in cities and towns learned how to guard against typhoid, outbreaks of this disease scourged the country year after year.

There were no great typhoid scourges last year in the United States, yet approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years afterward the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

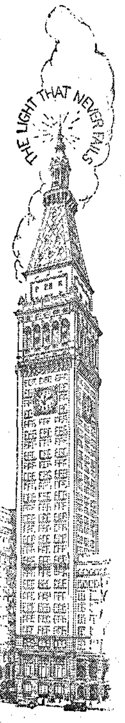
Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

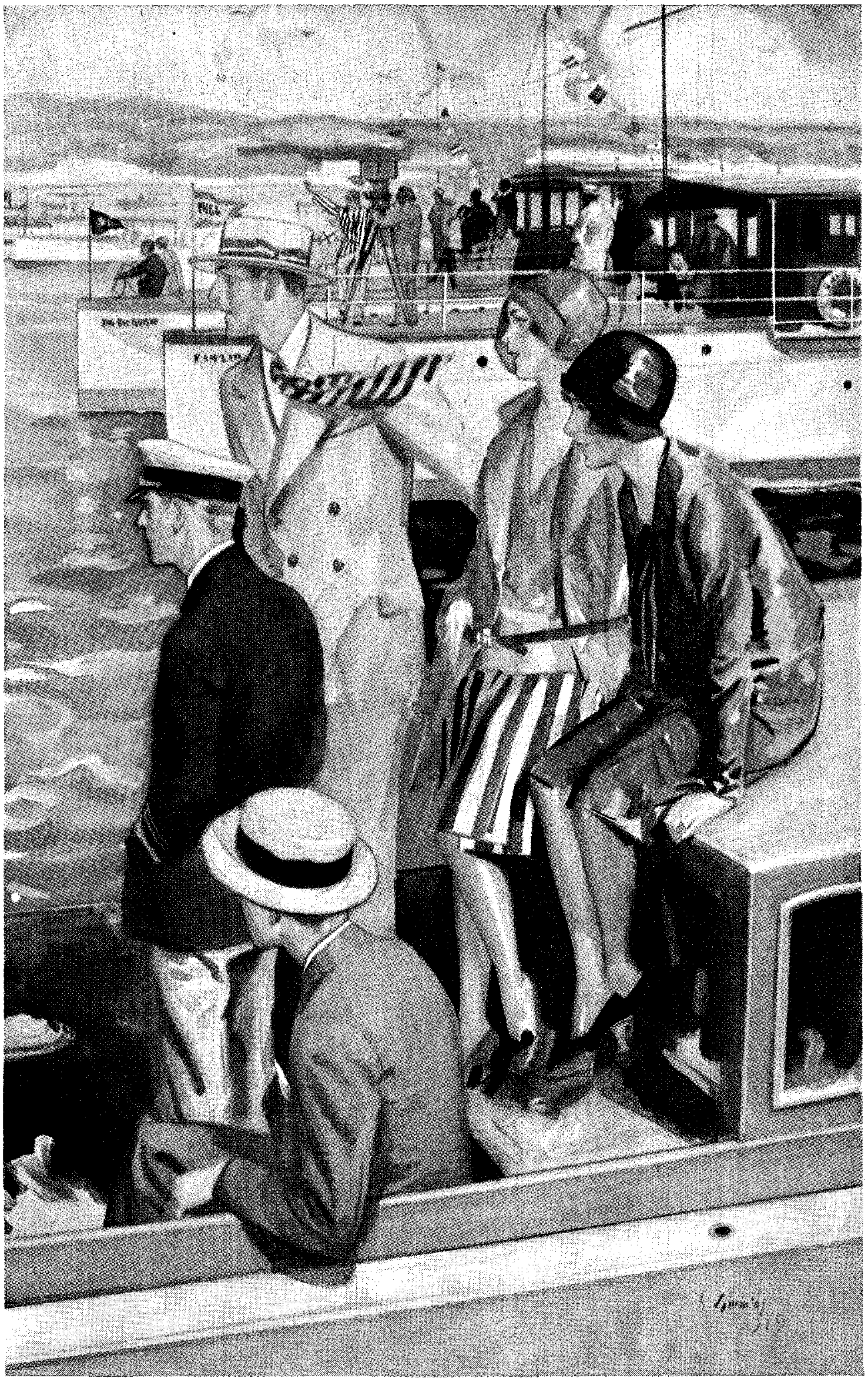

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when traveling. The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-L, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY–NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

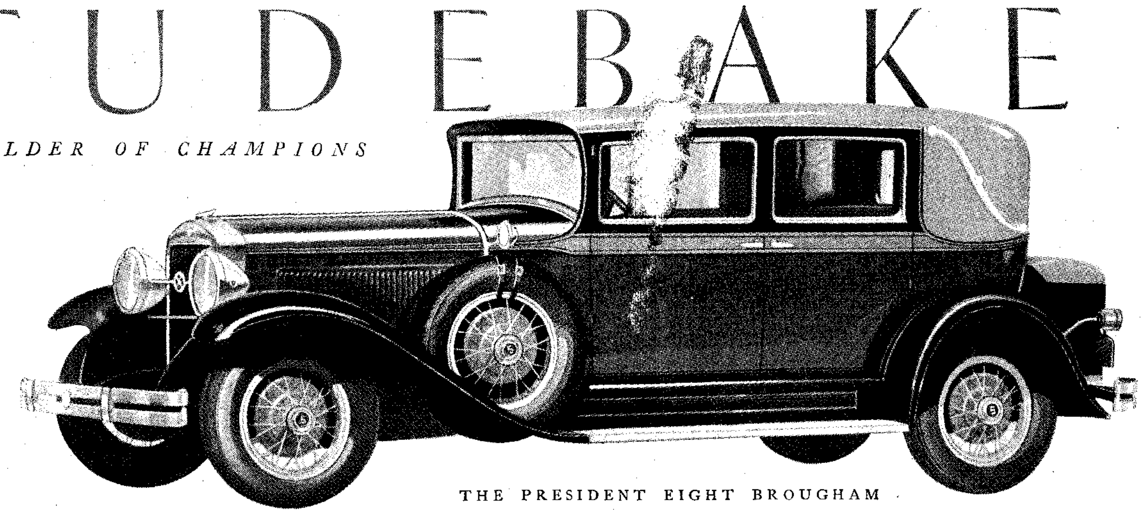


Below—The President Eight Brougham, eloquent of the roadmastery its 115-horsepower world champion chassis provides. Front seat, steering wheel and pedals adjustable. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. Priced $2350, at the factory. Spare tires and bumpers extra.

At left—The Commander Regal Roadster and Victoria, both available as Straight Eights or Sixes. The Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595; the Six, $1450. Five wire wheels standard equipment. Commander Six Business Roadster (wood wheels), $1375. Commander Eight Victoria, $1525; as a Six $1375. All prices at the factory. Spare tire and bumpers extra.

STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



THE PRESIDENT EIGHT BROUGHAM

HOW TAD "LAUGHED IT OFF" TO THE LAST

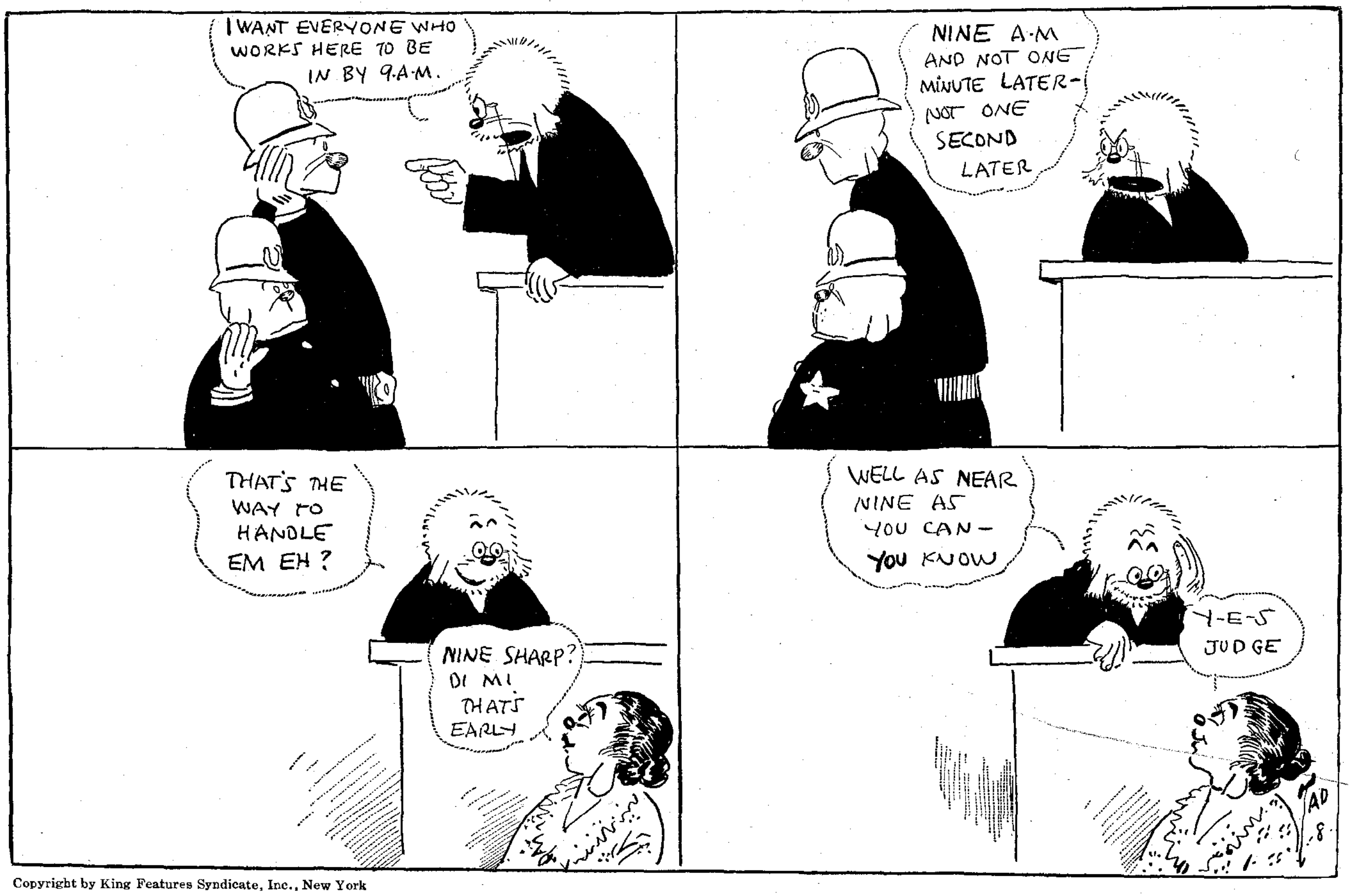
THE WINNING FIGHTER sent terrific punches into his opponent's body, until the latter went groveling down—never to put up a great fight again. A tall, lean cartoonist and sports writer sat at the ring-side, heart and soul with his favorite, who was being beaten. He sat there "with his heart thumping and his knees knocking together. So did many of us in those days when fighting was fighting, and not a box-office act," writes Robert Edgren in the New York *Evening World*. As the victorious Jack Dempsey's glove sank into Billy Miske's body during that fight in 1920, Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, the famous Tad of the New York *Evening Journal*, gasped and half lifted from his seat, the writer continues. They carried him out with a heart attack that nearly finished him. And after that Tad never saw another fight. The doctors wouldn't let him. He went to his home in Great Neck, Long Island, to nurse the weakened organ which he jocularly referred to as a "bum ticker." Thus, we learn, Tad was cut off from the Broadway and sporting life that he loved, but he kept up with it in many ways. The gossip of friends and the radio helped him. Turning out his famous cartoons daily, he began to add the names of distant cities—Shanghai, Paris, Moscow—after his signature. His admirers thought of him as enjoying himself in travel. "His world was bounded by his suburban patch," writes Westbrook Pegler in an article copyrighted by the Chicago *Tribune*, "and that was his way of laughing it off." Not until he was gone did any but his friends know that he had spent nine years of his life in the shadow of death, and confined, for the most part, to his home. Tad's greatest contribution to life, we are told, was his invention and popularization of slang. It was he, we are assured, who was responsible for "benny," "skimmer," "cheaters," "dogs," "cat's pajamas," and "busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives." He was born in San Francisco, notes a United Press dispatch, which continues:

International Newsreel photograph

"WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM LIKE"

Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, "Tad," at work on one of his "funnies."

> The expressions Tad kept putting in the mouths of his horde of cartoon characters have since been tossed glibly about by millions of his fellow citizens. Most of them—the phrases—are meaningless but irresistible.
>
> "Officer, call a cop,"


I WANT EVERYONE WHO WORKS HERE TO BE IN BY 9·A·M.
NINE A·M AND NOT ONE MINUTE LATER—NOT ONE SECOND LATER
THAT'S THE WAY TO HANDLE EM EH?
NINE SHARP? OI MI THATS EARLY
WELL AS NEAR NINE AS YOU CAN—YOU KNOW
Y-E-S JUDGE
TAD 8

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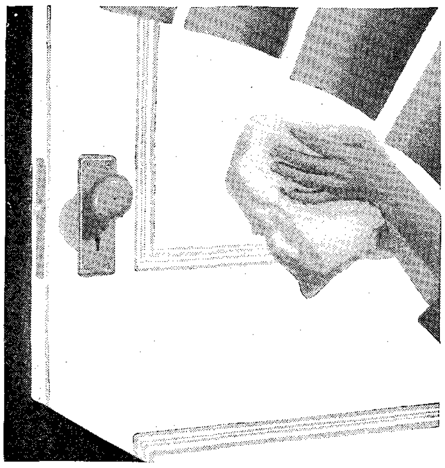
ONE OF TAD'S WHIMSIES: JUDGE RUMMY LAYS DOWN THE LAW—AND PICKS IT UP AGAIN



This rich paint enamel

KEPT SPOTLESS

with a damp cloth

CAN you afford the time—or the effort—to scrub smudges off ordinary paint?

Barreled Sunlight on walls and woodwork is kept immaculate by occasionally wiping with a damp cloth. A paint enamel so satin-smooth it can't hold dirt.

So durable, moreover, that repeated washing will not injure it—which means less frequent repainting!

Has a rich "depth" peculiar to itself. Spreads freely, without leaving brush marks, and has such "hiding power" that fewer coats are required.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted with oil colors. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 28-S Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
28-S Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check ☐ Homes ☐ Large Buildings ☐ Factories
(Enclosed find 10¢ for sample can)
☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."

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Street____________________

City____________ State________

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

"Daddy, I see ducks," "See what the boys in the back room will have"—these awaken memories as sentimental as love songs. "Dumb-bell" is prying its way into dictionaries, as may "cake-eater," "dumb-Dora," "drug-store cowboy," and "nickel-nurser."

They are all Tad's, and so are "finale hoppers," "storm and strife," "cat's meow," "For crying out loud," and "What, no spinach?"

"Yes, we have no bananas" was his, too, and it became the refrain of the most popular song of a decade.

Many like best of all, however, his classic: "Drop that wheelbarrow—what do you know about machinery?" altho "Let him up—he's all cut" has its loyal following.

These gaudy expressions rolled off Tad's pen, and a week later they would be in the mouth of every amateur wisecracker from Baton Rouge to Point Barrow. Tad's eye first discerned that a hat was a "skimmer" and that eyeglasses were "cheaters."

Dorgan was possest of an encyclopedic savvy of prize-fighting as well as of the homelier amusements of his fellow citizens. His stories of the Gans-Nelson and Jeffries-Johnson fights are classics of sport writing. He looked at fights and fighters with the same tender attention that Sir Joseph Duveen bestows upon old masters, and his tendency was to become tremendously excited.

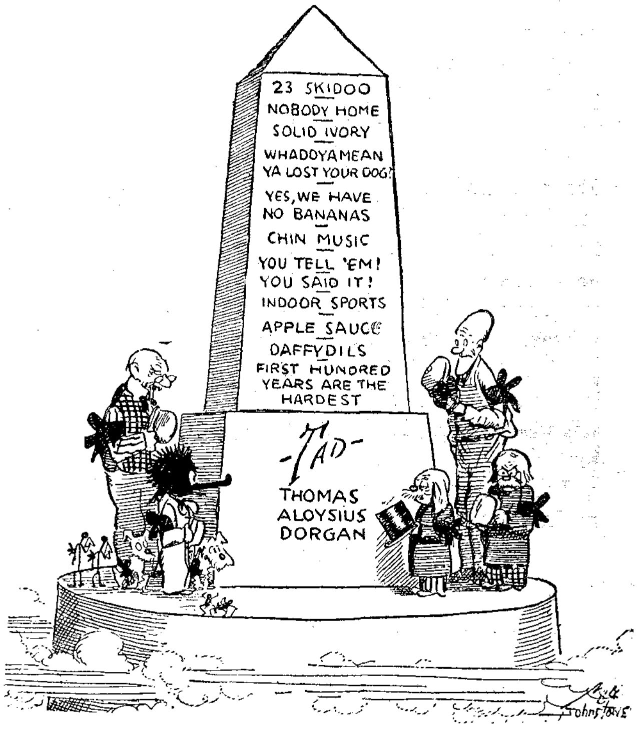
Tad's general appearance was that of an object any reasonably determined wind could blow through the keyhole of a Yale lock. He was more than thin. Such hair as he had was of an indeterminate sandy shade. He limped slightly with a motion that furthered the effect of scuttling before the wind.

And the second, third, and fourth fingers of his right hand had been lost somewhere early in his career. A factory accident in his youth was reported to be responsible for the missing digits. This was before Tad learned to draw, grasping his pen with the thumb and forefinger remaining to him.

Tad was as little handicapped in work by his heart as by his crippled hand. Confined to a wheel-chair for the past five years, he continued to write boxing articles and draw his cartoons, getting his sports news over the radio. He died three weeks ahead in his work.

With the passing of Tad, writes W. O. McGeehan, a fellow native of San Francisco, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "one of the gayest and gamest souls I ever knew passed." Farther on in the same column the writer adds, "he was much more courageous than any of the fighters he admired, and whose praises he sang to 'the boys in the back room.'" To the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Tad was a typical American, for these reasons:

First of all, Tad was possest of a keen sense of humor, a view-point on life we deny, rather unjustly, our British cousins and grant freely to the Irish. And then the cartoonist was quick to sense the foibles and eccentricities of his own countrymen, showing that he was flesh of their flesh and blood of their blood. And, last of all, he was a maker of our peculiar every-day language, enriching the vernacular that all Americans speak, whether they be down-Easters from Maine or effusive Latins from New Orleans.



HIS MONUMENT

—Johnstone in the New York *World*.

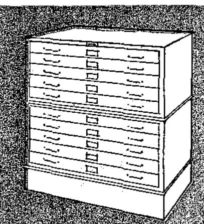
Slang is frowned upon by most of the college professors, but it is, after all, the most expressive of all languages. It brings together in mutual understanding the street waif and the cultured man. It creates such a community of interest as nothing else does. It causes casual acquaintances to appreciate the fact that, while one of them might employ ordinarily the accent of Harvard and the other the peculiar enunciation of East Side New York, they live in a common country and owe allegiance to a common flag. Slang is the continuing bond of unified citizenship.

In this field Tad excelled. He was the homely American philosopher, as are George Ade, Irvin Cobb, and Ring Lardner—not too cultured, but understanding his people and giving to them just what they want in humor and revision of their every-day language to suit their own needs.

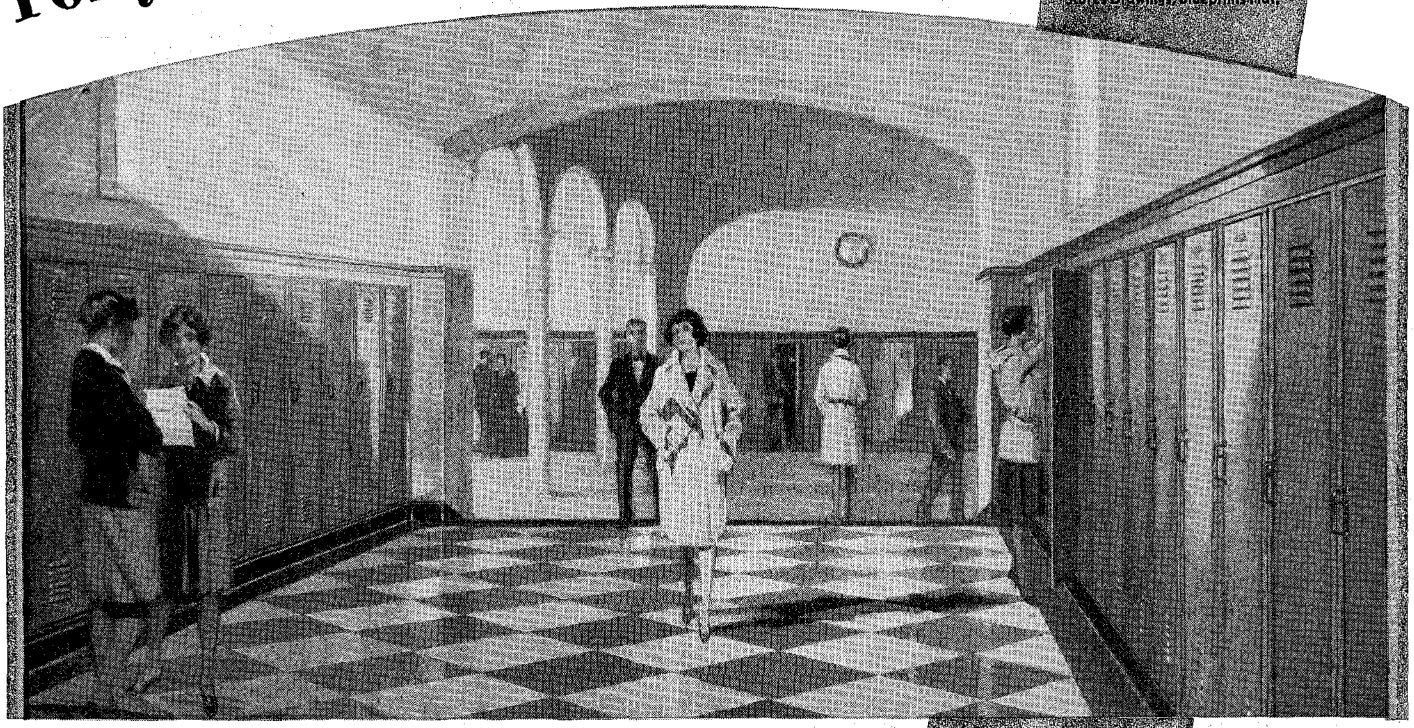
Keeping up with what was going on was no easy task for the invalid cartoonist and wit. But the radio and friends aided marvelously. However, he had other resources. Childless themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Dorgan had adopted two Chinese boys, Wong Ho, whom Tad called "Duck," and Wong Hong Kee, whom he called "Spensi," we

LOCKERS OF STEEL

For your School, Business or Club

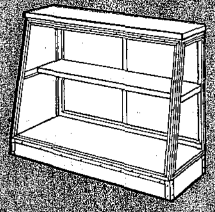


Li-flat Cabinet
Stores Drawings, Blueprints Flat.

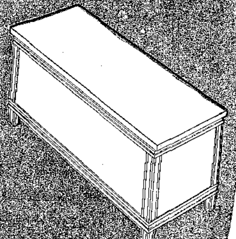


Recessed into the corridor walls of educational institutions from coast to coast Lyon School Lockers provide wardrobe accommodations for millions of students. Their strong rigid construction assures permanent usefulness with a minimum of upkeep expense . . . . The reputation that Lyon Lockers have earned in the school field extends with equal force to the club and industrial fields. The Lyon Club Locker is virtually a miniature dressing room, so completely is it equipped, and Lyon Industrial Lockers—a type for every business requirement—have won the approval of thousands of engineers and technically trained men . . . . For thirty years Lyon has been specializing in the forming of steel into well designed, sturdy built products that economically serve the nation's needs in the storage, handling and display of goods. The scope and usefulness of this equipment—for factory, office, store, home or institution—is interestingly described in a book, "Cutting Costs With Steel Storage Equipment." Write for it.

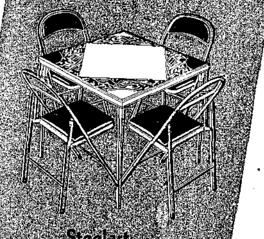
LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED, *Aurora, Illinois*



Display Case for
Automotive Dealers.



Merchandising
Table for Retail Stores.



Steelart
Folding Tables and Chairs.

LYON STEEL PRODUCTS AND MARKETS SERVED

FOR INDUSTRIAL AND INSTITUTIONAL FIELDS
Steel shelving, lockers, cabinets and general storage equipment. Sold and serviced direct by sales offices in all principal cities.

FOR ALL OFFICES
Steel storage and wardrobe cabinets, blue print cabinets and steel tables in a variety of styles, sizes and finishes. Sold by leading office equipment dealers.

FOR AUTOMOTIVE DEALERS
Parts Storage Systems for car dealers. Steel Shelving, Lockers, Counters and other equipment for all automotive retailers. Sold by automotive jobbers.

FOR RETAIL MERCHANTS
Merchandise tables, display shelving, show cases and special equipment for retail stores. Sold direct by Lyon Engineers specializing in store furniture and fixtures.

FOR THE HOME
Lyon Steelart Folding Tables and Chairs. Twelve beautiful color designs. Sold by department stores, furniture stores and gift shops.

LYON

STEEL STORAGE *and* DISPLAY EQUIPMENT

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
NEW YORK
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION
FORHAN CO.

White Teeth deceive 4 *out of* 5

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed**

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well... Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

❧ ❧ ❧

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

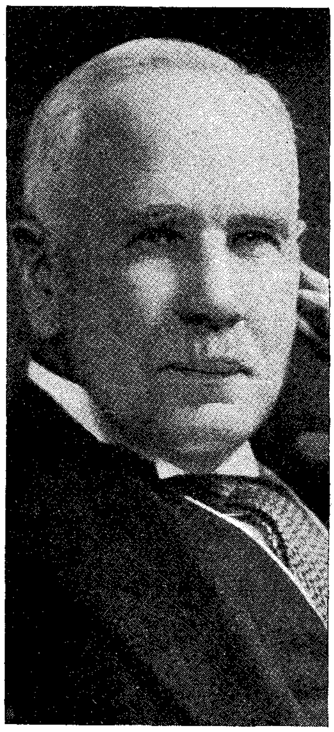
are told by Norman Klein in the New York *Evening Post.* These two were their foster-father's able assistants and personal representatives. Says Mr. Klein further:

> "Duck" is twenty-one years old and "Spensi" twenty. "Spensi" received his name when Tad attempted to teach him to say "Springfield." "Spensi!" was the closest he could come to the pronunciation.
>
> "Duck" was Tad's "outside man." He was interested in boxing, baseball, and all other sports, and when there was an important fight or game, it was "Duck" whom Tad sent as his personal representative.
>
> "Duck" was always provided with a ringside seat for every boxing-match of importance, and he had a wonderful memory. When he returned home, he would give Tad the fight blow for blow. It was from the verbal pictures brought home by "Duck" that Tad drew his sport cartoons.
>
> When it came to baseball, "Duck" was forced to take notes to record everything that happened. When he returned to Tad's bedside he would have pockets bulging with notes on box-scores, batting averages, and the actions of the many plays. He kept each player's record up to the minute with the dispatch of a sporting editor, and when he arrived back in Great Neck, he would have the day's batting records already entered into the season's averages for each player.
>
> "Spensi" was the "home boy." He was more interested in obtaining sporting facts for Tad than in the sporting facts themselves. He stood faithfully at Tad's bedside during ring battles and ball games, keeping the radio tuned to the point where reception was best. "Spensi" was also a good man at the telephone and brought "inside information" on sporting events by wire.
>
> The two Chinese lads were adopted by the Dorgans nine years ago. Tad and Mrs. Dorgan educated them, and wherever they went the two boys went, too. At hotels and on trips there were Tad's boys and members of the family.

A wealth of reminiscence has been released by Tad's death. Up until his health made him a recluse he was one of the most familiar figures in New York's night life—the friend of all the actors, turfmen, literary lights, fighters, managers and broken-down sports who infested the bright lights district, Damon Runyon tells us in a tribute in the New York *American.* According to Mr. Edgren, another friend, in *The Evening World:*

> Tad was the despair of all restaurant owners patronized by those who followed sports and gathered after night fights to talk them over. Tad always had a pencil in his hand, and he used it on anything that had a smooth, white surface. Even to-day New York is stocked with sketches of old-time fighters, scrawled by Tad on the table linen, and carefully taken home and treasured by his acquaintances. Now that Tad is gone no doubt they'll have a certain value, like the paintings of Rubens or Velasquez or Franz Hals.
>
> Tad grew into the highest paid of all sporting cartoonists. And he enjoyed life. The men he cartooned were all his

If you could take your health troubles to these great doctors . . .



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Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., England's great surgeon, says, "Constipation is civilization's curse. Fresh yeast stimulates intestinal action—has a most important effect on constipation."

He treated German royalty! Dr. Kurt Henius, famous lecturer at the University of Berlin, declares, "In constipation, yeast promotes easy elimination. It is a reliable remedy for boils."

ON the roll of distinguished medical service these seven names stand high!

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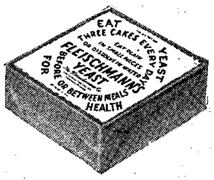
Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to them. But read what they tell you about one important health measure. Benefit by it.



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The doctor of the schools of Paris, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. It reduces the poisons, purifies."

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast in all cases of boils and rebellious acne."

Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, Dr. Viktor Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."

The U. S. Government appointed him its official expert on medicines. Dean Henry Hurd Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.

Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

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Illustration: Biltmore Standards

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"On the contrary my dear, BILTMORES are very inexpensive"

True, only the Biltmore dealer can furnish AEROCLOTH covers, made of genuine DU PONT material that you can wash with soap and water or gasoline without removing. True, too, BILTMORE SLIP-ONS are the only seat covers that have the adjustable feature (patent pending) which enables you to fit all the seats and back cushions of *any* car instantly, just as the covers come from the dealer's stock. But BILTMORES are not at all expensive.

On the contrary, you can equip your coupe with BILTMORE SLIP-ONS for as little as $4.25. And you can't pay more than $35 for a complete set of BILTMORE AEROCLOTH covers for all the upholstery of your five passenger sedan from floor to window line. Between these extremes you will find BILTMORES to meet every possible requirement of cleanliness, comfort, beauty and protection. They will fit any make or model car and harmonize with its color scheme. But the cost is amazingly low.

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friends. He liked the life of the training camps. At Reno he picked Jack Johnson to beat the resurrected old-time champion, Jim Jeffries. Tad liked to draw Johnson. He got a lot of fun out of Johnson's "golden smile" and his bass fiddle. He traveled around the country to see and picture fights and sporting events—until Dempsey and Miske fought in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

In the years following, Tad couldn't risk excitement. He couldn't even receive visits from his friends, for fear they'd talk about exciting things. Only Jim Corbett could come in. Tad wanted Jim. He heard fights over the radio, but sometimes Tad suddenly snapt off the button unexpectedly. The old heart wasn't behaving just right.

Returning to Mr. Runyon's article in *The American*, we are treated to these amusing anecdotes:

> He was a regular patron of Jack's old restaurant on Sixth Avenue, which he promptly termed the Jack's A. C. (Athletic Club), because of the muscular efforts of the waiters in heaving out pests.
>
> Tad used to like to hang out in Jack Doyle's billiard room when it was on Forty-second Street, and later on Broadway, and stir up games of golf pool and snooker with his own mob, which games generally took on the aspect of a riot before they were over. Never a man lived who could "kid" with Tad for any length of time, because he had an eye and a mind that quickly spotted a human weakness and a tongue that could bite like a whip-lash.
>
> He loved the whoop-tee-do of life, and I have always thought it must have been a hardship greater on him than it would have been on the ordinary man when he had to immure himself in his home at Great Neck, cut off from all his old associations, if not from his old associates.
>
> But even under these conditions he kept in touch with such amazing intimacy with the life and events he knew so well that it is doubtful if many of his readers knew that he wasn't actually moving daily mid the scenes he depicted so well. I have even heard his old friends marvel at the way he kept track of things.
>
> It was due largely to his almost uncanny understanding of humanity. He knew that this doesn't change to any great extent. Then he had many visitors, and many telephone conversations to keep him informed on details. He motored about the Long Island countryside in pleasant weather with his wife, and during the hot spell he would occasionally come into town and take an apartment high up in a Broadway hotel.
>
> At rare intervals, I believe, he saw a ball game, sitting in the remote section of the stand, but in the main he avoided the excitement that was once the breath of life in his nostrils.
>
> Tad had a penchant for nicknames. I always thought it was because of his habit of mind to take a short cut to what he wanted to say, a habit that was best exprest in his writing. He would always cut a lot of surperflous "a's" and "the's." I have for years been the—shall I say victim?—of one of his nicknames.
>
> He picked up the expression "hard-boiled egg" years ago, and made it famous long before any one quite understood

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A remarkable and exclusive Durant transmission, now available for the first time in popular priced cars.

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THE SIX-SIXTY-SIX $895 TO $1105
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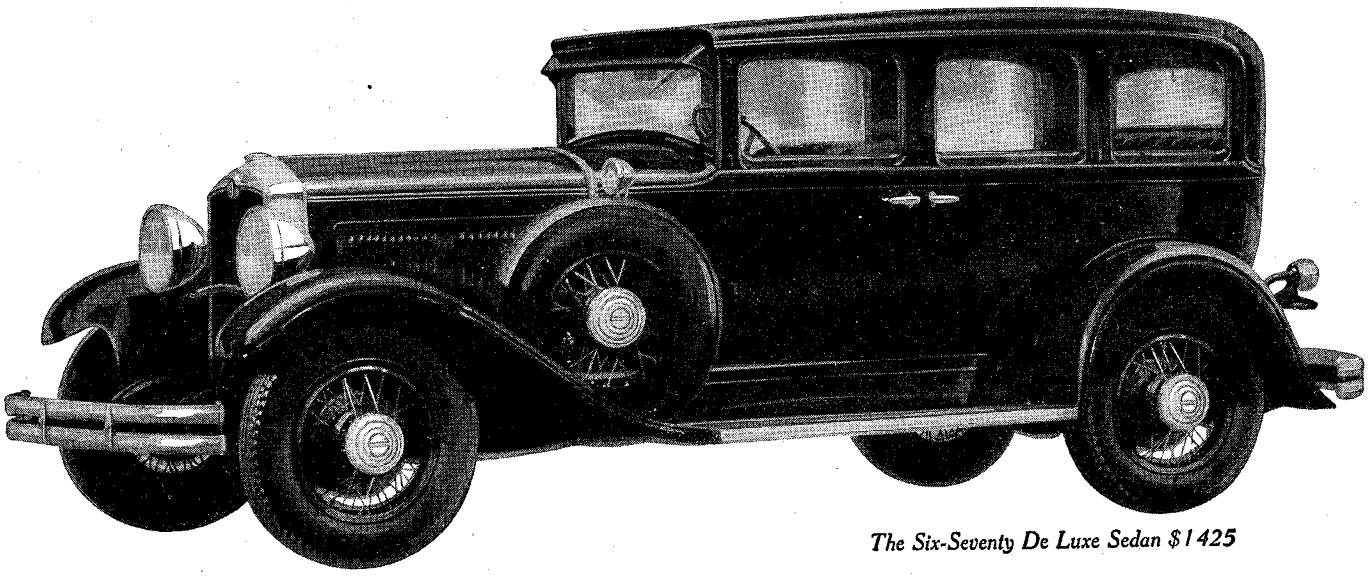

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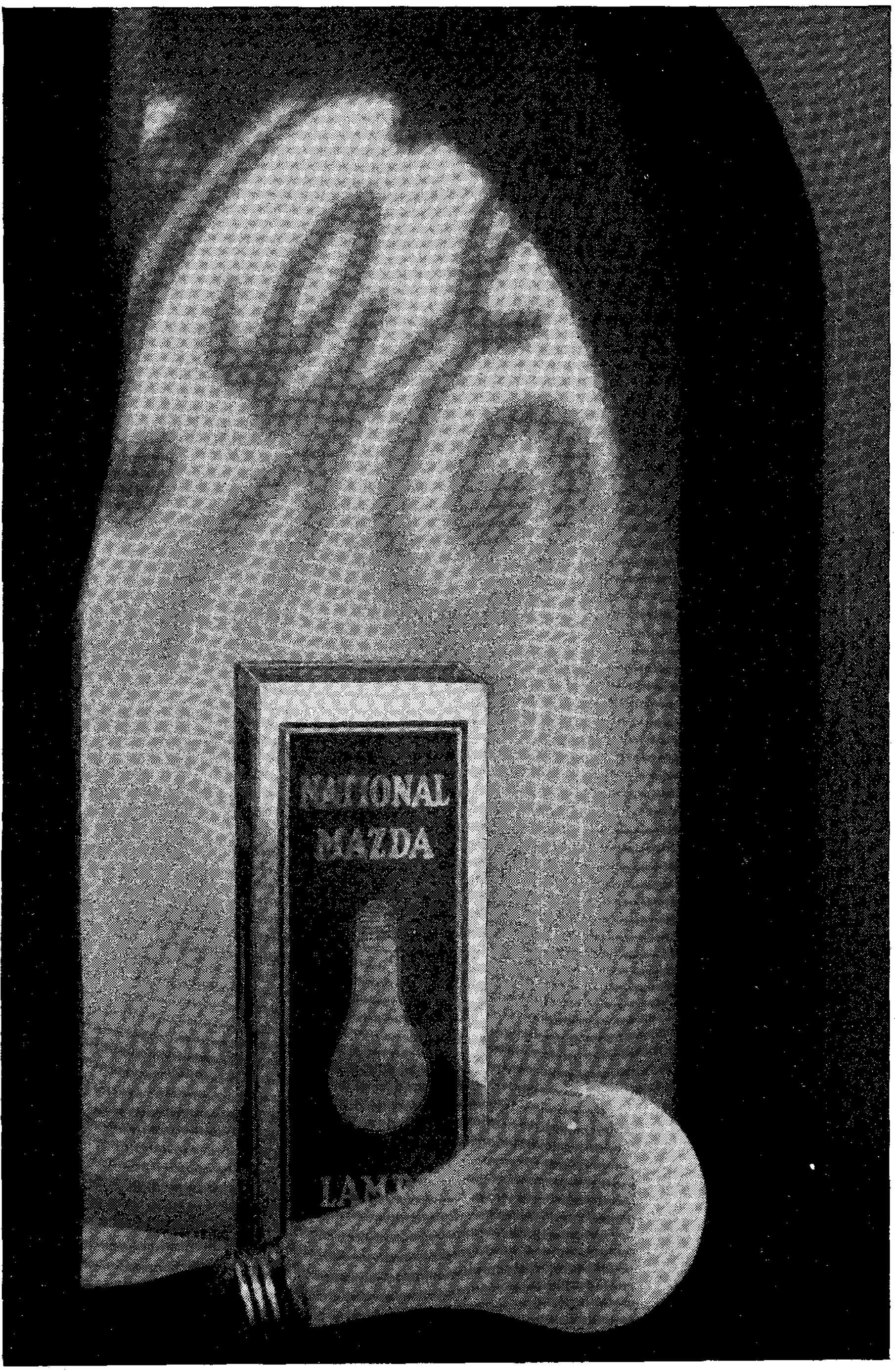

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

what he meant, and, incidentally, he gave it to me as a tag, shortening it to just "Egg." He took one glance at Tom McNamara, the cartoonist, and Thomas was thereafter "Rubber Nose."

W. S. Farnsworth, sports editor of *The Evening Journal*, Tad's own paper, declared that the cartoonist was not only greatest in that field and in that of writing on boxing, but that he was the greatest friend as well. "He either liked you or he despised you. He formed an opinion on first acquaintance. Nothing could make him change that opinion." Continuing in staccato style, giving us this intimate glimpse of Mr. Dorgan, the writer says:

> He was honest to a fault. . . . I do not believe he ever told a lie. . . . Not even a white lie. . . . In the old days when fighting was not legalized in New York bets were paid off on his decision in *The Evening Journal*. . . . Seldom were his decisions wrong. . . . But when they were, the losers paid off cheerfully, for they knew Tad gave it as he saw it.
>
> One of the worst decisions he ever gave was when he declared Leach Cross had outpointed Tom Murphy at the old Ulmer Park Club. . . . But those who had wagered on Murphy paid cheerfully. . . . They knew Tad saw the fight that way.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE POLISH MARRIAGE MARKET

"I WON'T go to the bureau," says the young Polish clerk with decision, as he comes from the telephone.

"But you must," insists his friend in the Warsaw store. "It's the third time this week that they've called."

The clerk becomes choleric. "I won't marry that girl, I tell you! It's not worth it—giving up my liberty for $1,000!"

"Maybe it's another prospect," suggests his friend. "Didn't he promise to get you a girl with looks and money?"

A new light enters the clerk's eyes, we read in *The Outlook and Independent*. "I'll look in at the matrimonial bureau on my way home to-night," he murmurs. Then he returns with apologies for his digression, to his American customer. "That bureau," he says, "has sent me so many impossible propositions lately that I see red whenever they ring up."

The customer, Miss Betty Ross, an American newspaper woman, scents a story on the Polish marriage market. So she asks for more details, giving the impression that she might make personal use of the bureau's services. The obliging clerk tells her further, we read:

> Nowhere else can a young man and woman "with intentions" meet. In these bureaus every one is classified according to his age, means, profession, interests, and knows in advance the taste and qualifications of his feminine prospect. The dowry, he admits, is the main point of interest.

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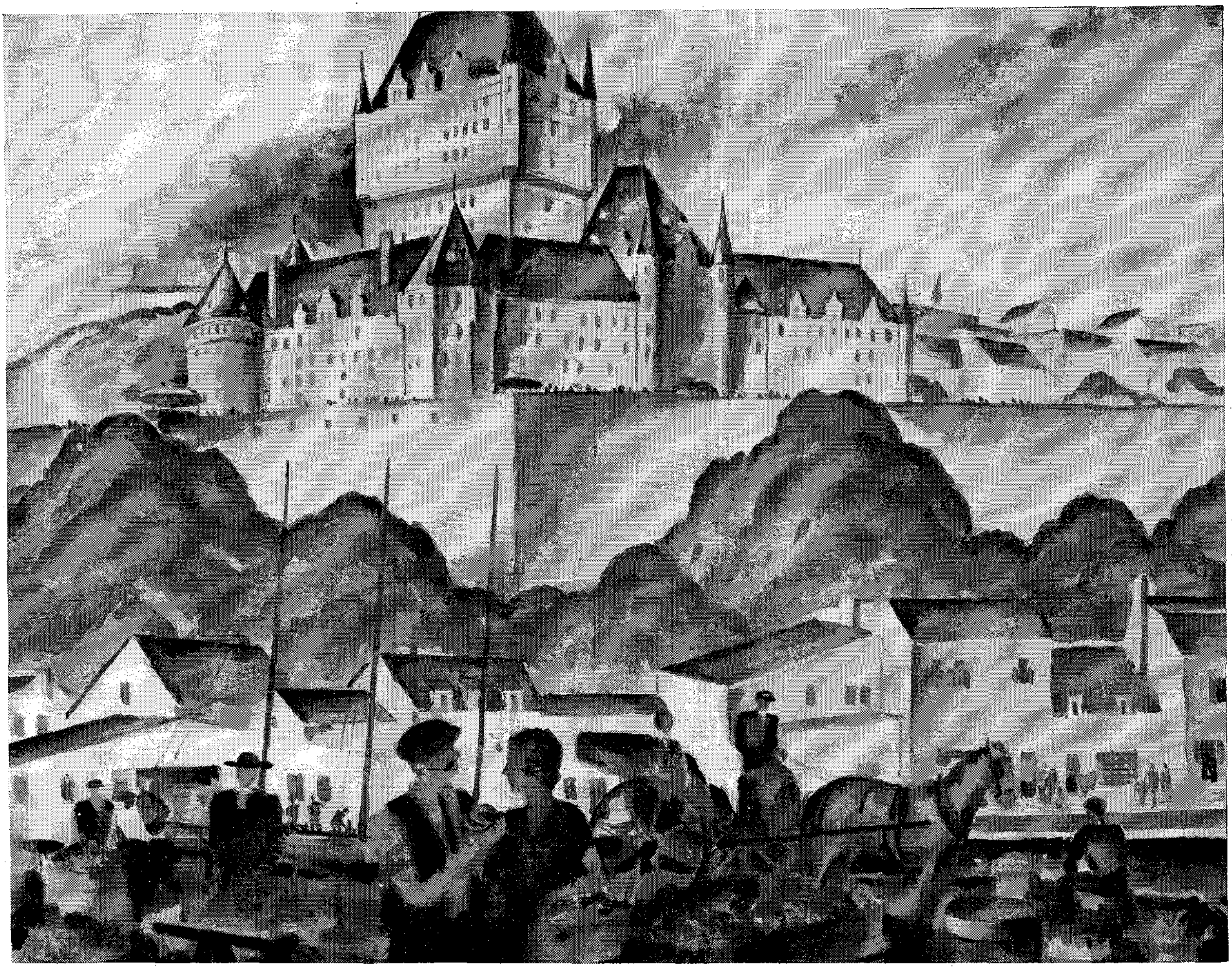
Chateau Frontenac



MOTOR IN MAYTIME TO OLD QUÉBEC

Send your car flying up the fast cement highway to Montreal under a setting moon...wind along the St. Lawrence road past signs that say *"Cotages Americains to let of tourists"*...past villages ever more French, to the tall Norman towers of the Chateau, stateliest of world hotels, high-perched on Diamond Head. No lovelier motor run on the Eastern Seaboard.

In Québec, the French shops to explore, the ancient citadel, the 17th-century Basse Ville, the Montmorency golf course, gay affairs at the Chateau, centre of the old French city's life.

From Québec, what jaunts!...l'Ile d'Orleans, with its Norman farms and exquisite churches in the fields...the red road to Gaspé, where you learn to buy gas in French, and they give you *blanquette de sang* for lunch...Ste. Anne de Beaupre of the miracles...Murray Bay, often called the Newport of Canada...Indian Lorette where Hurons make snow-shoes...and always the delicate beauty of the Northern spring...a lovely land where even the long-wedded become lovers again!

Make a French holiday this Maytime...by motor, or by fast express, leaving New York at night and lunching at the Chateau Frontenac next day.

Full information and reservations at any Canadian Pacific Office, or write to Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada. New York, 344 Madison Ave...Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd...Boston, 405 Boylston St...also Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Montreal, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Toronto, Washington, Winnipeg and 15 other cities in the United States and Canada.

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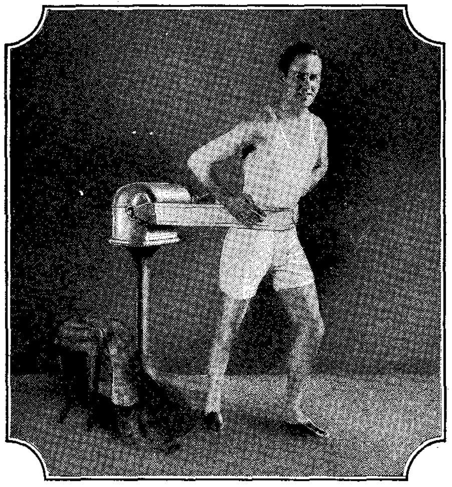

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But you can't expect to get more out of your body than you put into it. That's why thousands of busy men and women faithfully devote 15 minutes a day to pleasurable exercise and conditioning with the Health Builder. They can't afford the handicap of "half-health"!

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Because the Battle Creek Health Builder gives a deep, penetrating massage the deepest organs are stimulated, the heaviest muscles are aroused. And only the Health Builder can give you this essential deep massage, for its action is the result of years of study and research by an eminent physician.

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Just 15 minutes a day of this enjoyable exercise tones up the muscles; corrects irregular and faulty elimination; removes that surplus weight; makes you feel, look and act years younger. And no fatigue or nerve-jar results from using the Battle Creek Health Builder, for it is the only exerciser perfectly synchronized with the normal nerve impulses of the human system.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

but when there are several young women with the same dowry, then personality and background play important rôles.

"And is it considered good taste to go to one of these bureaus?" I ask, "or does one go *sub rosa*, perhaps, under an assumed name?"

He is aghast at my words. "The very best people—the wealthiest women and men—register there. Do you think they would consider marrying some one who wasn't registered and whose qualifications they didn't know?"

"Take me there!" I suggested.

"I should think, in America, a young girl has better chances," he says gallantly, trying to conceal his surprise.

"Maybe she'd rather live in Poland," hazards his friend, the cashier, and when my nod confirms his words, the clerk agrees to take me along to the bureau that evening at six and let me throw my heart into the matrimonial grab-bag at the Polish altar of Hymen.

Cupid's best show-place in Warsaw I found in the Matrimonial Bureau run by Panya Bein, at 10 Nova Senatorska Street. Here, in a fine brownstone house, in a tastefully furnished waiting-room, Bein himself finally receives me.

Not knowing Miss Ross is a writer seeking local color, Bein assumes the purpose of her visit as the usual feminine quest there. So, says the writer, continuing:

Immediately he ushers me into an alcove draped in orange. As tho to assure me subtly that I have come to the right establishment, he tells me his is the largest matrimonial bureau in Warsaw, for, altho he has been operating it only a year, he already has thousands of marriages to his credit. He also has a bureau in Vienna and twenty-seven agents throughout Europe rounding up the best matrimonial prospects on the Continent.

"To-day has been unusually hectic," asserts Bein, wearily running his fingers through his hair. "A big factory owner from Lemberg was in town for a week only and wanted to bring a wife back with him. That meant my advertising the qualifications he wanted in all the newspapers. To-day they all came flocking in and I've been interviewing prospects since early morning."

"Is the bride the manufacturer wants so hard to find?" I ask.

"Well, he wanted her dark-haired, and slim, and to have at least $5,000 cash. That last is what makes it difficult."

"But why does he insist on the $5,000, if he owns such a big factory?"

"So he'll have something with which to run his establishment," came Panya Bein's answer. "It's idle now."

Now that we are on the business end of the subject, the patron leans forward confidentially, asking me: "What kind of a match does your father want?"

I hasten to explain that my father is still happily married to my mother and has never, at least openly, express any desire for a new mate. It is I, comes my assertion, who seek the assistance of this bureau.

"I thought so all along," he replies. "But I asked what type of man your father wants because he's putting up the money, isn't he? Then he's the one we must satisfy."

I confess I do not know my father's choice, but I myself have always been partial to lawyers.

"Risky tastes," he murmurs. "Have you any idea what a lawyer's worth?"

I admit I have not.

"How much dowry will your father give you?"

"Five thousand dollars," I hazard.

Decisively he shakes his head. "That'll never get you a lawyer. Why not forget that, and let me fix you up with a nice business man?"

This time I shake my head. "A lawyer," I murmur.

"You need $10,000 for that. Perhaps, because you are young and evidently well-educated, you can get something for $8,000." His glance takes in my attire, lingering on my sables and diamond ring.

"Are you an American citizen?" he asks suddenly.

I nod affirmatively.

"That's a great help," he adds, "and it may save you some money. Many men come down on their price if it means an opportunity to go to America." He fumbles among the papers on his desk and suddenly produces the photograph of a dark-haired young man with well-cut, regular features. "Like his looks?"

"Nice," I admit.

"He doesn't care whom he marries, if she'll only get him to America. That's how anxious he is to go. He's an engineer."

"Good! Then I get a husband and save my $5,000!" I exclaim, in apparent delight.

But Bein stays her enthusiasm with a deprecating gesture and says:

"Not exactly. You must use your money for ocean passage—on a good ship—have a nice home ready for him when you land, and a store or a business for him to step into."

But I shake my head mournfully. "A lawyer," I murmur.

He shrugs his shoulders helplessly, as tho I were asking a boon even no king could grant.

When I ask what is the most expensive husband of all, he answers: "A merchant," explaining: "Usually they have big factories and, once they get some new capital, can make real money. They command the highest dowry because every one realizes that type of man is really the best investment. His business future is brighter than that of a doctor or lawyer or engineer, who make up the $10,000 class. Sometimes these merchants feel they are worth a handsome dowry because of their fine family connections—ah, that's what makes a difference—that, too, is worth money."

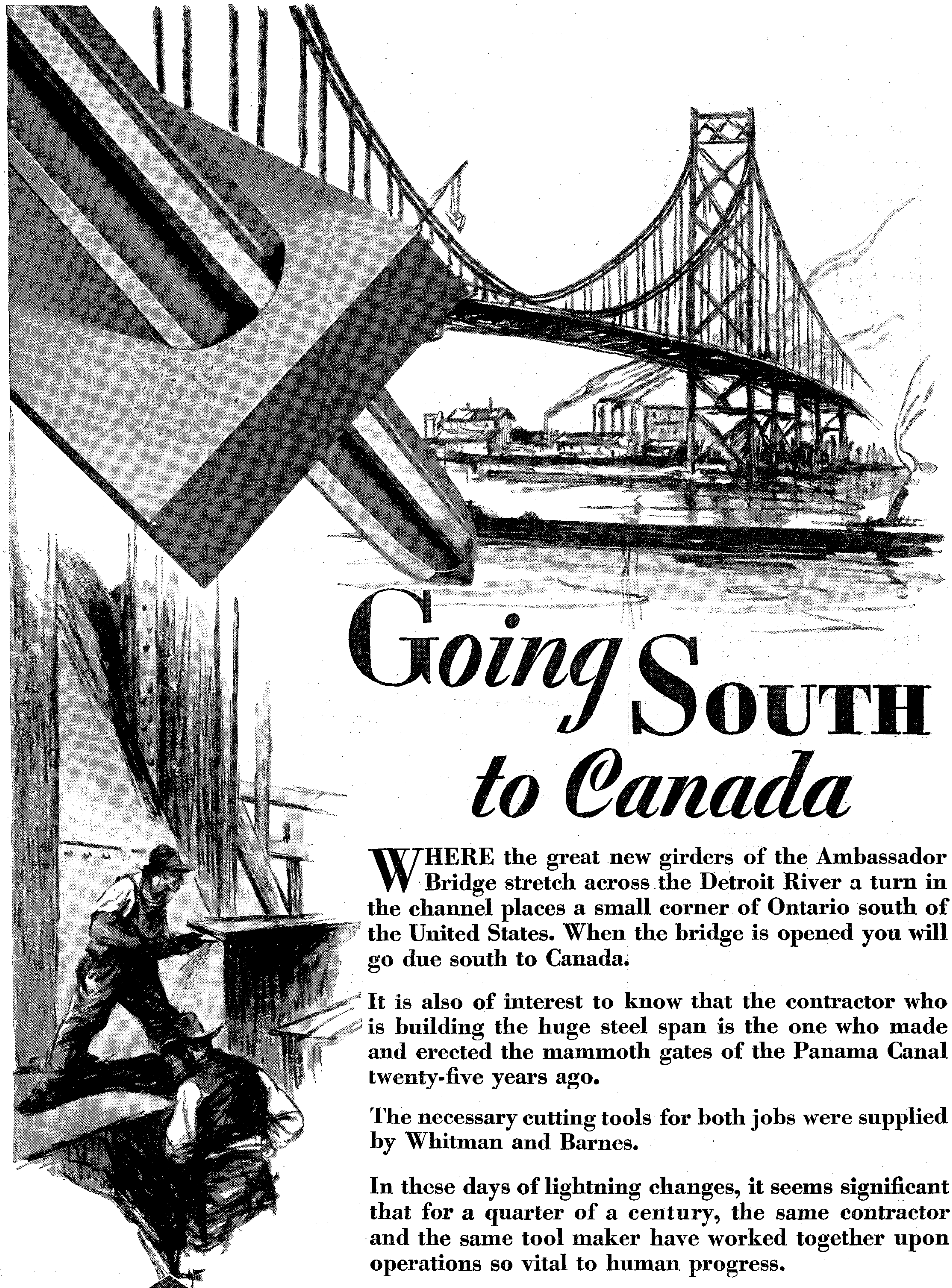
"How do I meet this young man whose photograph you showed me?" comes my next query.

The patron explains that a mutual friend takes me to tea, and so arranges it that the matrimonial prospect chances to enter the same tea-room, is greeted by the mutual friend, asked to join our table, and eventually takes me home.

"The next morning," continues Panya Bein, "you telephone me your opinion of the young man, and he also tells me his impressions of you. If you seem mutually interested, I arrange another meeting. If you both feel you have nothing in common, I let that drop and try another prospect. If you please each other save for a few details, I iron them out, and then the friendship runs along smoothly—"

"Until you dance at the wedding?" I add.

Quickly he shakes his head. "Never. I might be recognized at the wedding and



Going South to Canada

WHERE the great new girders of the Ambassador Bridge stretch across the Detroit River a turn in the channel places a small corner of Ontario south of the United States. When the bridge is opened you will go due south to Canada.

It is also of interest to know that the contractor who is building the huge steel span is the one who made and erected the mammoth gates of the Panama Canal twenty-five years ago.

The necessary cutting tools for both jobs were supplied by Whitman and Barnes.

In these days of lightning changes, it seems significant that for a quarter of a century, the same contractor and the same tool maker have worked together upon operations so vital to human progress.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

that would undo everything. We never show the machinery. It's a love match so far as the rest of the world ever knows. And there are surprizingly few divorces from matches we arrange. Perhaps it's due to the fact that the couples marry with no illusions. They know all about each other even before they meet, and enter matrimony through the gates of common sense. Thus they adjust their lives to each other, and live on happily."

"Which ranks higher as a prospective bride—a maid, divorcée, or widow?" Miss Ross asks the broker. In response:

"If a divorcée is attractive," answers Panya Bein, rubbing his hands, "nothing is held against her. But a widow, ah, a widow! She is in the highest demand, for every one knows it is not her fault that her husband died, and yet she has experience."

"Which is a woman's chief asset here, personality, looks, or money?" I query.

That, he tells me, is difficult to answer, for all three are important.

"But without money?"

"Everything is impossible," he assures me.

HOW JOSEPH "KETCHED" A WILDCAT WITH A WALLOP

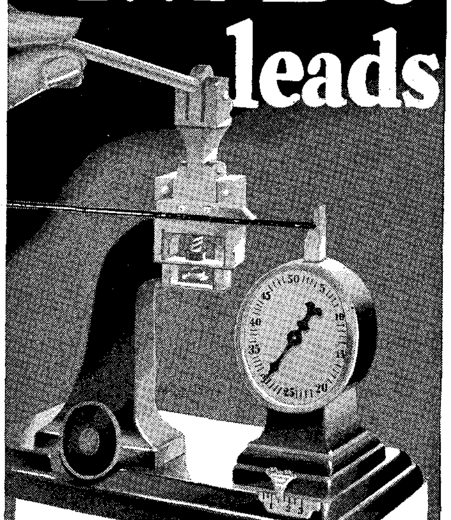
SWATHED in gunny-sacks, armored with stovepipes, shod with waffle-irons, Joseph advanced to battle. Not even a Bengal tiger, let alone a South Carolina bobcat, could have fought off that assortment of junk, Robert H. Davis tells us in the New York *Sun.* Mr. Davis is well known as a newspaper man, editor, and playwright. He is particularly famous for his friendship with O. Henry. Some devotees of the sport of wildcat catching, he tells us, thought that Joseph was too well protected for sportsmanship, that he should give the animal a better chance to hurt him. But their protests were unavailing. Canny Joseph was taking no chances. The regulations, as explained by Mr. Davis in his dispatch from Beaufort County, South Carolina, were different. Said the writer's informant:

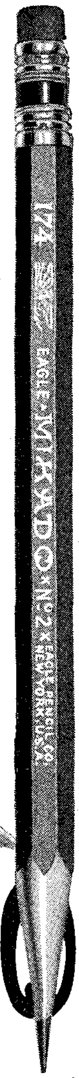
"Yass'r, we all gwine do dis here cat-catchin' wid jus' what we got on; and a pair of gloves. Dat what de regulashums calls for. All what we is fixin' fo' to do is to go into de cage, one man at a time, place de cat inside de bag, and win de cash money prize."

As I was one of a party of white folks that for two hours had been following the wildcat matadors of Beaufort County through the sylvan dells in the hope of being present when one of the five picked darkies came to grips with and conquered a ferocious yellow-eyed beast of the Southern jungle, it seemed proper that some particulars be secured.

"What are the rules and regulations for fighting this cat?" I asked of the loquacious Jeff Jukes, who appeared to be in charge of the ceremonies. "Are you supposed to go up a tree after 'em?"

"Na-a-a-suh. De cat is situationed in a cage, which we, de gladiators, steps into one at a time. De wildcat, which ain't





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had nuffin' to eat fo' a whole week, comes runnin' and de battle is on. Whichever black man is de whichest and can put de enemy in de bag gets de one hundred dolla' bill."

"Who puts up the hundred?" I inquired.

"De spec-tators," answered Jeff.

He caught my swift nose-counting glance among those present and hastened to add that other delegations were approaching the arena from several points of the compass. "Us is a drawin' card among de white folks an' dey pays easy. Is yo' ever seen a wildcat met face to face by a strong man an' put away in de bag? Naw? Den, mista, you ain't never been 'round a real commotion. Hot damn."

Through the pale barriers of April verdure, which was tinting the landscape, we prest our way, arriving at last in an open space occupied by a country schoolhouse. A few jitney autos were parked with a pile of school desks under the trees, while a small group of animated Crackers held a convention on the steps of the embryo college. In the background was a mixed contingent of yaps suffering in the grip of the far-famed inferiority complex. Like myself they had reached a state of hesitation that was actually painful. An air of mystery pervaded the school campus and my queries awakened nothing but disdain.

Some tinhorn betting started in the woodshed, but the bookies broke up for lack of plungers. For some reason, a lull had settled upon the scene. I followed a Cracker over to the schoolhouse and with him peered into the window. One corner of the classroom was partitioned off so as to form a twenty-foot cage of chicken wire. The arena was so situated that it left a ten-foot space on either side. A door opened into the cage from an adjoining anteroom. Crouched on the floor was a twenty-seven-pound bobcat, whose eyes glistened like moss agates. At intervals, the feline looked around, bared its fangs, and hissed like a serpent.

"When does the baggin' begin?" I asked a Cracker.

"Don't look to me like none of these black scoundrels wants for to go into that cat's claws," was his reply. "I reckon they ain't no dough in sight. Y'hear comes the jedge. Ask him."

Murmurs of dissent arose during which several cat fighters made a getaway, one at a time, until the schoolyard was empty of gladiators.

Loud jeering set in at these defections, interrupted by the arrival of a gaunt negress who announced in a solemn voice that "ma son Joseph done come to grapple wid dat cat. Whar' de money?" That started things off again, and we read:

The sum of fifteen dollars represented all the cash in sight. Joseph would do his stuff for that amount. A bellow from his maternal parent brought Joe into the open. He looked like a deep-sea diver done up in burlap and clanked like a general hardware store. Over his head he wore a tin bucket, perforated to admit air. A pair of Ford tires crossing from either side of his neck, riveted at his chest, passed under his armpits well down to the hips and protected his torso.

Swaths of gunny-sack added to his athletic proportions and partly fortified his arms. A skeptical spectator tapped Joe's legs with a walking-stick and established the fact that stovepipe joints had been substituted for leggings. His feet, wrapt in sacking, gave substantial support to the

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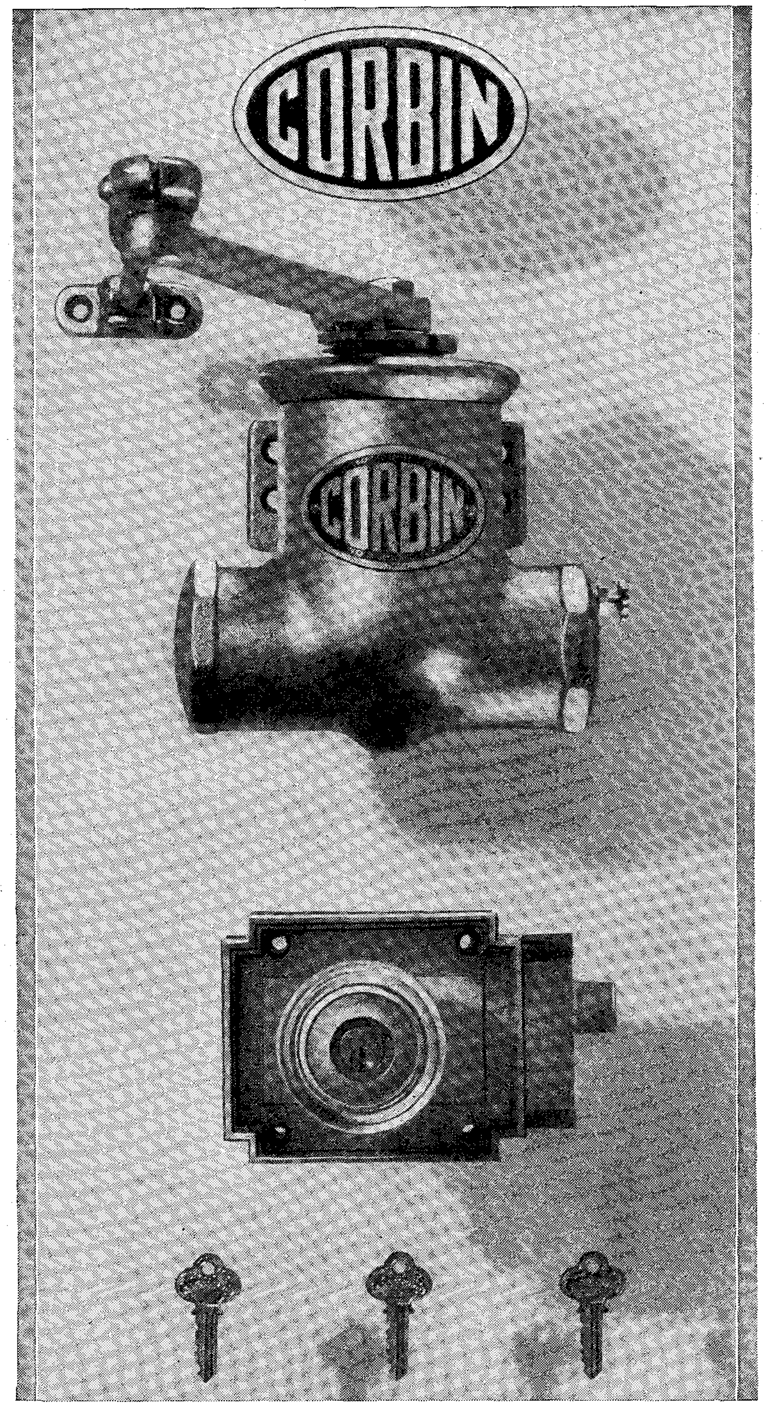

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

rumor that Joe was shod with a pair of waffle-irons. The "jedge" demanded the prescribed dress, but was overwhelmed by public disapproval. Joe's mother without further delay opened the cage and tossed her offspring to the lion, so to speak. Moving with the grace of a freight-train and clanking like one, Joe hurled himself upon the bobcat, planting a waffle-iron in the rich fur of the creature's quivering belly.

After a few passes Joseph got the cat in chancery, slipt the gunny-sack under the writhing animal and caught not only the cat but a waffle-iron and two lengths of stovepipe leg armor. By stepping on the bobcat's face with the left waffle-iron, Joe managed to disengage his foot and close the mouth of the sack. Success! Thus Joseph "ketched" the wildcat and grabbed $15.

It took a plumber armed with a cold chisel, a tire bar, and a pair of tin shears fifteen minutes to get Joe out of his fighting togs. It can not be said truthfully that the bloods of Beaufort County, South Carolina, are lacking in the appreciation of sturdy sports and pastimes. Come easy, go easy.

WAS COLUMBUS'S VOYAGE A PAYING VENTURE IN THE LONG RUN?

CALCULATED at compound interest, in other words, would the $6,000 overhead involved in the most famous of transatlantic trips (prior to Lindbergh's) have yielded a better return if invested in some "*safer*" and more orthodox manner? That singular question was suggested to the mind of a DIGEST reader by an item in our columns, and it plunged him into a series of severe arithmetical struggles—at least, they would have seemed severe to some of us—with results which he sets forth in the following letter:

1727 Spring Garden St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
April 5, 1929.

THE LITERARY DIGEST,
New York City.

DEAR SIRS: Att. *Editorial Dept.*

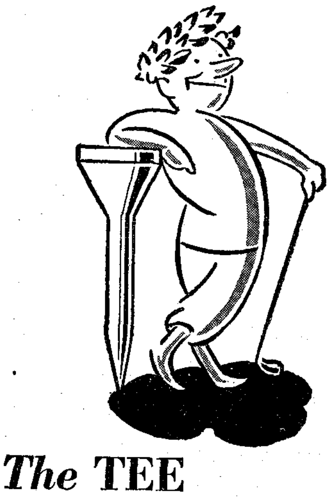
In THE LITERARY DIGEST of April 6, under the heading "Topics in Brief," occurs the following comment:

"Documents found in Genoa indicate that the trip of Columbus to discover America cost $6,000. The interest return has been pretty fair."

This, of course, was meant for a joke, but I thought it would be interesting to find out what $6,000 deposited in a bank in 1492 would now amount to with accrued interests. I remembered the familiar story of the man who went to the farmer and made a contract with him for one month, starting to work for him for a penny the first day and doubling his wages each successive day. The amount is startling at the end of the month, being about $5,000,000 on the last day. I, therefore, based my calculations on a rate of interest sufficient to double the principal six times within the century, and on this basis I obtained the following figures:

The amount for 1925 would be $402,655,184,000, while that for 1929 would be approximately 500 billion dollars.

According to the Government Loan



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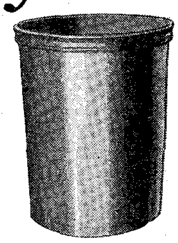

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Organization, the estimated wealth of the United States on February 1, 1921, was $300,000,000,000. Other estimates vary up to 400 billion. Therefore the total value of both North and South America together would closely approximate the above figures, and consequently Columbus could have obtained about the same returns for his money had he deposited it in a bank in Europe.

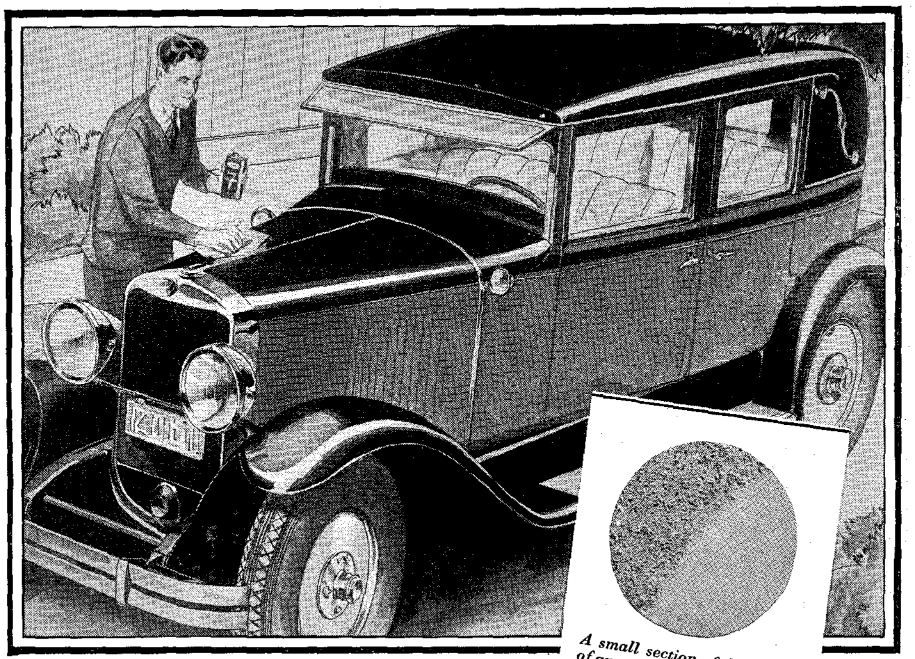
I submit the above, as I thought it might be of interest to you.

Very truly yours,
WM. M. STRONG, JR.

WHAT HAPPENS TO REFORMERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

WEAR such ugly clothes? Go to all that bother? Not on our lives, said the South Sea Islanders. And the chief who had been struck with reforming zeal almost lost his leadership in the same way that King Amanullah found trouble in Afghanistan when he tried to modernize his people. The chief had come back from a mission station with a stock of European clothes, Jack McLaren tells us in an article in the New York *World* Magazine on the South Sea Islanders' lack of desire to change their ways. The chief intimated "that henceforth the people were not to run around more or less nude, as they had always done, but were to wear clothes 'all-same white men,' including boots and hats." At first all seemed to go well, but finally, we read:

> The people declared against the scheme, giving as their reasons that washing the clothes would be more laborious than washing the body; that boots merely impeded the action of the feet; that a man did not need the protection of a hat when he had a great thick head of hair, as all the natives had; and that, altogether, European clothes were strikingly ugly, especially the trousers, which looked ridiculous besides.
>
> Hinting that they doubted whether a chief who sought to inflict such things on his people really had their interests at heart, they threw away most of the hats and boots and ripped the other garments into ribbons wherewith to decorate themselves at the tribal feasts and dances. And the chief was wise enough to drop his reforms and let matters go on as they had gone on before.
>
> Another reaction against ill-timed progress took place in one of the Torres Strait islands, off the New Guinea coast, and the disturbance was caused by the Australian administration nominating native councilors to manage the island—a plan to teach the islanders self-government. Many of the islanders objected to certain of their fellows being raised above them by an outside authority, and there were violent quarrels, often ending in bloodshed. In fact, a blood-feud arose and became so acute that half of the villagers shifted their belongings and started a village on a different part of the island. Peace was restored in the end, however, and the scheme of self-government was eventually accepted. The native councilors nowadays are respected and rather pompous persons who see nothing ridiculous in the fact that usually their sole costume consists of a red guernsey bearing across the chest in large white letters the word "Councilor."
>
> Then there is the case of a New Guinea chief I knew who after a trip to civilization,



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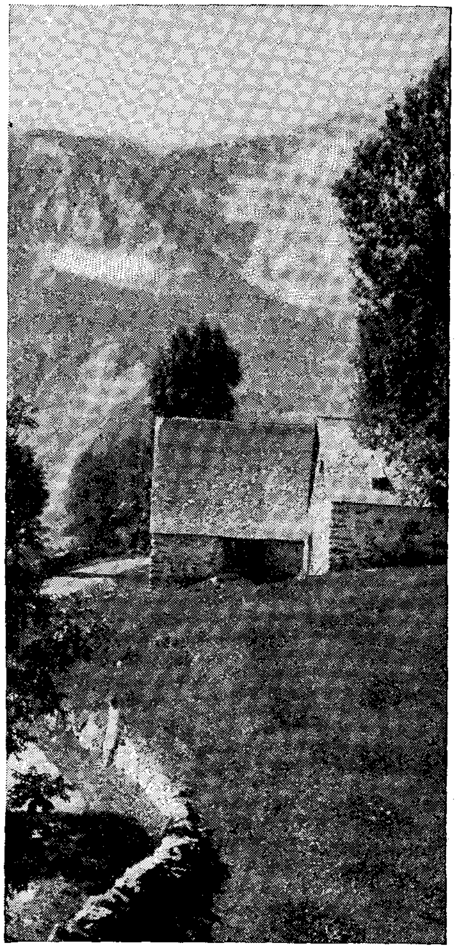

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

which taught him much about vermin and their relation to personal cleanliness, ordered the people of the village to cut short their hair. Now, New Guinea natives, particularly the young men, are intensely proud of their hair, which in many cases makes a mop two feet or more across, and the chief's order caused a great uproar. The people threatened him with all kinds of violence, from sudden death to slow torture, and the village sorcerer was employed to threaten him with various mysterious ills. They even set fire to his house. His pet pig was found one morning mysteriously slain, and two of his dogs were poisoned.

At another island I stept right into the middle of a revolt caused by a native missionary having insisted that the people sleep in beds, instead of on the floor or on the ground, as was their custom. They were gathered about the missionary, telling him angrily that, being accustomed to rolling freely about the floor, they continually fell off the beds and hurt themselves. They declared emphatically they would not sleep on such dangerous scaffoldings any more. I suggested they put sides to the beds like those of a ship's bunk, and in the end they agreed to do it.

At Cape York, in far-northern Australia, where, the only white, the writer spent eight years establishing a coconut plantation, he thought he would try his hand at improving the lot of the exceedingly primitive blacks. He tried it in this way, we learn:

I decided I would cure them of their habit of living by the chase, change their nomadic ways in general and make agriculturists of them. To this end I gave them plots of land, and seeds and plants, and taught them tillage. I put a lot of time and effort into the undertaking, but it was a complete failure. After a very little while the people refused to go on, saying that hunting was a quicker means of obtaining food than waiting for it to grow, and that it was plain foolishness to take all this trouble to make things grow when the jungle was full of fruits and things which could be had for the picking, and that they were very angry with me for introducing such a scheme. And that was the end of that. In setting out to change the habits of such well-established nomads, I had attempted the impossible.

At times the would-be reformers have been women. In the mountainous interior of New Guinea I came across one such. Her special brand of reform was the abolition of a new tribal dance which had been introduced from the coast and was rapidly becoming popular. When I first saw her she was standing on the high veranda of a thatched house in the center of the village, vigorously telling a mostly naked crowd of about 200 squatted on the ground below that the old dances were quite good enough for the proud people of the hills, and that there was something evil in this new dance, as it called for the women to be completely clothed, which was not the right way for women to dance! For hours she kept it up, stamping and gesticulating all the time, and when the attention of the crowd seemed to waver, she signaled to a number of grotesquely painted persons near her to beat loudly on the drums. She

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was definitely magnetic, and I learned later she was the daughter of a long line of fighting chiefs. Her efforts resulted in creating considerable disfavor for the new dance, for a time. But after a while her influence waned and the dance was taken up again.

At a blacks' camp in a remote part of tropical Australia, an aboriginal girl who had been employed as a domestic servant at a distant town conceived the idea of teaching her brethren to live as she had seen white people live. The tribes took no heed at all of her advice.

In one of the lesser known of the Solomon Islands, "where sorcery is a highly lucrative form of blackmail, practised exclusively by males," a native woman caused a tremendous sensation by announcing she had "discovered a new and infinitely more powerful form of the art." Quoting further:

> The other sorcerers denounced her as an impostor, and the villagers took sides. There were many fights. Finally a test of skill was arranged, the male sorcerers to use their charms and spells to destroy the woman, the woman to use her charms and spells to destroy the males. News of the contest spread widely, and crowds of natives from distant villages came to watch. But just when all was ready, a government patrol arrived and announced that a charge of murder would follow the mysterious death of any one on either side. That ended the contest, and the visitors went home with a distinct grievance against the patrol, who, they considered, had cheated them out of a legitimate entertainment and caused them to make a long journey for nothing.

WHEN TROTZKY'S LANDLADY PUT HIM OUT

DISSENSION over the bathroom caused the trouble. The German roomers complained of the Russian roomers, and the latter got notice to leave. That was in Vienna in 1909. "I thought he would be angry with me for giving this notice," said the landlady. "No. He accepted it without any remark." That was because, in the words of this landlady, Frau Rosa Spiess, "Herr Trotzky was a nice man. Who would have imagined that he would turn out to be such a dangerous Bolshevik!" Trotzky's exile from Soviet Russia has set the friends of his Vienna days before the war recalling him as he was before he rose to fame with Lenin. Among them is this landlady who remembers him kindly. Frau Spiess is apparently a woman who by no means accepts the Socialist idea of life, we are told by M. W. Fodor, head of the Vienna bureau of the New York *Evening Post*, writing in that paper, and continuing:

> In her parlor were the small busts of the late Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress Elisabeth, and the two statues stood, as I learned from the lady, in the antechamber leading to Trotzky's rooms. While the enemy of royalties, Trotzky was compelled to hang his hat between the statues of an emperor and empress. The poor landlady could not have dreamed in 1908 that her tenant would be responsible

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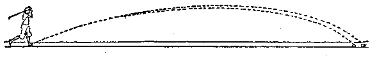

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

one day for the execution of another imperial family.

Frau Rosa Spiess continued:

"He was registered under the name Leo Bronstein. That was his real name. But he wrote under the name Trotzky. He was a quiet, nice fellow, always polite, always making compliments. He had a good-looking man in those days, with his little beard and hair combed straight up. He was poor, very poor. I hated to give notice to him and his family, but the thing came like this:

"You know, I rented two rooms and a kitchen to the Trotzky family, and next to them lived some very pedantic Reichs-German people. The Trotzky children were quite young, one had just been born at that time, and Mrs. Trotzky had to do a lot of washing. Now the ante-room and the other supplementary things were used by both families. The Germans always complained that Frau Trotzky, when pouring out the water, after washing, made a mess in the bathroom, and the Germans were exacting, order-loving tenants. The Germans, for example, paid up on the first of every month; Trotzky never paid before the fifteenth or sixteenth of each month. He said the letters took such a long time from Russia. But for this reason I never would have put them out. The Germans, however, always complained about the dirt in the ante-room, and I had to serve Trotzky notice in 1909.

"He showed no anger or ill-will to me because of this notice. Other tenants shout and protest. He did nothing of that sort. In fact, when I saw him a year later in the streets of Vienna, he stopt me and asked about my health and my family. And when we separated, he lifted his hat and said: 'Madame, I call myself happy for having had an occasion to meet you once more.'

"Yet when he lived at my place I had no idea he was a Bolshevik. The only thing that struck me as strange was that the latch on the door of the second room was missing, and when I asked him where it was, he answered: 'The children tore it off, but if we leave, I will have it fastened on again.' He must have had his secret documents in that room."

Yet Leo Bronstein-Trotzky did not spend much time at his home in the Sieveringerstrasse. In the morning he visited the Café Central, in those days one of the foremost and best cafés of Vienna. Let us hear the story of the head waiter as told to Mr. Fodor:

"*Ja*, Herr Trotzky sat here at this table day after day. In the morning he read the papers. You know all foreign papers we keep here. He read first the Vienna newspapers, then the French, British, Russian, Czech, and naturally all the Socialist papers he could get. In the afternoon he played chess. They say that he was an excellent player.

"He consumed little, but sat here all the longer. Every Thursday the Russian Nihilists had their meeting in the Arkadenhof part of the café. Trotzky played the leading part among them. There were always fifty to sixty of them. Once I counted even seventy. Good customers, they were. Consumed a lot of tea and coffee, and gave good tips. You know in

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this Arkadenhof the famous Austrian writer, Peter Altenberg, used to sit. His picture is on the wall, as you see."

"Trotzky has not got a picture there yet?" I asked.

The waiter looked at me:

"Oh, you must distinguish. Herr Altenberg was a great poet, but Herr Trotzky only a Bolshevik."

Trotzky's friends in the Café Central, especially in the afternoon, were by no means Communists or even politicians. One of his best friends in Vienna was Dr. Alfred Adler, the famous psychoanalyst. Dr. Adler's wife was a Russian, and through her the psychoanalyst met the Russian revolutionary. Dr. Adler liked to converse with the brilliant and highly educated young Russian émigré. Dr. Carl Furtmueller, now a councilor of the Vienna Municipality, was another friend. Mme. Alice Furtmueller was a born Russian and an enemy of the Czarist oppression.

The great and important political friend of Trotzky in Vienna was Adolph Joffe, the later People's Commissar and Ambassador of Soviet Russia in the Far East. Joffe came from a rich manufacturing family, and he was a wealthy man even in the emigration. It was Joffe who kept the otherwise destitute Trotzky. They, together, founded the *Pravda* in Vienna, and Joffe financed the publication of this paper.

But the gifts received from Joffe were enough to keep the Trotzky family just "going," and it often happened that Trotzky had no money to pay for his cup of coffee in the Central. As a result, we read:

Frequently he remained in debt for weeks. And, if the head waiter refused to give more credit, he had to change his headquarters to the Café Wien, opposite the university (now Café Schottenhof). When Trotzky obtained new funds from somewhere he paid up his debts and returned to the Café Central.

After 1909 he was often absent from Vienna. He went to Geneva to meet Lenin, or to congresses in Paris. But the years before the war were spent mostly in the Austrian capital. Since 1912 Lenin was also living in Austria, in Cracow (now Poland). Lenin preferred to be in the proximity of Russia. Propaganda could be smuggled most easily from Cracow, which then was on the Russian border. In these days before the war the attempts of Trotzky were to play the impartial umpire between Bolsheviki and Mensheviki (Minority and Majority Socialists) and to bring about a reconciliation between the two groups.

Then came the war in July, 1914. Lenin was arrested by the Austrians as a Russian spy, but was released at the intervention of the Austrian Socialist leader, Dr. Victor Adler. Trotzky again made his escape from Austria and went to Zurich, where he lived at No. 18 Eckehardtstrasse.

His departure was so hurried that he had forgotten to pay his debts in the Café Central, we are told, and this caused his absence to be mourned with great sincerity. Thus we read on:

"I had great hopes of seeing my money back," said the head waiter to me, "when Herr Bronstein became such a big man under the name Trotzky. But, somehow, he must have forgotten his debts. And now he is again in exile. There is not much hope to see my money back."

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FEWER BUT BIGGER BANKS

THE move toward banking mergers seems to be gaining momentum as the financial press report more than 125 consolidations during the first quarter of 1929, forty-two of them involving total assets of $12,000,000,000 or about one-sixth of the total resources of all the banks in the United States. *The American Banker* lists 629 bank mergers last year. It is due to this growing tendency that in spite of our increase in wealth, population, and business activity, we actually have fewer banks than we had in 1914. According to figures appearing in the press there were 26,765 banks in 1914 with total resources of $26,971,400,000; in 1921 there were 30,812 banks with resources of $46,671,390,000; and in 1928 there were only 26,213 banks, but their total resources amounted to $71,574,328,000. Never before in our financial history, says a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, have bank mergers "rushed together as they are now doing as if ordered by an omnipotent power." "Negotiations for mergers always are in order," remarks a New York banker.

This urge to consolidate does not seem to stir the popular protest that the industrial trust movement did a few years ago. All in all, comments the Minneapolis *Tribune* in the Middle West, "the country has reason to survey with satisfaction a trend which strengthens the position of the investor, stabilizes business conditions, and accelerates industrial growth." As the Irving Trust Company of New York notes in a recent bulletin:

> Legal and financial aspects of merger have become less and less difficult. Interpretation of the anti-trust laws is more liberal. Investment houses find a ready market for securities to finance consolidations, because of public confidence in the economies of large-scale operations.

Three great trends in banking to-day are pointed to by the writer of a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from San Francisco in course of a discussion of a recent notable merger:

> 1. The rapid trend toward giant consolidations.
>
> 2. The trend toward national branch banking. Altho proper legislation may not come for five to ten years, preparations are now being made by banking leaders everywhere through furtherance of chain banking, for the approving legislation. That the legislation will come sooner or later is regarded as inevitable.
>
> 3. Formation of department stores of banking. Banks will now absorb giant investment banking houses, in addition to the many present functions, performance of which ten years ago would have been regarded as banking heresy. Building and loan associations, investment trust and other such organizations may all come into the arms of the gigantic banks.

It is this "rapid trend toward giant consolidations" which is taken by the Editorial Research Reports of Washington as the basis of a special study with a view of finding out the chief impetus behind it and its significance for the future. Consolidations in the industrial field have resulted in the main, we read, "from the endeavor to bring about greater efficiency and reductions in overhead through centralized management." But it seems that in the field of banking these factors have played only a minor part. The functions of a bank, we are reminded, are primarily these: "(1) to serve as a repository for those who entrust funds to it, and (2) to provide funds and credit for developing industrial needs." In England there has grown up a division of function, the leading deposit banks being strictly divided from the investment banks and banks of issue. In this country, while the separation has not been so strict, our banks have, in the main, concentrated their efforts along one or the other of these lines. So a leading object of recent mergers has been to bring these two functions under the same management. For instance, the Farmers Loan and Trust Company of New York has been known for a hundred years as a custodian of funds, while the National City Bank has been primarily an investment house. Now comes the merger between the two which was announced last month. As we read:

> The merger plan indicates that there will be an interlocking board of directors, with Charles E. Mitchell as chairman of both boards. The two banks will continue as separate institutions doing a merged business. Thus their activities will supplement each other. A great corporation wishing to float a gilt-edge bond issue may turn to the National City Bank, which through its direct connection with the Farmers Loan and Trust Company will be able to dispose of a substantial part of the issue with a minimum of expense. The Farmers Loan and Trust Company, at the same time, will become more attractive as a custodian of large trust funds as a result of its ability to command choice investments.
>
> The advantages of this kind of merger have ramifications far beyond those immediately involved in the joining of the borrowing and lending functions. It diversifies and supplements the activities of the bank. Through one channel will flow funds seeking investments, and through another investments seeking funds. The cream of both can be combined to make a stronger institution—one that will develop and retain a huge clientele. Such a combination has inherent qualities for growth. It will attract a clientele which seeks service with a minimum of waste, and the largest return consistent with safety.
>
> The merger of the Bank of Commerce and the Guaranty Trust Company of New York is of precisely the same sort. The

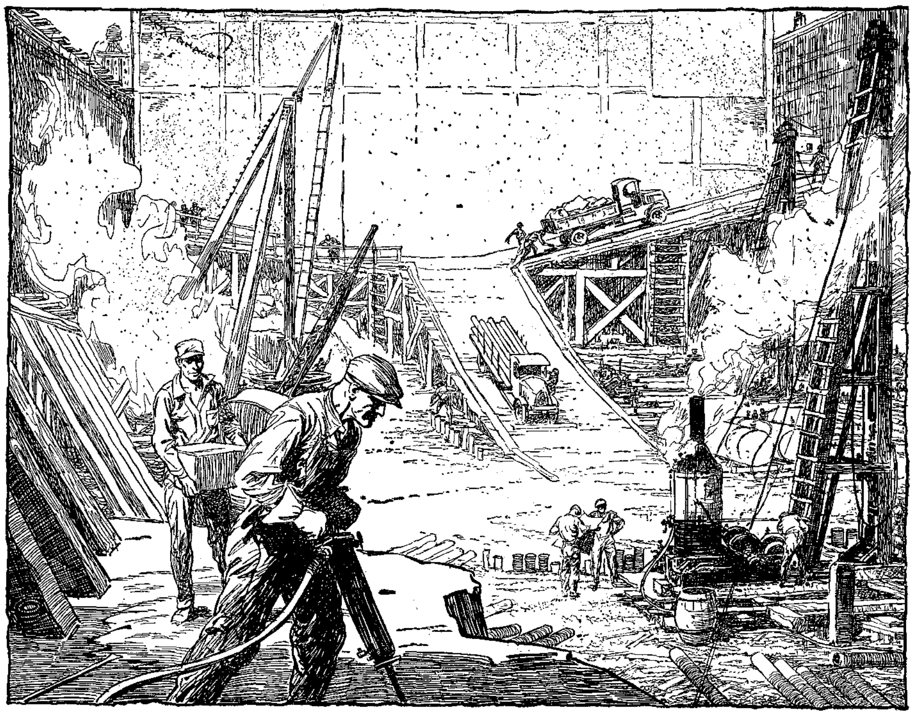
> statement that announced the consolidation stated that among its advantages would be "a wide extension of activities along banking, trust and investment lines."
>
> Similar observations may be made of the merger of the security business of Blair and Company with the Bancamerica Corporation and the Bank of America "which numbers many of the largest banks of England and continental Europe as its depositors."
>
> The importance that has come to be attached by the banks to the development under the same management of deposit and investment business is evidenced by the close cooperation that exists between large banks and the new and rapidly developing investment trust corporations. These corporations are designed to attract the funds of investors, both large and small, who wish to accept a part interest in a diversified investment portfolio. The investment trust purchases a variety of securities, and in their stead issues its own securities to investors seeking safety in diversification. These trusts are able to tap funds for investment and are therefore regarded as valuable adjuncts by the investment banks, which underwrite security issues.

Another notable factor is the necessity of having big banks to take care of the needs of big business. When the International Acceptance Bank was consolidated with the Bank of the Manhattan Company, Paul Warburg, Chairman of the Board of the Acceptance Bank, said:

> I believe it is safe to say that the evolution in the industrial field, to a certain degree at least, is responsible for a similar development in the field of banking, because the gigantic form assumed by industrial corporations on both sides of the Atlantic renders their banking requirements so large and so all-encompassing that only banks with gigantic resources of their own are able to offer them commensurate facilities.

This point is illustrated in the study we are quoting by reference to the lending capacity of the National City Bank of New York:

> In 1928 this bank had a capital of 75 million dollars. The size of the largest loan that may be made by a bank to one borrower is limited by law to 10 per cent. of its capital funds. The maximum loan that could be extended to one borrower by the National City Bank on the basis of its capital stock was 7.5 million dollars. This seems a sizable loan, but when the requirements of some of the larger business corporations are considered, it is clear that a 7.5-million-dollar loan may be wholly inadequate. Thus the sales during 1928 of Sears, Roebuck and Company totaled 347 million dollars; of the Woolworth Company, 287 million dollars; of the General Motors Corporation, 237 million dollars; and of the Goodyear Tire Company, 233 million dollars. Scores of other corporations may be cited whose sales run into nine figures and whose credit requirements may exceed the loaning ability of the largest bank. It has been necessary for such corporations to divide their borrowings among many banks when the legal lending capacity of one bank is exhausted. And it is necessary also for them to distribute such deposit or investment opportunities as they may have among the banks that serve



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In order to increase its loaning capacity, the National City Bank increased its capital in the autumn of last year from 75 million to 90 million dollars, and this year made another increase to 100 million dollars, retaining another 110 million dollars as surplus, thus making the sum upon which loans may be figured well over 200 million dollars. The new consolidation with the Farmers Loan and Trust Company still further increases the capital and surplus to nearly 250 million dollars.

Other banks have likewise increased their single-borrower loaning capacity by increasing their capitalization, by merging with other institutions, or by both methods. The Chase National Bank has increased its capital from 50 to 60 million dollars; the Irving National Bank from 32 to 40 million dollars—and within a few weeks added another 35 million dollars. The Guaranty Trust Company increased its capital from 30 to 40 million dollars just prior to the merger with the Bank of Commerce, which augmented the capital and surplus to nearly 180 million dollars.

This list could be greatly extended to show the expansion in capitalization that has been undertaken by important banks to provide large-scale business enterprises with adequate credit. Merging has been one of the means taken to develop the credit capacity of banking institutions, and the expansion of capitalization and surpluses has had much the same motivation as the force behind the mergers.

Other minor factors cited are a desire to avoid failure; the desire to acquire a name "—the Bank of America, it is asserted, was taken over because of its name—" and the need of acquiring branches. The merging of the Chase National Bank with the American Express Company illustrates the endeavor of a New York bank to reach for foreign business through the draft department of the express company." Finally, we read:

> The merging of trust business with investments, the increase in the financial strength of leading banks, the reaching out for branch banks and international connections, all have a significant bearing upon the future of American business. It is wholly hackneyed to say that it is important for an industry to be well allied with the proper kind of bank. This is a first principle of big business. With the further concentration of banks, and the consequent narrowing of the field, these connections will assume an importance hitherto unknown. Competing business enterprises can be aided or ruined through their alliances or lack of alliances with the proper banks. Heretofore the competition for banking business has been keen. There has been no monopoly of capital. When credit was declined by one institution, there were others that sought sound investments. There is as yet nothing to indicate that this free play of capital will be checked, yet the developing consolidation, the merging of banks, the disappearance of important institutions, can have but one final result: the concentration of credit control—and of an immense power

over business—in the hands of a relatively few men at the head of the banking community.

Nor is this entirely an urban development. As *The American Banker* reminds us:

> The bank-merger movement is most active in the agricultural communities of the country, where its most beneficial effects are hoped for. Thus during last year there were 31 bank mergers in Iowa, 28 in Kansas, 30 in Minnesota, 48 in Missouri, 16 in Nebraska, 30 in Illinois, 38 in Indiana, 22 in Ohio, and 44 in Texas. Several of these States have had an unusual number of bank suspensions within recent years, but have now reached sounder conditions toward which the consolidation of banks is contributing no little added strength.

Bank-examining authorities have been actively persuading country bankers to consolidate where conditions seem to call for it, we read on; "and this activity has been possible only since public opinion has become more tolerant of the removal of competition among the banks." And the banking daily concludes:

> The prospect is that mergers of interior banks will continue to go on and, perhaps, at an accelerated pace. Every consideration of sounder foundations and better service propels the process. It is not a move in the direction of monopoly, but rather a response to the promptings of public security.

OFFICER STOCK OWNERSHIP

DISTRIBUTION of stock to employees and customers of corporations seems to the New York *Journal of Commerce* somewhat less to be commended than the recent "decided growth of effort to distribute stock in substantial blocks among officers of corporations." According to the New York daily:

> In spite of all that has been said, the growth of employee ownership has not been rapid, partly because employees have mistrusted the managements in many cases, and partly because they have had only a small savings margin to devote to such purchases, and have preferred to keep that margin in the form of available funds in savings banks, or elsewhere. Customer ownership has been widely advertised, but has almost certainly had less success than is claimed for it. The idea of selling blocks of stocks to officers is more reasonable, and hence more likely to be successful. It holds out a possibility of arousing the cooperative interest of officers in a way that may, under favorable conditions, be superior to any other, as is illustrated by the experience of some of our banks.
>
> Probably none of the various schemes for selling stock to officers or employees will be fully successful until such stock is distributed at a price that will give to the buyers the advantage of the actual increment of value that is produced by their own more active work. Merely to give them a chance to become stockholders in their own enterprise is not sufficient, and the same is true of the various plans for developing customer and employee ownership. The scheme must either be given a semi-cooperative profit-sharing character, or its success is likely to be limited.

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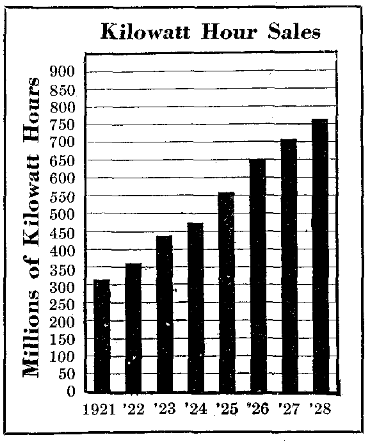
Use of Electricity Doubled



The 134% increase in use of electricity by Associated Customers during 1920 - 1928 should be equalled, if not exceeded, during the next eight years.

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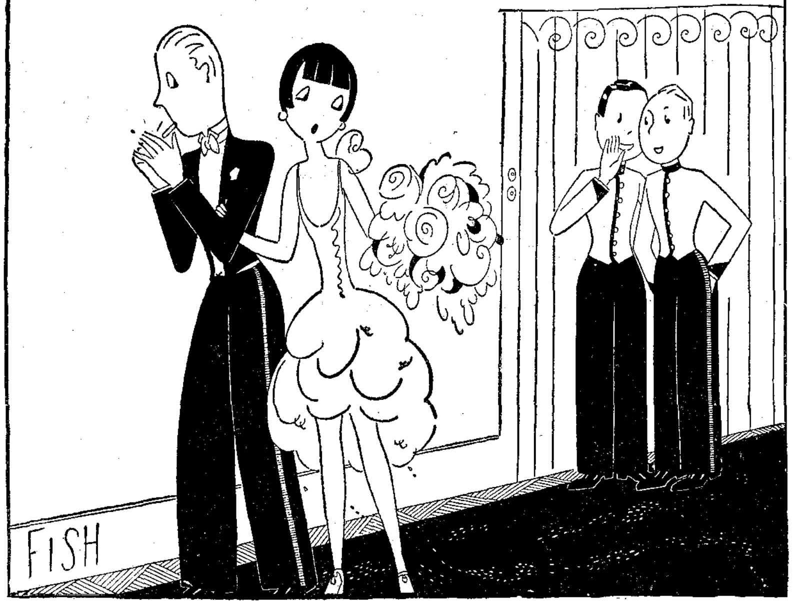

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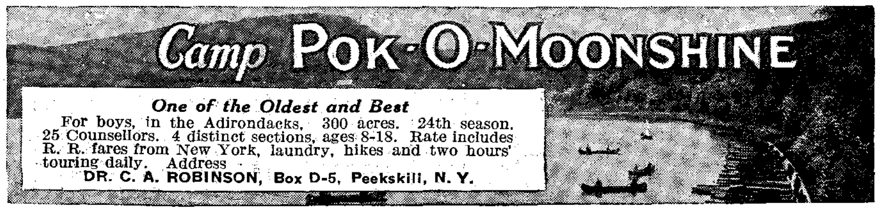
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 8.—Factional warfare breaks out between the provinces of Kwangsi and Kwantung in south China.

Sixty-eight "religious rebels" are reported killed in the State of Jalisco, Mexico.

May 9.—Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, states in the House of Commons that the British Government will not entertain Owen D. Young's new reparations proposals.

May 10.—Walter Hagen wins the British open golf championship at Muirfield, Scotland, for the fourth time in his career, and for two years in succession. His total score was 292.

King George prorogues Parliament, and in his speech expresses the hope for an early settlement of the naval reduction question.

The anti-Nationalist revolt of followers of Marshal Chang Tsung-chang in northern Shantung is ended through the good offices of Leroy Webber, American Consul at Chefoo, who arranges for the surrender of the rebels to the Nationalists.

Prof. Albert Einstein announces that "the successful observation at Sumatra of the sun's eclipse on May 9 constitutes an enhanced confirmation of the theory of relativity."

May 11.—Complete freedom of speech will be permitted in the coming election campaign, announces Felipe Canales, Mexican Secretary of the Interior.

May 12.—General Calles, Secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Federal forces, returns to Mexico City after nearly three months in the field against the rebels, and is enthusiastically received by officials and citizenry.

The Kwangsi armies, which were preparing to take Canton, have been bought off and an armistice arranged, it is announced.

May 13.—The French and American governments agree to reduce their visa fees from ten dollars to two dollars, and to extend life of the visas from one to two years, it is announced.

May 14.—The Italian Chamber of Deputies approves the Italo-Vatican accord.

DOMESTIC

May 8.—Representative M. Alfred Michaelson of the Seventh Illinois District is acquitted by a Federal jury at Key West, Florida, of charges of violating the Prohibition law by smuggling liquor into this country from Cuba.

Lieut. A. Soucek, U. S. N., breaks the world's altitude record by flying to a height of 39,140 feet, 722 feet above the mark set by Lieut. C. C. Champion in 1927.

The Senate votes, 47 to 44, to retain the export debenture feature in the farm-relief bill, thirteen Republicans being included in the majority vote.

May 9.—Five groups of scientific observers in the Philippines watch the sun's eclipse under highly favorable weather conditions.

George W. Wickersham, president of the American Law Institute, urges the members of that body, assembled in Washington, "individually and collectively" to take the lead in restoring respect for law as law.

Executives of Eastern railroads agree to give export flour the same shipping rate reductions granted to export wheat.

May 10.—The Treasury Department announces the settlement of the debt with Greece, under which Greece agrees to repay over a term of sixty-two years the $15,000,000 lent to it in war time.

May 11.—The entire faculty of Des Moines University, a Baptist Fundamentalist institution directed by the Baptist Bible Union of North America, are dismissed by the board of trustees. The students engage in a demonstration in favor of the faculty.

May 12.—The cost of Prohibition in 1928 was $936,000,000, asserts the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment in a published statement.

The Pulitzer Prize for 1928-29 for the best novel is awarded to Julia Peterkin; for the best play, to Elmer Rice; for the best book on history, to Fred Albert Shannon; for the best book of verse, to Stephen Vincent Benet; for the best biography, Burton J. Hendrick; the best example of newspaper correspondence, Paul Scott Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News;* for the best editorial, Louis I. Jaffe of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot;* for the best reporter's work, Paul Y. Anderson of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch;* for the best cartoon, Rollin Kirby of the New York *World:* for the most meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year, the New York *Evening World.* Winners of three traveling scholarships are Helen R. Fairbanks, Great Neck, Long Island; Prescott Freese Dennett, Bangor, Maine; and Will Cramer Weng, Terre Haute, Indiana. The music scholarship is awarded to Carl Bricken, and the art scholarship to Herbert Sanborn, of New York.

May 13.—The Board of Governors of the Building Trades Employers' Association, New York, declare a lockout of 75,000 building trades workers, and rescind the five-day week and 10 per cent. wage increase granted May 4, on the ground that the Building Trades Council had violated its promise to call off sympathetic strikes in support of the Electrical Workers' Union, Local 3.

Des Moines University, closed by the Board of Trustees, is reopened by a court order granted on application of six students.

May 14.—An order is granted restraining the Building Trades Employers' Association, New York, from locking out 75,000 mechanics, pending the hearing for a temporary injunction.

The Senate passes the farm-relief bill, including the export debentures provision, 54 to 33.

More than 300 textile strikers in Elizabethton, Tennessee, are arrested on charges of intimidating employees returning to work in the two affected plants.

The Committee on Recent Economic Changes in the United States, of which President Hoover is chairman, reports that the high economic advantage the country has attained can not be maintained without a proper balance between resources and expenditures.

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Dem Angel Voices Calling.—"Has your new play an unhappy ending?"

"Yes, it closes Saturday night."—*Life.*

Words, Wild Words.—"Your wife is talking of going to France this summer. Have you any objections?"

"No, certainly not. Let her talk."—*Tit-Bits.*

Hit Home Runs in Bed?—The time is coming, predicts Will Durant, when men will perform only mental work. And mental play, too, let us hope. Then a man can just sit on the first tee and count to 80 instead of toiling over the course and laboriously hitting 110.

—*Detroit News.*

Winged Alligator.—A mosquito has twenty-two teeth, all of which may be seen through a microscope, we are told, and all felt through a silk stocking, as any girl can tell you.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Hammer and Tongs.—"Pop, what's a monolog?"

"A monolog is a conversation between husband and wife."

"I thought that was a dialog."

"No, a dialog is where two persons are speaking."—*Capper's Weekly.*

What Luck!—Young Husband—"I did not marry you for your money, you know, rather in spite of it. Money does not make happiness, in fact, the less money the more happiness!"

Young Wife—"Then, darling, we shall be wonderfully happy—Daddy went bankrupt yesterday."—*Passing Show* (*London*).

When Art Triumphs.—"Nature is the world's greatest artist," says a writer. But it must be confessed that she is quite incapable of copying the pictures on seed packets.—*Humorist* (*London*).

Hint for Knockers.—A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to find out the story was not true. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village, and drop in each one of them one fluffy feather." The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced he had done penance for his folly. "Not yet," replied the monk. "Take your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather that you have dropt." "But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son," said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropt, but no matter how hard you may try, you can never get them back again."—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

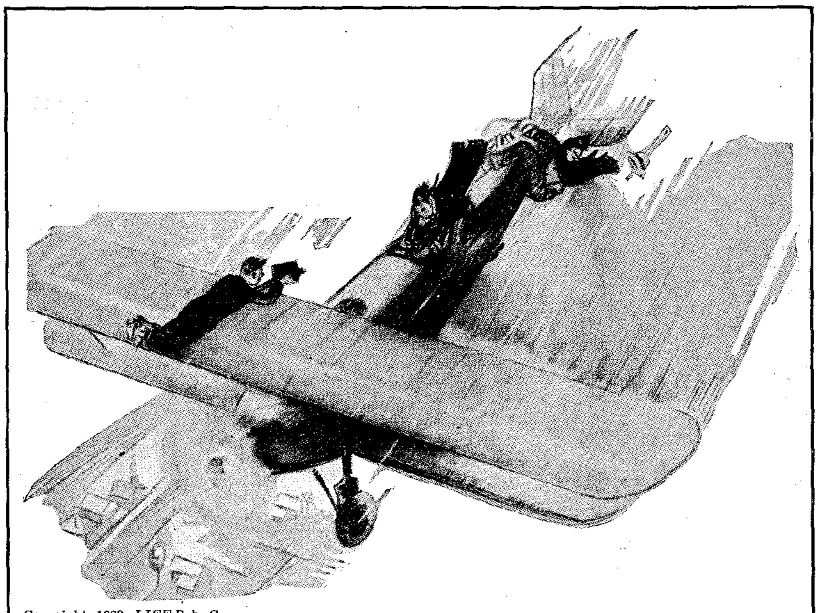
First Aid to Diplomacy.—If you are seated at a dinner and Mrs. Gann arrives unexpectedly, be nonchalant—light a Doodad.—*Detroit News.*

Call the Postman.—Mrs. Rabb—"My son is learning to tune pianos by mail."

Mrs. Gabb—"How nice! When he has learned how, we'll mail him our piano for a tuning."—*Life.*

Rainbow of Hope.—Agitated Wife—"I'm positive that was a human being we ran over."

Motorist (in thick fog)—"Then we're still on the road all right."—*Pearson's.*



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"Just one more question, Colonel Lindbergh—what's the bride gonna wear?"—*Life.*

Government Salesmanship.—Poster advertising is to be tried by Uncle Sam to help in the campaign for more general respect for the dry law. Advertising experts are now at work on the idea, and the following messages may greet you from the billboards and store windows any day:

WHAT A JAIL OF A
DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW
DRINKS MAKE!
IS A FIVE-YEAR TERM
PLEASANT?
ASK THE MAN WHO'S
SERVED ONE!
YOU
CAN'T GO WRONG WITH A
BOTTLE
OF
CARBONATED
WATER!
WHEN BIGGER JAILS
ARE BUILT
MABEL WILL FILL THEM!
TRY
THE OLD OAKEN
BUCKET
"IT SATISFIES"

We may even hear proclaimed that "the entire student body at Yale, blindfolded, picked red lemonade as its favorite libation," and that "milk ran first, synthetic gin eighty-sixth in a vote at Harvard."—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Credit to His Sex.—For Sale—One Jersey bull with butter record.—*Texas paper.*

Birds of a Feather.—Do not confuse our store with other unreliable shops.—*Tailor's ad in the Boston Globe.*

Obviously Unbalanced.—
Judge Orders Psycopathic Examination of
Defendant Who Pleads Guilty
—*New Rochelle paper.*

End of an Ill-Spent Career.—
TORNADO DEAD AT 53
—*Head-line in the New York Times.*

Any Casualties?—
No One is Hurt But
Several Are Injured.
—*Prescott* (*Ariz.*) *paper.*

Present Arms.—
FORMER CANON
GIRL MARRIES
GUNNISON MAN
—*Head-lines in a Colorado paper.*

Speeding 'Em Up.—A determined campaign to enforce all forms of reckless and careless automobile driving in Berkeley has been launched by police.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Where Was Etaoin Shrdlu?—The complete honor roll as given out by the Registrar's office is as follows:

v(ffrofrofromhashrdlupunylnylnydlnwdid
—*Georgia college paper.*

Setting a Good Example.—
DR. W. E. CHEW
DENTIST
—*Ad in a Montana paper.*

With Grace, We Trust.—
PRESBYTERIANS EAT AND
NAME NEW OFFICERS
—*Head-lines in the Bloomington Evening World.*

Let Him Prove It.—
MANAGER OF MACON
EAGLES' CLUB CLAIMS
BURGLAR KILLED HIM
—*Atlanta Journal.*

Poached or Fried?—
Women Wanted
on
SPINACH
—*Ad in a Sacramento paper.*

Proofs of Survival.—
MAN ENDS LIFE;
BLAMES OTHERS
—*Head-lines in the Dallas Times-Herald,*

FIND SLAIN GIRL ALIVE
—*Streamer head-lines in the San Diego Evening Tribune.*